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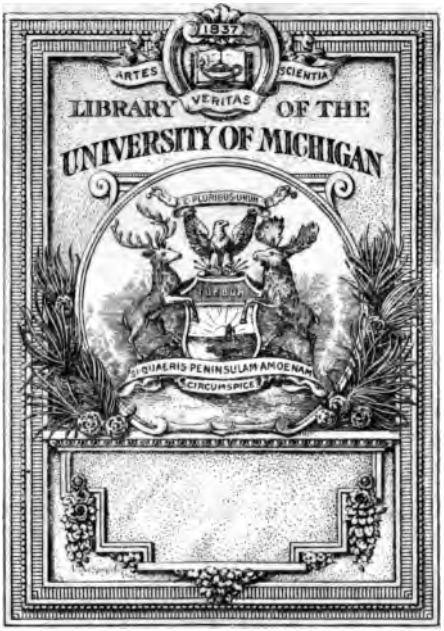
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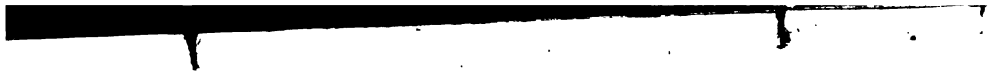

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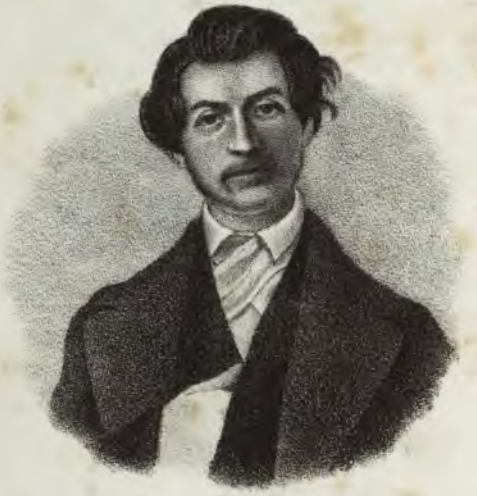

Yours for the Slave
Charles T. Torrey

Entered, according
to act of congress in the year 1846 by John P. Jewett in the clerks office of the district court of
Massachusetts

LITH OF E. W. BOUVÉ

MEMOIR

OF

78243

REV. CHARLES T. TORREY,

WHO DIED IN THE

PENITENTIARY OF MARYLAND,

WHERE HE WAS CONFINED

FOR SHOWING MERCY TO THE POOR.

BY

J. C. LOVEJOY.

Copy-right secured to Mrs. Torrey.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED BY JOHN P. JEWETT & CO.
1847.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by
JOHN P. JEWETT & Co.
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

PRESS OF
ALLEN, MORRILL AND WARDWELL,
ANDOVER.

PREFACE.

"DUST thou art, and unto *dust* shalt thou return," is a decree against which mortals struggle in vain. Not only does the body return to the earth, but the actions and words perish with it.

The ancients lifted the marble from its bed, and bade the chisel shape it into the form of a living man—but it was only a *likeness*, imperfect and unable to perpetuate the man that once lived and walked and acted.

Types and the press have furnished us with a cheaper mode of preserving the words and actions of men. Yet "how small is the *sum* of them." Far more is lost than can be preserved. Still we love to survey the skeletons of the extinct races of animals.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

Biography furnishes the materials for this study. Little need be said to introduce the papers of Mr. Torrey. The editor has only to say, that under the circumstances in which he was placed, he has done what he could, to arrange them so as to give a fair picture of his life.

It properly devolves upon an intimate friend to prepare materials from the hand of the dead for the eye of the living. The individual selected for that purpose by Mr. Torrey, was admonished by his declining health that he could undertake no such task. The alternative was thus presented to the writer, that either there would be no memoir of Mr. Torrey,

or he must prepare it. He chose the latter; and if the reader finds it not what he would like; the comparison is not between this and a better one, but this or none.

Mr. Torrey was a profuse writer. Sermons, diaries, editorials, essays, letters in huge and dire masses lay around us, as we began the work—like chaos at creation, a vast heap of unshaped material. We have read and culled, and cut and arranged, till the brain is tired and the hand weary; if you, reader, are in any measure thankful for our labor, we take it kindly, and are more than repaid; if you buffet us for faults, we are clad in the best of shields: in the midst of other cares and duties, we have done what we could.

J. C. L.

November, 1846.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

PAGE.

Birth, Parents, Early Education 1

CHAPTER II.

College Life 5

CHAPTER III.

School-keeping 24

CHAPTER IV.

Studies Theology.—Letters to his Wife before Marriage.—Ordination at Providence.—Letter to his Wife.—Dismission.—Resettled at Salem.—Leaves Salem 32

CHAPTER V.

Letters to Rev. P. Cooke 42

CHAPTER VI.

Continues to Lecture.—Reporter at Washington.—Goes to Annapolis.—Imprisonment.—Letters 85

CHAPTER VII.

Becomes Editor of a Paper in Albany.—Goes to Virginia to assist a man to get his Wife and Children.—Carriage seized.—Story of the Webb Family 104

CHAPTER VIII.

Arrest and Imprisonment of Mr. Torrey.—Letters from Baltimore Jail.—Letter to a Convention at Salem 126

CHAPTER IX.

life.—Attempts to escape from Jail 148

CHAPTER X.

To Mr. Alden.—To Mrs. Williams.—To Mr. Mc'Kim . 160

CHAPTER XI.

Trial of Mr. Torrey.—Conviction 171

CHAPTER XII.

[illegible] from the Penitentiary 214

CHAPTER XIII.

Letters to Mrs. Torrey, while in Prison 237

CHAPTER XIV.

Last Letters to and from Mr. Torrey 245

CHAPTER XV.

Efforts for the Release of Mr. Torrey.—His Sickness and Death 282

CHAPTER XVI.

Funeral.—Extracts from the Sermon preached on the occasion 294

CHAPTER XVII.

Sketches of Mr. Torrey.—Resolutions of Public Bodies.—Voice of the Press.—Poetry 308

MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH, PARENTS, EARLY EDUCATION.

"THOUGH dead, he yet speaketh." Who does not love to listen to the gentle whisper that comes up to the ear from the grave? All the angry passions that from within and without beset their victim, lie quietly sleeping around his tomb. The things said and the deeds done are the mirror in which you may see the man. On a fly leaf without date, but in the hand writing of Mr. Torrey, is the following record.

"Some particulars of my parents, etc., furnished by my grandmother, etc., when I was at home last.

"My mother, Hannah Tolman Turner, was born Jan. 28, 1794. My father, Charles Torrey, was born —. They were married March 21, 1813. I, Charles, was born Nov. 21, 1813. My name afterwards was altered by general court to Charles Turner, in 18—. Hannah was born April 14, 1815. Father died October —, 1815, of consumption, aged — . My sister died March 28, 1816, of dropsy in the head, aged 11 months and 17 days; was a very beautiful child. Mother died March 29, 1817, of consumption, aged 23 years, 2 months and 1 day. She was a member of Mr. Thomas's church; said to be very beautiful, amiable, etc. Mother was born in the house at present occupied by uncle Theodore; father, in a house in Boston, formerly occupied by Mr. Burr. They lived, were married, and died in Scituate. He died in his

own house, near the late Augustus Clapp's, in the North parish. Hannah also died there. Mother afterwards moved to grandfather's house, where she was born; there she died. A short time before she died she solemnly consecrated me to God, hoping that I might be his. My parents, immediately after their marriage, removed to the house near Mr. Clapp's, whence they never removed. Father was a merchant. I have, ever since a short time previous to my mother's death, lived with my grandparents: first, till 1825, at Scituate; thence, till Oct. 1827, at Charlestown; thence, till May 30, 1828, at Chelsea; from June 1, 1828 to Aug. 20, 1830, I was at Exeter, N. H., attending Phillips Academy; boarded, except the last term, with Mr. John Gardner; thence till October 15, at Chelsea; then came to Yale college, and here am I. I remember very little about my parents or sister; perhaps nothing; for impressions may have been made on my mind so in unison with what may have been my feelings at the time, that I remember them. For instance; I think I remember playing with my little sister; remember my glee at the 'pleasant ride' I thought we had when she was buried; my father's great coat, which hung in a particular place; my mother's sick bed; aunt Amanda's parching corn for her; my playing about father's house, near a board fence; going into the shop; and perhaps some other trifling circumstances; —must, when I next see Scituate, endeavor to renew my recollections, by visiting my former home,—no longer the *home* indeed to which my heart clings."

The young and beautiful mother of Mr. Torrey, at the early age of 23 years, resigning life and the fond hopes that hovered around her darling boy, consigned him, upon her dying bed, to the arms of her father and mother. In the same family resided a sister of his grandmother, who loved Charles with the fondness of a mother. The lonely orphan committed to their care, displayed, even in his childish prattle, evi-

dence of uncommon intelligence, which was perceived by less partial witnesses than the loving grandparents. His memory was strong and retentive, and his mind ever on the alert to obtain information, led him, at an early age, to take freely of the "tree of knowledge of good and evil." In his walks, to and from school, he amused himself with examining the bugs, caterpillars, grasshoppers, worms, butterflies, frogs, polywogs, and flowers of every hue which intersected his path. This occupied so much time his fond grandmother often started in pursuit of him, when she would find him returning with his little dinner pail filled full of the various specimens of Natural History and Botany which he had been studying. He would then, by reading and conversation, learn all he could respecting them; and this knowledge, thus acquired, in after years, he always had at command.

He loved not the rude sports common to children of his age; but found his chief delight in retiring to a closet, and reading the books, both grave and gay, which had come down to the family from past generations, or in conversation with his grandmother upon theology, and with his grandfather upon the political affairs of his native town and country, so far as he could obtain information.

At the age of five and six years, he always attended the town meetings with his grandfather, who was generally moderator; sat with him, watched every proceeding, counted every vote, and was able to carry home a correct account of all that transpired there. It was probably here, that he first obtained his taste for politics.

No wonder that they marvelled at him, and felt proud at the astonishment with which others heard him converse. But unfortunately, he soon learned, what was not the less true, that he displayed intelligence and mental power beyond his years. This led him to place great reliance upon his own wisdom; and as his passions were also equally developed with his mental faculties, rendered it exceedingly difficult for

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the trembling hand of age to hold the reins of discipline with sufficient sternness to guide such a comet through his childhood and youth.

He accordingly grew up lovely in his person, sprightly in his manners, with uncommon knowledge, ability, and self-confidence, and swayed by passions which yielded to no control.

God has his purposes to execute, deeper and wider than any we can form; and upon every character, when it is completed, will be found this inscription: "For this same purpose have I raised thee up." Thus it must be, and thus the Scripture is fulfilled; not written with pen and ink indeed, but in those deeper lines, where the finger of God writes his will upon the hidden columns that support his throne.

When fifteen years of age, his long black hair was smoothed around his brow, his trunk packed with books and clothing, and the last kiss of aunt and grandmother impressed upon his ruddy lips, and with many prayers, cherished hopes, and large expectations, he left "Home" for Exeter Academy, there to fit for college. Two years there not only fitted him for college, but well nigh unfitted him for this world and the next.

Take care! that young boy goes out upon the ocean of life freighted with hopes richer than the gold of Ophir.

> "Take heed, ye guardians of the youthful mind
> That facile grows beneath your kindly care:
> 'Tis of elastic mould, and, if confined
> With too much stress, 'shoots madly from its sphere,'
> Unswayed by love, and unrestrained by fear."

There is enough to fill the fond parent with overwhelming apprehension, in sending out a son upon the world at that age when the magazine of passion is about to be uncovered, and sparks are flying around it in all directions. The pure minded boy joins the older circle of companions, and must for himself choose the good or perish by the evil.

It scarcely needed the vivid imagination of the pure minded Greek to paint this danger in a beautiful allegory. The great, the wise, and the good Dr. Arnold of Rugby, felt this danger with all a parent's solicitude. Nothing but the reflection that there is no virtue that is not tried, could reconcile him to the exposure to which he saw the younger members of his school subject.

It was joy to him to see the bending reed recover itself, after the rude blast had swept over it, and standing firmer with its roots broader and stronger, promising to be a tree which no wind can shake, no storm disturb.

CHAPTER II.

COLLEGE LIFE.

By the restraining grace of God, Mr. T. was kept during the two years at the Academy, and entered Yale College, in autumn of 1830, in his 17th year. He entered the Sophomore class, though, young as he then was, it would have been better had he entered the Freshman class. Of his first year in college he has left no trace behind, save the record of his expenses. His father left him a small patrimony, in the hands of Hon. Charles Turner, his grandfather, which, with great prudence, and some exertion on his part, would have *nearly* educated him. But this he did not understand. His doubly fond grandparents, who loved two in one, had always abundantly supplied every want; and it was not till, in the midst of his collegiate course, when his resources began to fail by his repeated demands upon them, that he first began to feel the worth of money. Though it was now necessary for his guardian to teach him lessons of economy, it was as painful to him as to the subject of his discipline. He was now obliged

to resort to credit, for the remainder of his education. And he who knows not how to spend ready money, will know still less about regulating his expenses, when the pay day is distant. He accordingly graduated in debt, which was augmented unnecessarily by the purchase of a library, and other useful things, which it would have been better to have remained without, till he really needed them, or was able to pay for them. The following sums passed through his hands while in college.

First year	$396,87½
Second year	303,80
Third year	601,25

During the first year of Mr. Torrey's college life, he became the subject of religious impressions, which resulted in his hopeful conversion to Christ. In his journal is found the following record:

Sabbath day, March 13, 1831.

"Though I have repeatedly resolved on my course, I have never written it down formally. I will do so now; and, after prayer to my Maker, sign it.

"Whereas my attention has been for some time called to the all-important subject of my soul's salvation, I, being fully convinced and persuaded, and feeling in my heart, that the service of God is the only satisfsctory service, with prayerful earnestness and solemnity, having the eternal consequences in view, in the presence of God, appealing to him for the sincerity of my intentions and for his aid and assistance, do now resolve that I will be, in very deed, his disciple; that I will take him in Christ as my only portion and hope, for time and for eternity, putting away all lusts and everything inconsistent with his honor and glory and the devotion of my whole heart and life to his cause: that I do now and forever consecrate myself to his service; that he shall be my God, and I will be his child. And may God, in his infinite mercy and

love, enable me, in reliance on the Savior, to keep this resolution: to which I now, in his presence, affix my hand.

(Signed,) CHARLES TURNER TORREY.

21 minutes after nine o'clock, P. M.

"I have done it. The act has been solemnly done, in the presence of God; and I know before this it is recorded in heaven. May he enable me to abide by it in eternity. He can and will. In him do I put my trust. I think I had better read this daily, till it is impressed upon my mind. I feel that I am acting no trifling part; that my future state has now been decided, and I will trust in my Maker that it is decided that I shall be of the number of those who love him."

[Common-place Book and Journal, 1831.]

"*Yale, New Haven, July* 1.

"The following is the Covenant and Confession of Faith in our college church."

After writing out the Confession of Faith, he says:

"This, then, is the solemn covenant I entered into with my Maker and his church. And how have I kept it? God is a covenant-keeping God; but I, his creature, have violated my vows. Now would I renew them; and may his grace enable me to keep them. This day, as usual, wrote a little. In the evening, attended the usual college prayer-meeting; very few were present; most of the students probably attended the preparatory lecture in the Center church. The meeting was a precious one to me. I do enjoy some of our meetings for social prayer very much. My private devotions, too, are generally most precious seasons, especially when I can, in any measure, realise the fact, that my Lord and Savior is present; when I can cast myself at his feet, and ask his forgiveness and blessing. How unsearchable are the riches of his goodness, which can forgive such sins as mine! renewed daily and hourly. Some time since, when the thought of my sinfulness, my *persisting* in the same sins for

which I have often asked forgiveness, came into my mind, I felt *ashamed* to go and ask pardon. And I fear this emotion of pride kept me from my Maker when I should have confessed my vileness and humbled myself before him. But happily I was led to see the error of this being ashamed to go to my Maker when oppressed with the sense of guilt, by some remarks made in the Theological Chamber, by one of the brethren."

From this Journal Mr. Torrey will have some communion with the reader on various topics during the remaining period of his college life. You can see that he formed his own opinions at that early age, and knew how to express them. You have, too, many of the struggles of the human and divine—light and darkness, sin and holiness contending with each other. In these journals, the marked and prominent attribute of his mind, *fertility*, is everywhere apparent. His mind was like the ground of the rich man, it brought forth plentifully. It yielded its fruit not only every month, but every day.

He was in the habit of writing an abstract of the sermons which he heard on the sabbath, and then appended his own remarks. Of one sermon he says: "This sermon was simple and eloquent, came from the heart, and in many instances, no doubt, reached it. As in the case of Miss C., I went there after meeting. She appeared much affected; had a serious and affectionate conversation with her. She went to her closet and returned, as we trust, a new creature. Her first question, when she returned, was: How one felt, or could know, when they had submitted themselves to Christ?"

The following remarks are just as good for the new progeny of darkness, *Odd-fellows*, as for their ancestors, the Masons.

"July 4, 5, 6. Wednesday. — Now for a composition. What shall I write about? Masonry. If the prince of the powers of the air, that old serpent, otherwise called the devil,

should appear bodily in the midst of us, attempt to set up his kingdom here openly, in the view of all men, there can be but little doubt, that he would be driven out of the country, with every mark of disgrace and contempt. But when he assumes the form of an angel of light, promises to those who will blindly follow him, all the happiness and rewards attendant upon integrity of heart, then people begin to imagine that he who once appeared not less than 'archangel ruined,' is an archangel still; though, if they would examine his character and designs, the archfiend would plainly appear. Now suppose he had come into this country, and in this mild, heavenly disguise, set up a kingdom here, concealed his character, displayed an *outside* of pomp and splendor, of beauty and benevolence, to the eyes of the admiring crowd; and thus induced thousands, of the *good* as well as the bad, to serve him. Suppose again, that on a certain occasion his cloven foot, his fiendish nature, should accidentally appear to a few of his followers; they, alarmed and convinced of his real character and designs, labor and print and pray to convince the other blinded followers of the Old Gentleman of it, to induce them to join to overthrow his government, drive his majesty satanic to his own place. . . Now what should one say of those who opposed this so desirable revolution? Why, common sense would dictate the answer: their own principles had become assimilated, if not identified, with those of their ruler. Suppose again, that thousands of these devil-worshippers, aroused to examine his nature, should spurn his allegiance, and solemnly warn their countrymen to shake off his chains, which were soon to be riveted upon their bodies and souls, and themselves made the servile tools of his fiendish majesty, to conquer other provinces to himself. Washington has left it on record, and every freeman ought to think of it: that he believed *secret societies* were the *bane* of civil liberty. And why? Because secret societies enter into obligations unknown to the civil law, and exercise, in consequence, an influence for

which they cannot be made responsible to the law. If this influence be *bad*, the foundations of government are destroyed. This Washington thought, and has declared. Let every lover of liberty remember it: 'secret societies are the bane,' etc. Now to show that Masonry has this effect. In New York, as all know, there has been a number of Masons tried, for procuring the inhuman murder of Morgan, and *not one* has been found guilty, though the evidence has been such as to render it *perfectly* certain that the individuals tried were guilty. Why? Because a *mason* was on the jury, and would not convict a brother mason, though a murderer. And in nearly a hundred cases, Masons have refused, though fined and imprisoned in consequence, to give testimony on the trial of a brother, when they knew that their testimony would convict him. When asked *why* they refused to testify, they answered, that they regarded the Masonic oaths as superior in their obligation to the civil oaths, and they perjured themselves to clear their guilty Masonic brethren. Can a government subsist where justice is thus baffled?

"Take your Bibles and read there the titles of the Most High God: 'I am that I am,' 'the King of Heaven,' 'the King of Kings.' Enter a lodge of Masons and hear these titles, and many others, applied to the Grand Masters, and other Masons, and then answer it to your consciences and to your God, whether you will not oppose an institution which blasphemes the God of heaven; whose officers assume his titles; and which thus marks all we reverence as holy, all we rely upon as lovely, in the religion of Christ. Even those who insist most strongly upon the natural tendency of the human mind to great and noble deeds and purposes, must admit that it is, in a majority of instances, strangely perverse, is wonderfully inclined to receive gilded errors, rather than to search for the hidden things of truth. No greater proof of this is needed than the almost innumerable systems of religion current at the present day, but *one* of which, from the

nature of things, can be entirely right. Again, most of us have observed what a wonderful difference there is between a *dream* and the *reality*, which an examination by daylight presents to the mind. On these two principles we may perhaps account for that beauty which appeared in *a certain tree*, of which we had an eloquent description last week. To one thoroughly awakened, the tree appears to be rotten, the branches leafless and withered; those reclining under it—half bad—the rest, indeed good; but contented to suppose the tree shady, because they are told so, and never looked up to see its barrenness; but spell-bound by the master spirit who sits on the tree scattering poison over the whole multitude of sleepers."

A good Bath for Soul and Body.

"July 6.—Had a delicious bath going to A., and on returning, in two fresh brooks. I trust my soul, too, was bathed; received an unction from on high while I was there, for which I shall have reason ever to bless and praise the Lord of Hosts."

Cold Water to a Thirsty soul.

"Heard joyful news from Washington. The Lord is pouring out his Spirit there in a wonderful manner, turning sinners to himself. Truly when I heard of the instances of conversion there, I could feel the force of the expression: 'What hath the *Lord* wrought!' Wednesday, spake in the chapel for Stoddard. Read most of the P. M. in a desultory manner, to find something to speak in the evening in the Society. Spoke as I did; a manner which I am now sorry for; for I fear I did not recollect the presence of God. Came home very late, studied a little, and then to bed. After spending a day of — what? I accomplished something, to be sure; but what bearing my conduct had on

the prosperity of Zion, is another question. Father, forgive my sins against thee."

Self-examination.

"Well, now, what advances in holiness have I made to-day? What, added to my knowledge of God's character and my duties to him? How have I improved the great advantages I have enjoyed? These are questions which I must answer at the bar of my Maker; but, alas! what can I say, but with the publican, God be merciful to me a sinner? I fear I forget one thing too much: that I ought to remember and dwell upon the truths I hear on the sabbath, during the week, and not drive them from my mind, like the *way-side* hearers, after the sabbath is over. Well, I must repeat the prayer, and I know it is to the *God* of *mercy* and *love*, 'be merciful to me.' This I must repeat, again and again, till the end of life."

Backsliding of Christians; Description of the Heart, by Pollok; Original Lines added.

"July 14, 15, 16. Thursday.—Why is it that Christians, almost invariably, become cold and careless about the concerns of eternity? Can it be accounted for on any of the known principles of the human mind? But there is a cause: indwelling sin and corruption of the heart, which is sure to get the mastery if the Christian does not continually watch unto prayer. But is there any *need* of this being the case? The children of the world are wiser than the children of light. *They* do not abandon the great objects they set before them till they are *obtained*. And may not Christians, who have infinitely *higher* motives before them, *persevere* unto *the end*, till the *crown* awaiting them is twined about their brows? Oh that the day might speedily come, when this deathlike slumber shall no longer affect the church of Christ! I here insert Pollok's true description of the heart after it is renewed by the spirit of God.

'What seest thou here? what mark'st? observe it well:
Will, passion, reason, hopes, fears; joy, distress;
Peace, turbulence; simplicity, deceit;
Good, ill; corruption, immortality;
A temple of the Holy Ghost, and yet
Oft lodging fiends: the dwelling place of all
The heavenly virtues—charity and truth,
Humility, and holiness, and love;
And yet the common haunt of anger, pride,
Hatred, revenge, and passions foul with lust;
Allied to heaven, yet parleying oft with hell;
A soldier listed in Messiah's band,
Yet giving quarter to Abaddon's troops;
With seraphs drinking from the well of life,
And yet carousing in the cup of death.
An heir of heaven, and walking thitherward,
Yet casting back a covetous eye on earth;
Emblem of strength and weakness; loving now,
And now abhorring sin; indulging now,
And now repenting sore; rejoicing now,
With joy unspeakable, and full of glory;
Now weeping bitterly, and clothed in dust;
A man willing to do, and doing not;
Doing, and willing not; embracing what
He hates, what most he loves abandoning.
Half saint, and sinner half—half life, half death;
Commixture strange of heaven, and earth, and hell."

"A true picture this, of my heart, and the heart of every Christian; but blessed be God that,

When the great Immanuel comes
To reign on earth, in all the glory of
His Father's throne, and souls renewed
And sanctified shall be like Him—glorious
In holiness, in faith, in charity, in love;
And then we shout the praises of our Jesus'
Name. in strains which men nor angels
Ever heard: Glory to Him who bought us
With His blood; honor, and power, and praise,
Immortal praise, forever. Sing ye
Heavens, and earth, and seas; burst forth

In songs of glory to the Prince of Life,
Redeemer of a lost and ruined world.
No fetters then, of sin, shall clog our worship;
From our hearts it shall ascend before the
Throne, where reigns the Savior God,
The King of Kings, the Lord of Lords."

"Wednesday, August 31, 1831.—Went to meeting this morning quite stupid, but enjoyed it better than I sometimes do. Enjoyed secret prayer much; felt not much elevation of feeling, but some confidence in God. It does seem as if I made no advance at all in divine life; as if I wasted every opportunity, and abused every means of growth in grace. And yet I am spared, in great mercy. I speak, too, of my sins and God's mercies as carelessly as if they were things of no moment. When shall I feel that God *is* and *must* be the *only* source of my joys—the *only* object of my devotion in *time* as well as in eternity! When I compare my feelings and my conduct with my high promises, I am ready to despair of doing or being anything in the cause of Christ. But well I *may* do so. To *His* name be all the praise. *He* alone can make me fit for anything but eternal banishment from his blessed presence. This morning received a letter from sweet Amanda, containing both good and bad news; to God be the praise for the first. There is quite a revival in Medford, especially amongst the little children in the sabbath school."

It is always pleasant to meet, and praise is comely to the 'Bard of Liberty." We cannot deny the reader a part of the pleasure we had in finding the extracts and criticisms which we here give. The critique, though written by a young man of eighteen, is quite equal to most of the Notes of Johnson on Shakspeare.

"The following beautiful piece is from the pen of J. G. Whittier, editor of the New England Weekly Review. Its sublimity is worthy of Milton.

Christ in the Tempest.

'Storm on the midnight waters!—The vast sky
Is stooping with its thunder. Cloud on cloud
Reels heavily in the darkness, like a shroud
Shook by some warning spirit from the high
And terrible wall of heaven. The mighty wave
Tosses beneath its shadow, like the bold
Upheavings of a giant from the grave
Which bound him prematurely to its cold
And desolate bosom. Lo! they mingle now—
Tempest and heaving wave, along whose brow
Trembles the lightning from its thick cloud fold!

* * * * * * * *

He stood upon the reeling deck—his form
Made visible by the lightning; and his brow
Uncovered to the visiting of the storm,
Told of a triumph *man* may never know—
Power underived and mighty: PEACE! BE STILL!"
The great waves heard him, and the storm's loud tone
Went moaning into silence, at his will;
And the thick clouds, where yet the lightning shone
And slept the latent thunder, rolled away,
Until no trace of tempest lurked behind;
Changing upon the pinions of the wind
To houseless wanderers, beautiful and gay.

Dread ruler of the tempest! Thou before
Whose presence boweth the uprisen storm—
To whom the waves do homage, round the shore
Of many an island empire!—if the form
Of the frail dust beneath thine eye, may claim
Thy infinite regard—oh! breathe upon
The storm and darkness of man's soul the same
Quiet and peace and humbleness, which came
O'er the roused waters, where thy voice had gone—
A minister of power—to conquer in thy name!'

"Indeed this is a most beautiful piece. The sublimity of the second and third stanzas exceeds almost anything of the kind that I ever read. It consists in the simplicity of the ex-

pressions and the elevation of the subject, the want of all those high-sounding epithets and adjectives with which our best poets are too apt to disfigure their pages. The scene is one of the noblest ever described by the poet or painter, the exhibition of *almighty power* in calming the tempest. I should like much to see Raphael's painting of the scene, said to be his *best* production."

A College Incident.—Criticism on Aristotle.

"Yesterday morning some ninny locked the door of our recitation room: So we *adjourned*, whereat Tutor —— seemed as pleased as any of us. Not so tutor D——, *our* Tutor. He was most grievously offended; for, as he said, he was anxious to report his division to the faculty as proceeding orderly and successfully in their studies, etc. But this he could not do, if we locked the door to avoid recitation; and accordingly, he directed us to get a double lesson! Magnanimous man! We have, for a few days past, been reading Aristotle on Magnanimity, etc. But in my humble opinion, all that he says on the subject, would be esteemed folly, if it was not sanctioned by antiquity; all his *arguments* and conclusions, founded on suppositions, rather than on fixed principles. However, if I should assert this in *Salamanca*, I doubt not that I should be burnt for heresy; or at least considered as a blind ass, who could not see the sense in metaphysical distinction between things precisely alike. Aristotle's magnanimity is, as he defines it, a good opinion of one's own merits; that is, self-sufficiency. Mine is of a very different order. To be sure, I think sufficiently well of my own *transcendant* merits; but in this I see no magnanimity. Magnanimity is rather elevation of mind, of opinion, and sentiment, and ambition to be great by being good,—an expansion of mind. His observations concerning friendship, are far more just; but though, when written, they were original, they would now seem dull and common-place."

Birth-Day Reflections.—Poetry.

"Monday, November 21, 1831.—My birth-day. This day I have completed my 18th year. Eighteen years of sin and folly; eighteen years have I enjoyed the rich blessings of heaven; friends have been given me, and all that could render life desirable. And I know that in reference to my Maker, my feelings have been and are different. However much I have wandered from God, however cold and stupid I am, still his house is a place I love, in his service I find all the enjoyment I obtain. In his name I delight to speak and hear, and to his service I am devoted. In his cause I will spend my life, my all. I have even, I believe, been enabled to do a little in his cause. But what is it, compared with my duty and opportunities? Nothing. I have neglected many of my best opportunities of serving him, and very illy improved the small remainder. And when I compare the slow advances I have made in divine knowledge, and the unholy life I have lived with the requirements of Jesus, I am ashamed and ready to ask, what is to become of such a sinner? In a season of peculiar enjoyment of the presence of God, I resolved I would *never*, by his aid, doubt that I had been renewed by his grace. And notwithstanding my coldness, I see no reason to give up, and distrust God. The negligence of duty which I indulge in, ought to humble me deeply, but may God preserve me from doubting him. Give me the deepest distrust of self, and reliance on *thy* will. O may I not, any more, dishonor God by neglecting him as I have done. I have deeply offended him; prayer I have often, especially lately, neglected. I have not studied the Bible as I should. I think very little of my duty to him; very little of his love. In meetings I become excited, usually; but it has little permanent effect upon my conduct. I abuse the privileges he has given me to grow in grace. I have *thought* little, done less. Have mercy, Lord, for *Jesus'* sake, upon me,

a guilty sinner. I have acquired some knowledge of the heart and its operations; some little experience in the practical duties of religion. Have had, recently, some struggles with the corrupt passions of my heart, which almost overcame me. Vile thoughts, especially, have led away my affections from God. May he have mercy on me, according to the exceeding riches of his own tender mercies, which are neither few nor small, as I can see. Thanks be unto the Lord for his great goodness to us, the sinful children of men. Out of his mercies to men, he has given us a *great* share. And how little of gratitude is there in our hearts. How many causes have we for humiliation, that we have so much abused the goodness of our God; that our national faith has been violated; and the cause of God suffered so much from the bitterness of party strife; so little done to promote his glory. But still give,

Thanks to the Lord above
For all his mercies shown;
Praise him for his heavenly love,
And make his goodness known.

Favored by His fostering care,
Our sails are whitening every sea;
Wealth have they brought, and fruits and flowers,
And spices sweet from Araby.

The Heralds of the cross have gone,
The 'Love of Jesus' to proclaim;
To shout aloud: 'A *Savior's* born!
Angels and men adore his name!'

The islands of the sea have heard
The music of the heavenly choir;
In Pagan hearts the Heavenly dove
Has kindled *love*—th' immortal fire!

The Spirit of the Lord has come,
And breathed upon the stony heart;
And many thousands gathered *Home*,
From their Redeemer ne'er to part.

Plenty has crowned the circling year,
The hand of industry was blessed;
And, free from strife, and free from fear,
Our land has been a heavenly rest.

Oh Lord, forgive our sinful ways,
And teach our sinful hearts to praise;
Let all the earth, and all above,
Now bless thy mercy, truth, and love."

Interest in the subject of Missions.

"March 13, 1832. Monday.—Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, was quite fully occupied in removing, getting regulated, etc. Thursday evening joined the missionary circle, solemnly devoting myself to this sacred cause, trusting in the Lord to sustain me in this determination. Enjoyed the meeting very much; felt more determined to be devoted to God than I had for a long time past. Friday evening—College prayer meeting; very excellent. Some of the brethren seemed to be a little revived; oh how little. Much do we need the reviving influences of the Spirit of God. Little do we to obtain it."

Mourning for Sin.

"Sabbath, July 29, 1831.—Have sinned *much* within a few days past, in unholy thoughts, desires, and actions. It seems to have giant power over me; and I have indeed felt a little of the misery of a body of sin and death, and the need of a Savior who is *mighty* to deliver out of every device of the evil one, and from the deceits and vileness of my own heart, which is indeed a sink of iniquity. I wonder not at the declaration of the Bible, that 'the hearts of the sons of men *are set in them* to do iniquity,' to do *only* evil continually. It seems as though I needed all my time to *repent* in. I trust I shall be benefited by the word of God preached to-day; that, seeing the evil of sinning against God, and the free-

ness of the justifying grace of God, I may not dare or desire to pursue a course of sin another day. I find my resolutions broken nearly as soon as formed, my purposes of holy obedience turned aside by my lusts, and my soul in misery: my mind ill at ease, my heart *full* of bitterness, *chiefly* through the procrastinating habits which I have formed, and my wasting more than half my time. Of this aunt Mary warned me, as she did in relation to prudence and the care of my health, the last time I ever saw her. May I be led by the Spirit of God to constant and active obedience, from now henceforth and forever, for the sake of the atoning sacrifice."

Shooting.

"Took up a gun the first time for two years; found my skill at *murder* about as great as formerly; the *exercise* of my *body* did me good; the exercise of my moral feelings, while thus engaged, was perhaps of much more questionable utility. I am not fully persuaded that 'shooting' is proper for a Christian or any one else. Its influence on the *moral sense* is the most objectionable part of it; the cruelty of it is another objection, though it may be necessary, as for instance shooting destructive animals."

Creature expectations disappointed.

"I went to Carmel, not primarily to glorify God, but to see a young lady; of course I was disappointed in every respect. I *may* have done good while there. *Doane* did, I know. Since we returned, he has received a letter from there. We had considerable conversation about drinking tea and coffee; the girls talked it over, and asked their father if he would devote the sum they usually expended for tea, coffee, etc., to the missionary cause. He agreed, if they would leave off tea and coffee, to give them five dollars apiece annually, for that object. He will probably give nearly *thirty*

dollars, if not more, in consequence. So much saved from sensual indulgences to the cause of Christ! Query? Can't *I* save more for it?"

Procrastination.—Struggles against it.

"The time I spent at West Haven was beneficially spent in several respects; but laziness and neglect of prayer followed me; so have they done all this term, though I have prayed more than usual; have, I believe, felt more interest in missions and in religion in every shape than I ever did before; yet it appears to me I have sinned more than I ever did; I have hardly made one effort to warm the heart of one Christian, or to convert one sinner. 'My works do follow me.' I have not had enjoyment, except now and then a day, or a few hours; and then I have fallen into sin. *Procrastination* has been my ruin. The habit of reading newspapers in the morning, when I should have been praying, has been a serious injury to me. I have begun many things, but have finished very little, through indolence and sin. My God, have *thou* mercy upon me! I do desire to make *one* effort to break off my habits of procrastination; to be punctual in all things, to be *holy* in all things. This term very many interesting things and circumstances have taken place or come to my knowledge; but many of them I must leave unwritten."

Early Views of Human Government.

"I love the principles of a republic, because they are those of religion applied to the science of government. Religion recognizes nothing *arbitrary*, no *despotic power* over the conduct of men; it aims only to *draw* them by the power of motive. So does a republic of Religion; unfolds to man his true dignity, and proclaims him a freeman; lays the foundation of social order in the mutual wants of men. A republic is but an expression of the same views applied to the general purposes of government. The reward of religion

in *this* world is found chiefly in the consciousness of rectitude and in *mental* enjoyment. In a republic, the praise of having benefited others, of having done well, is the chief reward of him who serves his country, together with the mental and *benevolent* pleasures arising from rectitude of motive and action. Religion proposes to man to act for the highest good of the world. A republic addresses no man with prospects of personal aggrandizement, but asks the services of men who will act for their country's good, and that alone. That other motives *do not* have their influence, and far more than their proper influence, none will deny. But the *principles* of the *government* hold out no such motives to any man. They speak but the united voice of reason and Scripture: 'Love thy neighbor as thyself,' the *golden* rule of human action.

"It is frequently said that until men are enlightened, educated, etc., they require the *strong* arm of *monarchical* power to *restrain* the outbreakings of sinful passion. This remark includes a tacit acknowledgment that the principles of monarchies are vitally wrong; and contains other fallacies: 1st, that men may be degraded, and be incapable of being moved and governed by moral power alone; which the missionaries of the cross have demonstrated to be untrue, within ten years past. 2d. It takes for granted two things; first, that a monarchy has more means of repressing violence than a republic, (at least, a doubtful assertion,) and second, that a government adapted to man's social capacities, and fitted to secure his attachment, will have less power over its citizens, than one (monarchy, which the assertion grants to be) founded upon men's *fears*."

Late Rising.

"Sabbath, August 5, 1832.—Sat up late last evening, studying and washing myself. Hence I laid till nearly eight this morning, a very bad practice, which I do now resolve to break off at once; I must retire earlier, lesson or no lesson.

I waste time enough to do twice as much as I do generally. Forgive me, Lord, my master. Help me to be diligent in thy service, and fervent in spirit. I will record the good deeds of God—that while I have sinned, wasted my time, put off and neglected prayer, and his word, and done nothing for him, yet he has granted me some sense of my sinfulness, and several sweet seasons of communion with Him. He has *not* taken from me his Holy Spirit; my cup has run over with undeserved blessings.

Prayer, and Interest in Missions.

"The prayer meetings are attended with increased interest, for Christians are beginning to recognize the truth that *prayer* is to *effect* something, or it is not prayer; *some* in college are awake; I trust more will awake before the term closes (a week from Wednesday). I have little doubt that there will be a powerful revival here next term, or before. God grant it.

There is more piety in the theological school than there ever has been before. Tutor Stevens's departure seems to have taken hold of them; and I hope it may lead not a few of them to leave father and mother, wife and children, and follow him, or rather follow their Master, to China; so that a constant, annual *stream* shall flow *over* that vast empire, to elevate and sanctify the mass of mind there assembled. If *Yale College* would *adopt* China with its 350 millions, and take up the work of converting it to God, as a business to be effected by the instrumentality of its students, surely the work *would* be *effected;* God *would* be glorified in the salvation of that empire, and the *earth* would feel and *see* that *our* Lord was God indeed!"

The above extracts, taken from the diary of Mr. T., are sufficient to show the character of his feelings while in college. Much of his writings at this period, consist of notes

taken from the sermons he heard on the Sabbath, and other lectures from the Professors at Yale.

Though a very good classical scholar, he was never a hard student. He acquired, however, a great amount of knowledge on a great variety of subjects. Nor let the reader suppose this was accomplished without labor. He was versatile, turning easily from one thing to another; quickly grasping what he supposed might be known of one subject, he hastened to lay hands on something new.

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL-KEEPING.

Mr. Torrey went from college to that transition-state of existence for professional men, school-keeping.

How the course of life ran with him here, his own record shows. There is here given:—A young man of great literary acquisition, little knowledge of the world, unused to govern or be governed: will he make a schoolmaster? The unruly boys and fond parents will work out this problem. Let us see how the subject of the experiment bears himself while in the crucible.

"Chelsea, Sabbath, Oct. 20, 1833. After the lapse of almost two years, preserved by the long-suffering and kindness of God, I resume my journal. God make it a means of improvement to me, both in humble devotion to his service and intellect. Since I last was here, I have completed my college course; left that fair city, where I have spent so many happy hours, and where first the Spirit of God shed his holy influences abroad in my heart. There, notwithstanding all my sins, God provided me with friends dear to my heart both from their intellectual and religious character. Though I

did not improve my advantages as I should, while there, though I now feel my consequent mental weakness, and though I have a few dear friends there, yet I do not on the whole regret leaving New Haven and old Yale. I have other objects and scenes before me, calling for all my time and attention. Have enjoyed many pleasures since I returned from New Haven. When I arrived here, the two Misses S. were here, with whom I enjoyed many pleasant hours. After a short visit at Scituate, I went to Salem, where I again saw them and their sister C. Went on to Hamilton. The next morning went on to Ipswich, where I had a long interview with Miss Grant, on the subject of teaching, and gained many valuable hints from her. Went on to Newburyport. Passed the afternoon and evening at Mr. D.'s. The next morning went over to Exeter. Saw old friends. Returned to Amesbury in the afternoon; supped with old uncle Currier. In the night rode on to Hamilton. Put up my horse in Mr. P.'s barn, and failing to wake them, I couched on the hay-mow very pleasantly till daylight, when the folks were up. Came on to Salem. Spent the afternoon in the East India museum, with the Misses S. In the evening returned home. The next Thursday I went to Scituate, where I tarried working hard most of the time till last Tuesday, when I returned to this place. Last evening went to Medford and Mr. Osgood's, Charlestown. To-morrow I leave this for West Brookfield, to take upon myself the responsible office of teacher in the Female Seminary."

"West Brookfield, Wednesday, 24th, 1833.—On the scene of my future labors safe and well, through the kindness of God. Left Boston on Monday morning, 1 o'clock, in the mail stage. Rode on in sleepy but sleepless silence to Framingham, which place we reached about 5 o'clock. Some of us broke our fast, and at six, when we started, notwithstanding the rainy, murky weather and close stage, there was light enough to see each other's faces. Rev. Mr. Pierpoint of B.

and a very intelligent gentleman from Pittsfield were among the passengers, from whose conversation I derived much information:—Depth of loam in Grand Prairie 10 ft., very much like a couch for softness, being, in fact, only decayed vegetable fibre; then some clay; then a stratum of limestone about 8 inches thick; beneath which was an immense and thick deposit of ancient trees, the remains of some primeval forest; then gravel and water. I am not quite sure the clay was not *below* the trees. From the conversation of both gentlemen, I derived much information in regard to our public men, both living and dead. Limestone and sandstone, boulders of granite, scattered on the surface in Western States. At Baton Rouge, first from Gulf up the river. Immense size of corn and vegetation generally—11 feet—kind, between Virginia yellow and Carolina white. Reached Worcester at 9; South Brookfield at 1, where we dined; this place at 2. Stopped at Mr. Newell's, and here I am at the present time. Same evening was introduced to Mr. Horton the minister, with whom, in two days, I have become quite acquainted. Though not one of the Trustees, he does 'more than they all' for the Seminary, and now interests himself much in its prosperity, making active exertions to secure scholars, etc. Was unwell Monday night; kindly nursed by Mr. and Mrs. N. Have received every attention from them. They are admirable, both of them; as a man and woman intelligent, unusually so, and sincerely pious, very amiable. Yesterday was the anniversary of the Worcester South A. Miss. Soc., celebrated here; rainy day; comparatively few attended; but those were delighted, I doubt not. Have a sketch of the addresses; must write it to-morrow, before it grows colder. Have spent much time, yesterday and to-day, making arrangements, conversing with Trustees, etc., about the school."

"Thursday 25th, Friday 26th, Saturday 27th.—Making arrangements to commence school on Wednesday next, conversing with Trustees, concocting advertisements, reading,

writing, etc. Yesterday, rode to Western with Mr. Horton. Sabbath, 28.—Mr. Stone, of South Brookfield, preached in the evening. Mr. Horton read from the report of the General Association, and made remarks. I, for the first time, made a few. Lecture for me Wednesday. Monday, 29th.—Meeting of the Trustees. Was elected Principal of the Seminary. Have not made conditions on which to engage. Had considerable conversation with the Trustees."

"Now for some ideas for my Lecture on Education. The true and only proper end of education is to train the soul for an eternal existence; to train the intellect and the passions, *the whole man*, for eternity. It is to teach the young immortal to think clearly, correctly, to feel aright, and to act aright, in time and in eternity. An impression made upon a child is made upon *mind*, and is to endure while *mind* endures. No matter what the impression is, eternity cannot efface it. The want of definite ideas, upon the most common subjects of conversation. By this every intelligent teacher is continually tormented. Remedy: be sure the child understands, etc.

"Wednesday eve, Oct. 31.—Delivered a Lecture on the above topics, about an hour long, to a room full, in the Seminary. Mr. Horton made a few remarks.

"In the forenoon, about 10, commenced school with *five!* pupils!!!!! Courage! afternoon, six! Spent most of the time in examining them on various matters.

"Saturday, Nov. 3.—School, same; a little more regular. P. M., most of the time at Mr. Newell's and the Bookstore. This evening, spent a few minutes in a little prayer meeting at Mr. G.'s; went in late; very pleasant."

"1834, Jan. 5.—Communion Sabbath. What have I been doing all this time? God has blessed me infinitely beyond my deservings. My school has increased to twenty; and though it has tried my patience, and I have been discouraged by my small number and want of success in several respects,

yet on the whole it has been to me a source of happiness. It has afforded me constant employment—a great blessing; *regular* also. I have not secured the affection of all the pupils, though in most cases I think I have."

"Feb. 21, Friday.—Have for a long period omitted any record of passing events; a record which, as far as my soul is concerned, would have been one of shame and vileness in departing from my God; and, as far as my temporal matters are concerned, one of disappointment and almost pecuniary embarrassment; for at this moment I have not one cent on hand; the number of pupils small; some considerable debts; and I hardly know what prospects, as to the future, I may expect. In truth, I have been, for some time past, quite discouraged, having no rational prospects of better times. Sure now, it is hoping against hope, to suppose I shall prosper in my school. But if I do not, I know not what I shall do. I know not where to look for resources to pay my debts."

Hark! ye law-makers,
Here is the voice of experience.

"I am afraid I spoke in too *loud* a tone, when I made the law. I am not sober enough, jest too much; and 'foolish talking and jesting' are always attended by their appropriate reward, as far as I know. I must take immediate measures to remedy the evil. It produces disorder and vexation to me and the pupils."

Young Human Nature.

"Tuesday.—All things as usual. E. B. very roguish yet; his roguery—contortions of the face; moving round; seeing and laughing at every movement another makes; cutting and scratching slate-pencil, bench, or book, or anything in his way; whispering every convenient opportunity, and stoutly denying his misdeeds, when brought up for them."

A steady rein makes a gentle horse.

"Unless I insist upon exact obedience, greater and greater liberties will be taken, until obedience is at an end.

"It seems to me wrong, or rather injurious, to reprove one for general misconduct, even if it be manifest, without some specific instance of transgression. It affords them a shelter from reproof. My difficulties out of school have affected my countenance and tone in school too often, rendering me, I fear, a little irritable. Indeed, for weeks past, my countenance has been sad, if not gloomy, even if my feelings have been otherwise.

"Thursday, 20th.—Found it necessary to speak, in the most decided terms, of playing in the Seminary and ringing the bell; both of them crying or *brawling* evils. What will be the effect, I cannot say. Oh that I and *mine* feared God more; then would they not need to be watched and warned."

"Friday, 21st.—No more new pupils, nor am I likely to have any, as far as I know, except five males or so. Womankind avoid me. Eh! well—bien; be it so. Then I'll close school and go to work to pay my debts. What I shall do, God knoweth, I do not. Am I young and unmarried, so that the female part of the creation fear me, or something else! So it is said. Is it my fault that I am not as old as Methuselah? How can I help my youth? I would not, if I could. But alas! the way to China seems hedged up with difficulties. What shall I do?

"There are two rocks here. If pupils are treated as though you expected them to do wrong, they will be sure not to disappoint you; all manner of evils will abound the moment your back is turned, often before your face. The other is, that a few will always abuse the confidence you place in them; and the example of a few will infect others; till, if the teacher lacks in decision and watchfulness, his authority will

be trampled upon, and he himself despised for his 'easy good nature.'

"As a general remark, correcting individual errors in public, has but little beneficial effect, either upon the guilty or others.

"A growing levity in some, leads me to see my faults and their consequences.

"It requires more wisdom to censure so as to reclaim the offender and retain the good will of others, than it does to flatter and praise a month."

This experiment of school-keeping is drawing to a close. How the young man of talents and ignorant of the way to govern, struggled and breasted the storm gathering around him, we can only see through the clouds darkly. But of all the ships for young navigators to steer o'er the troubled waves of life, none is more difficult than this same "select school" of special rogues and premature misses, sent not to be governed and taught, but to put on airs and patronize the teacher and encourage the school. See how he turns the bitter waters of disappointment into the gold dust of treasured experience. This is the right use of the "means of grace."

"But the result of my school-projects is uncertain. Perhaps I need the stern trial of poverty to compel me to learn that prudence which nothing else has, in time past, taught me. It may be that present difficulties and struggles will be the blessed means of preparing me to labor efficiently in the vineyard of the Lord.

"About every difficulty originates either in my ignorance of human nature, or in want of self-control, which is never taught except at home."

"Sabbath, March 2, 1834.—Solemn sermon this forenoon; text, 'What do ye more than others?' i. e. to prove your claim

to the character of Christ's disciples; to prove, that sin does not rule you still? What I do, I can hardly say, but that now and then I struggle feebly with my chain, and then it seems riveted more firmly than ever. Oh! for relief from the chain of sin. I know the fountain is open in which its links will melt away.

"Have fully determined to leave West Brookfield immediately, for sufficient reasons. Very beautiful and brilliant rain-bow last night, after a rainy day. Its brilliancy increased to the utmost degree of splendor, exhibiting a double bow by reflection; then its brilliancy faded till almost extinguished; and, as the sun was in the act of setting, it lighted up as distinctly, and almost as vividly, as ever. I noted, what I never saw before, a circle of red light, quite distinct, *within* the indigo circle, whether from double refraction or *difference* of refrangibility, I cannot tell. There seemed to be faint traces of several such circles; the bow apparently continued after sun-set, for several minutes, perhaps ten or fifteen.

"Tuesday, 10th.—Life is checkered. Some of the bitter is ever mingled with the sweet, lest we grow mad with too much joy. Yet to-day, a letter from my dear cousin D——, tells me that she has given her heart to the Savior! and that quite a number of others in Chelsea have become the friends of Christ. I ought to praise God and rejoice at this, with an heart full of joy, as an object for which I longed and prayed, and labored not a little."

Here is the end of it! Began Nov. 2, 1833, and closed the first period of his public life, March 8, 1834. Four months and four days, all he could give and all Providence allowed him, in this hard and thankless work.

"Night previous replaced all the minerals, and brought home part of my things, in anticipation of closing school. Yesterday, brought home all that could possibly be spared.

And is it true, in four days more my teaching days here, where I had so confidently hoped for a residence for years to come, will be over! What have I done for the pupils intrusted to my charge? The present term, indeed, I have not been faithful as I ought. My mind has been occupied, anxiously so, with the difficulties and discouragements of my situation. It has affected my countenance and my feelings, and so unfitted me for the duties of my station. Hence my mildness and firm demeanor, or what was meant for it, has too often appeared sour and forbidding, and alienated affection from me."

CHAPTER IV.

STUDIES THEOLOGY. LETTERS TO HIS WIFE BEFORE MARRIAGE. ORDAINED AT PROVIDENCE. LETTER TO HIS WIFE. DISMISSED. RESETTLED AT SALEM. LEAVES SALEM.

In October, 1834, he entered the Theological Seminary at Andover. Of this period, no record is found among his papers, save the following Certificate from one of the Trustees.

"*Theol. Sem. Andover, Oct.* 19, 1835.

"Mr. Charles T. Torrey, the bearer, has been a member of this seminary one year; and when his health has permitted, he has regularly pursued his theological studies. While resident here he has maintained a Christian character. On account of the feeble and precarious state of his health, and his pecuniary circumstances, he is now, at his own request, dismissed from the seminary.

In behalf of the Trustees of Phillips Academy,

SAMUEL FARRAR."

After leaving Andover, Mr. Torrey took a long journey on foot; and although physicians regarded him as almost incurable, yet by travelling in this way, with the impulse his mind received from visiting new places, his health was restored; and, in 1835, he resumed his theological studies, under the care of Rev. L. A. Spofford, Scituate, Mass. With Mr. Spofford he remained six months. About this time he assisted Rev. Mr. Moore, then of Cohasset, in a revival. In June, 1836, he went to West Medway, to complete his studies with Rev. Dr. Ide. Here he not only received the Doctor's theology, but was fortunate in obtaining the consent of his daughter to be the future companion of his pilgrimage. October 25, 1836, Mr. Torrey was licensed to preach the gospel, by the Mendon Association. From this period till the time he was settled in Providence, his history may be gleaned from the following letters.

"*Cohasset, Dec.* 16, 1836.

"My beloved Mary—I have just one hour to write you a few words, all about doings and prospects. Reached Boston about 2 o'clock. Had about an hour to do my errands. Of course did not go to Chelsea. Have since heard from the folks there; all well as usual. At 3 o'clock got into the Hingham stage. Reached Mrs. Beals's at 5. Was very cordially received, so far as I could judge. Many kind inquiries were made after my Mary. So I told them some half a hundred of your *faults! Did*, upon honor. Next morning made several calls upon old friends. Packed up a few books and went, in the stage, to Marshfield, which I reached about 4½ o'clock. The Hingham folks had as many excuses for not writing to me as there are grasshoppers in August; none, however, quite equal to aunt Fanny's: 'It wasn't for want of a will, for I *wrote* one, but neglected to send it!' That's what I call a new way to pay old debts. I don't know whether I made upon

your mind the impression, that it was very uncertain whether I remained at M., notwithstanding the Committee had asked me to do so. When I went to Medway, I left it optional with the Committee to withdraw their proposal for me to remain through the winter, if they should see cause. When I returned, they told me they had concluded that it was, on the whole, best. So next Sabbath will be my last there. I exchange with Mr. Moore, at whose house and in whose study I now am. If the Orthodox should recover their courage, they may want me in W. again. But they do not now feel prepared to take a stand. I shall, God willing, go to the city on Monday; and unless I see some prospect of employment soon, shall probably be in Medway once more in the course of the week, or the next week. The Lord will send me somewhere, if he has anything for me to do for him, as a minister of Christ. Pray for me, dear Mary, that I may be kept from sin, and led in the path of duty to God. And how is your heart, dearest? God has given me some peace since I left you, though I have had some bitter struggles with *evil thoughts*. I trust you have been enabled to overcome and deny yourself, and live near to the throne.

"We had a very good temperance address here, night before last, from Mr. Taylor of Boston. Some of it ludicrous; but on the whole solemn, pungent, appealing to the conscience with great power. He lectures wherever the people will give him a collection for his Nautical Free School. Let me hear from you Monday. Direct to me at Boston. I shall stay at Mr. Bliss's some of next week. Friends at Scituate full of inquiries why you did not visit them. The Moore's all pretty well; send regards to the family. My love to all friends, and especially the family. God bless and keep you in his love, and guide you by his Spirit, my beloved.

Your affectionate

CHARLES T. T."

"*Chelsea, Jan.* 9, 1837.

"My beloved Mary,—I received your letter, dated Jan. 5, Saturday morning, and perused it with great pleasure. I was just about setting out for the city, but did not go till just at night; and after wandering about an hour or two to do errands, I went to Mr. Lord's. Found that he and Br. Rogers had made a bargain about me, without asking 'will I, or nil I;' but I was contented with it. So, after a night of pleasant slumber, and committing my ways to the Lord, and seeking his help, I went, in the morning, to the Odeon, and preached to the largest assembly I have ever yet addressed. Probably 1100 or 1200 were present; very attentive listeners to a rather long sermon. I felt something of the responsibility of addressing, even what I know is truth, to such an assembly. How many would be hardened by its exhibition! How few, probably, would be savingly affected by it! And under what awful sanctions does the minister of the Lord Jesus Christ stand, when he addresses them; knowing, that even if he is faithful, the truth will prove to perhaps a majority of his hearers only the savor of death unto death. I was enabled to speak with more ease and comfort to myself, than I could in your father's house. Text, Luke 10: 22, "Thou shalt love the Lord," etc. In the morning, Mr. Lord plead the cause of the sailor, in Park Street; and a good contribution in the afternoon, and many tears at the time, testified to the interest he excited in behalf of the sons of the ocean. By the way, a sailor complained of my prayer, last Thursday evening, at the Bethel. He said to Mr. Lord, that I 'did not *pray salt water enough!*' 'What's that mean?' 'Why, he did not pray *distinctly* for seamen!' The fact was, I forgot the *sailor* in the *sinner;* and, in praying and preaching, thought only of the particular sinners before me, part sailors, part not; the majority, females. However, I shan't soon forget *praying salt water.* In the afternoon preached, on the subject of the

death of Christ, at Park Street. Pretty full congregation, six or eight hundred. Made very little effort, contrary to the usual practice of those who preach there, but filled the house with great ease. Was heard distinctly in every part. I am inclined to think the difficulty of preaching there, is all a bugbear; that the trouble is, ministers speak *too loud*, but not distinctly. Of course, they are soon exhausted, and yet unheard by one quarter of their audience. I spoke slowly, distinctly, but not very loud, and the people were very attentive. In the evening, I talked at the prayer-meeting, in Park Street vestry, and Mr. Homer gave me a gentle rebuke, as I walked home with him, for doing so, after preaching twice on the Sabbath. He was very affectionate to me; the rest of the family, kind. All well. Staid there an hour, and then returned to Mr. Lord's for the night. Grandma interrupts me, by saying, 'Give my love to Mary, and respects to Mr. and Mrs. Ide, Isabella and all; and tell Mary not to worry herself about your old wrapper, for he wears grandpa's cloak and *looks quite dignified* in it!' I hope to doff my old wrapper before long; but when, I can't say. I hope the Master will send me to some permanent location ere long; but his will be done. He has always dealt kindly with me, with us both, dear Mary, though we have often murmured, and thought otherwise. But think you we shall, if we enter heaven, and thence look back upon the whole process of the formation of our characters, under the dispensations of Providence, ever suppose we had too many disappointments? Or one trial that could have been spared? One cross too much? Never! 'What *son* is he whom his *Father* chasteneth not?' And then, we are always recalling scenes of sin and sorrow, while God's mercies, holy feelings, and joyous moments, pass away from memory as a dream of the night, and we feel as if our *waking* hours had been almost filled up with sin and its twin sister misery. But was there ever a cross, a trial, a scene of suffering, in which we have not found some mercy-

drops mingled? Some connected joy, to calm the mind and heal the wounded spirit? Came home this morning, or rather noon, after an hour spent in reading about Animal Magnetism, and another in talking with old Mr. Andros, formerly pastor in Berkely for forty-six years, and Mr. Oliver, once of Beverly, of whom it was said, he ought *never to leave* the pulpit, or *never to enter* it. Spent the afternoon writing for grandfather; and here I am, 9½ o'clock, writing to my dearest of all earthly friends. Aunt Fanny sits by me, reading the 'Three Experiments of Living;' sends love to you. The letter sent in my bundle was a long and affectionate one from uncle Wm. T. Torrey. *You* may open and read all my letters, before you send them; should like to have you.

"Pray the Lord, not so much to give me a place to preach, as to *fit me to preach*, 'glorying in nothing save the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto us, and we unto the world.' At least, it must be so with us, my dear M., if we are permanently useful in the kingdom of our Master. Thanks to Bella for her short P. S. Hope she may have a year of so much peace and holy happiness, that it will be a *new year* to her. I hope the next P. S. may be a *little* longer. Much love to her, to your honored parents and to all the family. Please send me some of my papers, and the tooth-brush, and some *letters*, in a little bundle, by Miller, to be left at Peirce's Book Store. Hope your toothache has departed. I can toothily (rather than *heartily*) sympathize with you. 'Tis one of my old familiar comforts! I know I need not *ask* my Mary to write soon. May God bless and keep you, guide and sanctify, you; and prepare us both for an open and abundant entrance into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, to whom be glory forever. Amen. I am yours, in esteem and love,

CHARLES T. TORREY.

Providence, Feb. 6, 1837.

"My beloved Mary,—Though sadly disappointed when I found no letter came Saturday night from Medway, I feel happy to resume my pen once more and converse with the one nearest to my heart of all earthly friends, *except*—yes, allow *one* exception, and be my dearest still. Let me feel and say to *one* friend, 'There is none *upon earth* that I desire besides *thee*.' And I shan't love *you* the less. But I really did feel disappointed, though well aware that you must have had the very best reasons to be found in all Norfolk county. Well, last Wednesday afternoon, I met the Maternal Association; talked to the mothers and children; stormy day; very few present; new business to me. Thursday, P. M., preached for Mr. Blair, at his protracted meeting. That meeting has closed; the results, not very striking; a very few conversions; about twenty anxious. Previous to the meeting, there was rising thirty cases of hopeful conversion; and Mr. Blair told me that the seriousness was increased by the meeting; for, a fortnight before, it had declined. The suspicions about protracted meetings, so prevalent in our State, have reached but few minds here. Mr. *Underwood* was a great blessing to High Street church (Mr. Lewis'). Its numbers were about doubled during his stay here, and no evils resulted, so far as I have learned. But to return. Thursday eve, I preached again in *our* vestry; and it was a long sermon, too, on backsliding. Doctrines: a backslider is one who, though once converted, is now living in sin, with few or no holy exercises; as a backslider, being impenitent, has no more title to the promises, than any impenitent sinner. He must repent, and return to God, like a sinner, throwing himself upon *naked sovereignty* as his only hope. He cannot plead the promises; none are made to him. None of his prayers are acceptable, while he continues a backslider. Have some reason to hope the Spirit accompanied the word. Friday eve was the preparatory lec-

ture, in the vestry. Quite full and attentive audience. Yesterday, as I could not administer the sacrament, exchanged in the forenoon with Br. Lewis. Had an attentive audience of 250, though the day was snowy. Returned to the Richmond Street church in time to partake of the communion; enjoyed the season very much. Afternoon, preached on the law of God, "Thou shalt love," etc., to about 700 or 750. The storm kept many ladies at home. I was exhausted; and in the eve appointed a conference, intending to say but few words; but I did preach quite a sermon, on confessing and forsaking sin, because it is in itself hateful. Somehow, my preaching lately all tends directly to two points, divine sovereignty and disinterested benevolence; and here, as in other churches, there are a few who cry out 'hard sayings.' This morning, you may well suppose, I was pretty much disposed to cling to my couch, and to-day have made but two calls. Have been reading Helon's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem, a book of some real merit. You will have concluded by my not coming, that they want me to stay longer. I am to preach next Sabbath; and on Monday after, the society have their quarterly meeting; and the committee will then ask for instructions whether to employ me any longer or not. If they wish me to continue, the church will then act about a call, if they see cause. I have said to the Committee, that I did not feel it to be my duty to preach more than six weeks as a candidate; at least, without consulting Mr. Ide. I do not think it will be necessary; for I have no doubt most persons, if not quite every one in the Society, have fully made up their minds now; and I have reason to believe the most are desirous that I should remain. However, the matter will speedily be decided. My abolitionism and Emmonsism might cause a few to leave, and would draw in some others. The friends of the slave are determined to have one abolition church, and the abolitionists are the sound men in doctrine. Still, something

may occur to cause a struggle, and prevent my remaining here. Be prepared for disappointment, my love. I have endeavored to leave the matter entirely to God, and I think the hardest point to submit has been, that you would feel it, if I should not be liked here. Next Monday or Tuesday, God willing, I purpose to be with you. Pray for me, love, that the word I preach may both benefit me and those who listen to it. There is need of a revival; the church, as a body, is very lifeless. Do let me hear from you this week. My love to your father, mother, Isabella, Em., Let., Julia, and little Georgy, and all friends. May your soul prosper, my beloved Mary. I am your affectionate,

CHARLES T. TORREY.

"P. S. Tuesday morning. Dearest M.—Received your letter this morning. Thank Bella for her P. S. I trust my Mary improves in other things as well as in housewifery. May both of you live nearer to God than you ever have done, and grow in all *Christian graces*, as well as in those graces of this life which make *home* the best image of heaven earth offers to our view. I don't know how I wrote about my bath. I begin with face and hands, and end with feet. I think I have been essentially benefited by it. Friction at night, and cold water and friction in the morning, are truly delicious. Good bye. Let me hear again as soon as you receive this. Yours, C. T.

March, 1837, he was ordained over the Richmond Street Congregational church, Providence, R. I. About a week after, he was married. Mr. Torrey remained in Providence till October of the same year; when, by his own request, he was dismissed from his pastoral relation to that people.

We give, here, only one letter, between the time of his leaving Providence and his settlement at Salem.

East Randolph, Thursday, Nov. 16, 1837.

"Somehow, I love to write to my dear wife, I think, quite as well, if not a little better, than I did before we were 'one flesh.' I can think of her, and seem to see her, and hear her talk, and *peep* and *smile*, now and then, even if we are absent in body from each other. I was a little disappointed *Monday* night, and last night not a little, when I went to the office and no letter came from my Mary. But then I 'found up,' as you say, a dozen good reasons why it should be so, and was tolerably contented. I do want you with me every day, to counsel, sympathize with, reprove and comfort me, not a little. But the 'way of the Lord is in the darkness, and his pathway in the deep. He hideth himself.' And what he hath in store for us, he knows, and perhaps we ought not to desire to know, till the day declares it. The benefit of most of God's dispensations would evidently be lost, if we knew beforehand what should be our portion in life. 'It is the glory of God to conceal a matter.' I feel more and more desire to be with you. Without these separations, you have said sometimes, that I did not sympathize with you, in your trials and sufferings. But it is not so, my love; far from it. If I have erred, it has been in the other direction. I am conscious, however, that as a matter of habit, there is an almost constant concealment of my feelings on every subject, and a neglect of the expression of them, to an extent which you never thought of. I remember once a classmate to whom I was always ardently attached, one day burst out in expressions of astonishment, when I casually alluded to my warm affection for him. He had never dreamed of it! Now I never could tell, exactly, what had hindered me from manifesting my love to him by words or by an affectionate deportment. Yet so it was. And whatever be the cause, I believe it is, in a measure, true of my feelings of sympathy with you as a *wife*. As to *love* to you, it has been

manifest enough, surely. But we do often refrain from exhibiting feelings which are very strong in our bosoms, and yet cannot tell why we do it. But when we do, we forget that the *proper* expression of any emotion strengthens it."

Soon after leaving P., he simultaneously received two calls to resettle. The one from Randolph, the other the Harvard Street church in Salem, Mass., formerly under the pastoral care of Rev. Dr. Cheever. The church was so well united in him and in each other, and their views of the great moral questions which then agitated the Christian public, so nearly coincided with his own, that he considered it an indication of Providence, that God had called him to that place. In December he removed to Salem, and in Jan. 1838, was installed over a united and happy people. For a time he engaged with zeal and devotion in the labors of a pastor; soon his calls from abroad, and his numerous labors in the anti-slavery cause, diverted his mind from his duties to his own charge, and he found it necessary to yield the one or the other. He relinquished his home and the quiet of a pastor's life for the stormy conflict with slavery.

CHAPTER V.

LETTERS TO REV. P. COOKE.

It is but just to Mr. Torrey, that he should here speak for himself, and set forth in his own language his views and his motives.

We find a series of letters, prepared about this time, embracing a review of a Sermon by Rev. Parsons Cooke. These letters, as will be seen, were written for the Boston Recorder, but for some reason were not published in that

paper, although Mr. T. had been publicly challenged to review the Sermon in question through the Recorder.

We give largely of these letters, because they not only show good reasons for anti-slavery action, reasons which need to be read again and again, but they also give a very fair conception of Mr. Torrey as a vigorous writer. We give these in preference to any selection from his sermons, because more in accordance with the latter period of his life, in which the community are more particularly interested. Mr. Torrey was employed at this time as a Lecturer, by the Massachusetts Abolition Society, and wrote this series of Letters at such intervals as he could command, while going from place to place.

Letter I.

"Dear Brother,—Before entering upon the discussion of the general principles involved in your discourse, entitled 'Moral Machinery simplified,' there are a few points which I desire to notice. The most of them may be arranged under this running title:

Things in which we agree.

1. "That it is very difficult to ascertain the path of duty, sometimes, in relation to a given object, or society; and that, consequently, we need the teachings of the word and providence of God, received with a prayerful humble spirit, to guide us aright. And if a man enters upon any course of action, without such guidance, and such a temper of heart, he will not gain the favor of God. He will be more likely to resemble Jehu the son of Nimshi, than Jesus of Nazareth. He may destroy the wicked, and repress open crimes, like the former; but he will not be very likely to lead a sinner to the cross. And while the wicked man may be really useful to society, in promoting social order, and external purity, he will not, by such means, save his own soul, nor will his influ-

ence have any very direct or special tendency to save the souls of others. Hence, if such a man, in consequence of his zealous efforts to reform men externally, is ranked, by himself or others, among true Christians *they* make a lamentable, and *he* a fatal mistake.

2. "Whenever any tendency to exalt one branch of Christian morality or benevolence, above its just place in the estimation of mankind, appears, it ought to be resisted, kindly but firmly. The cause of education should not be sacrificed to that of Missions; nor the cause of the slave to either. Efforts to promote the observance of the Sabbath should not be urged to the neglect of the duty of prayer; nor should the importance of revivals of religion in our churches, induce us to omit to urge upon them suitable measures to bring menstealers to repentance. Wherever this censurable tendency has appeared in our abolition efforts, I have always rebuked it. So have others. But it cannot be wholly repressed; it results rather from the laws of the human mind, and the partial knowledge and imperfect holiness of men, than from the peculiar nature of any topic of interest. Men are as much disposed to be 'hobby-horsical' on the subject of missions, or education, as abolition.

"Yet we both agree that *sometimes* a particular object may have claims upon the attention of the humane and pious paramount, for the time, to all others; and that their time and resources should be devoted more exclusively to it, than duty would allow in different circumstances. May it not be so, now, in relation to the three millions of the enslaved? So long neglected by most men, in the church and out of it, is it not time to awake to special, *penitent* efforts for their rescue? May not men urge their claims with special earnestness, without being chargeable with perverting the gospel, or over-valuing one branch of Christian duty or morality?

3. "That 'Consociation is but another name for a Presbytery,' I am glad to see a man of so much influence as your-

self boldly affirm. Would that you, or some one, could wake up in our churches, and especially among our ministers, a more hearty attachment to the *scriptural, anti-slavery* principles of the church polity of our fathers! That Congregationalists (including Baptists, Lutherans, etc.) can engage in efforts to spread the gospel, or relieve the poor and needy and oppressed, beyond the immediate neighborhood of their individual churches, in no way but by forming *voluntary associations* for these ends, is most true, and a truth of no little importance. A local church, if faithful, can succor the needy, and supply the spiritual wants of saints and sinners, in its own locality. But if its members have pecuniary ability, talents, and *hearts large enough* to do more than this, it must be done by a voluntary combination of their individual resources, in a society, committee, or corporation. These associations may, or may not be formed to organize *new churches* elsewhere. They may exist, to preach Christian doctrine or duty, or morality, according to the demands of the case in view. But for what object soever they are formed, they are purely voluntary; the free union of individuals, to employ means to secure certain ends. Remark, if you please, that such societies are not formed by the united action of *churches as such*; but solely by the union of *such men and women as are disposed to form them.* Each society may define, for itself, the terms of membership in it. These may be, a public profession of faith, in a Congregational or some other church, 'hopeful piety,' or the payment of a sum of money, or signing one's name as a token of assent to certain doctrines and measures. But such societies *are not churches.* If any man assents to the terms of membership, there is, and can be, no way of *excluding* him, for hypocrisy, or anything else, not embraced explicitly in those terms. The character and influence of a member or members, may be dangerous to every interest of the church and the world; but so long as they

comply with the conditions of membership, they cannot be set aside.

"And I will just add, for your information, that the terms of membership in the A. B. C. F. Missions, the Am. Education, and in short of *all* our public societies for *every* object, set up no bars to exclude the infidel, the drunkard, the debauchee, the universalist or other errorist, the atheist even. All persons, men and women, old and young, Christians and heathen, may become 'members,' by paying a given sum of money! And every such person is eligible to any and every corporate or administrative office in these societies. What 'wicked' societies! to invite 'good' men and 'bad' men alike to join in doing good; in 'preaching the whole gospel,' or a part of it. Good and bad men, professors and non-professors of religion, virtuous and *some* vicious men, belong to all these societies. There is no propriety in saying that these societies are religious societies (you do not) so far as the terms of membership are concerned. The 'churches' are connected with them only through their individual members, who *choose to join—just* as the churches are connected with abolition or 'moral reform' societies. 'How liable are such societies to perversion!' some will exclaim. Suppose a 'controlling portion' of their members and officers get to be corrupt, or anti-'orthodox' men. When *money* is the only term of membership, are they not *peculiarly* liable to perversion? *One* 'Foreign Mission Society' has already been so perverted, in this State. We both reply, that we have *other* and ample securities, in the character of the officers, the vigilance of the community, and *above all*, in *the control of our own pockets*, against such perversion. No man, however great or influential or jesuitical, can control and sustain *any* voluntary society long, after it appears that he perverts its funds or influence, unless by the free consent of its supporters. If they *agree* to it, they unite with him in *changing its character and*

objects. It is no longer the same body in *truth*, though it may be in name. And here is all the security we need, or can rationally ask, that any voluntary society (not corporate, for a given end) shall not be perverted. It is the only *real* security, in regard to a *church* or any other *jure divino* society. Abolition, missionary, and all other existing societies, merely voluntary, stand, in this respect, on a common level.

4. We agree that 'corrupt public sentiment' ought to be reformed, by wise and proper means. And *the* means to be employed, must depend upon whether that corruption exists in the 'churches' or in the State; and upon the nature of the 'corrupt sentiment' which needs purification. One mode of action may be salutary and efficient at one time, and futile at another. Wisdom is profitable to direct us how to act for this end. We agree that the 'opinions' of the 'public' can be changed only by such means as will reach and mould those of individuals. Will not the united expression of individual opinions affect the views of others? Is it not *one proper* mode of doing this? Surely, you must change the whole social constitution of man, before you deny it, or denounce such action as 'mean' or anti-christian. We agree, also, that if deference to the opinions of one or of all men be the *controlling* motive in any given act, there is no moral virtue in the act. It may be beneficial to society, but does not commend the agent to His favor, who looks upon the heart. Hence if all slaveholders left off their crimes, out of deference to human opinions, it would not save their souls. But surely, it would be a vast gain, *directly* to every temporal interest of man, and indirectly to his spiritual interests, by opening wide the door of effort for the good of the two races.

"Nor do we expect that slavery will be destroyed by the actual conversion of every slaveholder. The history of the world presents no example of such an event. Like all other public crimes, it has fallen under the ban of penal laws, whenever the 'controlling influences' in church and State, were

sufficiently enlightened and pure, or conscientious, to 'execute judgment' and 'deliver the oppressed.' So will it be in every State of our Union. And whenever the 'opinions,' 'sentiments,' and feelings of the major part of any slave State are what they should be, the work will be done. That *proper means* should be employed to make them right, we both believe. That it may be desirable, or necessary to establish many more 'churches,' and send many more 'ministers,' to some States, as a means of changing men's opinions and feelings, I may admit or deny. It is an open question. That more ministers and churches, and of a purer character are *desirable* for this object and for the salvation of the bond and the free, I admit. That slavery will die without it, I believe. For, imperfectly as we *both* believe the South to be 'evangelized,' I think the *first principles of common morality and honesty* are well enough understood by the mass of the people, to authorize us to appeal to them, in condemnation of slaveholding; in order to secure the proper church and State action for the suppression of this crime. Perhaps I am wrong; a few years will determine.

5. We agree that 'slaveholding is a sin,' more or less aggravated by the degree of light enjoyed by the sinner. If it be a sin, then the commission of it is inconsistent with Christian character. That a man may commit this or any other sin with a very 'limited knowledge of his duty in the case,' and be a Christian, is what you seem to affirm (p. 30, bottom, of your pamphlet). You seem to suppose some Christians slaveholders, now, to be thus ignorant of duty. Perhaps so. But doubtless that number is limited. It cannot embrace many educated men. No son of New England can be thus ignorant. No son of the South, *educated* here, can be thus excused. At least, I will hold that *we agree* in this, till you deny it. I would ask, with earnestness, when will 'the true light shine?' How many centuries more, before the slaveholders in the Southern and *Northern* churches will

know enough, to be 'without excuse?' Is the case so very difficult of solution?

Your friend and brother in Christ,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

LETTER II.

"Respected Sir,—It cannot be questioned, that the *abolition societies* of our day, were chiefly in your eye, when you penned your discourse. Every paragraph is distinctly aimed at them. And though allusions are made to others, some of which might be obnoxious to the same charges, it will be sufficient for me to endeavor to meet your positions in the attitude in which they are presented, leaving to the agents or friends of other reforms to defend their societies from your assaults. In doing this, however, I mean to meet your *main positions* fairly. Allow me to add, that I shall take little notice of the jests and sarcasms with which your pamphlet abounds. If you employ them in reply to me, I will take into *serious consideration* the propriety of using such 'carnal weapons,' in retorting upon you.

"Your general doctrine is, that voluntary associations are lawful and scriptural. Still, they may be needlessly multiplied, and improperly formed. Your object is, to find some principle, on which to separate 'the precious from the vile.' You think you have found it. I do not. Your principle is unsound, or very imperfectly stated; and the use you make of it, most clumsy and unrighteous, as I intend to show before I have done.

"For certain kinds of voluntary societies you think (pp. 6—7) you find a warrant, 1. In apostolic example. Notice that this society, if it was one, was established by Paul and Timothy, to relieve the 'poor saints at Jerusalem,' in a time of famine, by pecuniary collections. It was no part of its

object to preach the 'whole gospel,' or any portion of it. *One* object of abolition societies is to relieve the 'poor saints' in the South, from a bondage which deprives them of legal marriage, of the wages of their labor, of the right to read, or to *know how* to read the word of God; and, in short, of *all* personal, social, civil, political and religious rights. If apostolic example gives a 'ritual warrant' for forming a voluntary society in the one case, some think it must, *a fortiori*, in the other. What say you? 2. You argue the expediency and safety of such societies from the *goodness of their objects.* Surely the abolition of slavery and caste, are 'good objects.' That the goodness of the object of a society secures it from perversion, or has any strong tendency to do so, I question. And the simplicity of the machinery, in any case, only makes it easier to wield it for any purpose, good or bad. What object so good as the salvation of souls? How constantly perverted, in every age, has the 'machinery' for this purpose been! How *simple* the frame-work of Congregational churches; and yet, has it not been often perverted? Of all men, you will be the last to deny it. 3. You are in favor of such societies, because of the nearly unmixed good they have done; which, you say, is a 'token that the smiles of heaven rest upon this method of doing good.' So, I argue, that the nearly unmixed good, done in our land and England, by abolition societies, is a token of God's favor, just as truly. But you and I are both *too orthodox, too wise*, I trust, to affirm seriously, the truth of the general principle involved in your statement: Success in doing good, a token of God's approval of *the instrument!* be that instrument a *man* or a society. The principle is not sound. 'The *wrath* of man shall PRAISE *him.*' Yet he approves it not. If a society or individual has a good object, employs right means, and acts from right motives, God approves; not otherwise. That success or failure betide an effort, is no valid argument either way. What abo-

lition efforts have done, I will notice hereafter. I only say here, that all your *good* reasons for favoring any voluntary society, seem to apply to abolition societies, in full force.

"The *distinction* you endeavor to make, between existing societies, *has no foundation in fact.* You call the two sorts 'benevolent' and 'public opinion' societies. Both have central and auxiliary societies, State, county, and local. Both employ agents, and use funds. You might have added, both have good objects, both employ the public press, and presses of their own, both urge upon Christians the duty of prayer for the success of their endeavors. And here, you think, the parallel ceases. The first aim, chiefly, to collect and use funds for their objects. The second, to create, and then use, a 'public opinion,' of a given kind, to a certain end. The one appeals to God's wrath; the other to man's frown, to gain their ends. The one, you think, combine good men; the other, good and bad men, to accomplish their purposes. The first employ the 'whole gospel;' the other, only 'public indignation,' to accomplish good. These are all the distinctions you point out in your definitions. They will vanish when you look at them: 1. Good and bad men are combined in them. This is equally true of both sorts of societies. In all our foreign and domestic Mission, Tract, Bible, Seamen's Friend and Education societies, the *only* condition of membership is the *payment of money.* In virtue of such payment, some vicious, and many unconverted men belong to them; are 'life,' 'honorary,' and 'corporate' members. If you do not know it, you ought to have known it, better than your 'young' brother. I am not blaming these societies for it. *Your principles* censure them; mine do not.

"To be a member of any abolition society, an assent to principles of truth, and a pledge to correspondent action is required, in addition to paying money. So that (if their principles are true) they are better guarded against perversion, by the union of 'bad men' with them, than the societies you

approve. To be a President of the Bible Society, or of the A. B. C. F. M., a man is not required to be a good man, or a moral man, or theoretically sound in theology or ethics or political economy, by any other or higher law than this same 'public opinion' you so cordially detest. The constitution of these bodies are silent on such points; they only require *money*, to promote their several objects.

"It is true, that most persons interested in them are Christians. So are the *great* majority of all who are members of abolition societies, judged by *your* and *my own* standard of Christian character. And if the character of the *membership* entitles the one to support, it does equally entitle the other to aid from us as Christians. The argument is a *frail* one, in *both* cases. Unless, therefore, you are prepared to abandon *all your favorite* societies, because they invite the 'coöperation of bad men,' cease to attack abolition and other reform societies, on the same ground. Your way of escape from this dilemma, I will hedge up, by and bye.

2. "'Benevolent' societies employ the whole gospel, in 'due proportion and harmony,' to accomplish their ends. The *Tract* society seems to *pose* you; and well it may. For you dare not, on your responsibility to God, affirm that it uses the 'whole gospel,' or *anything like it*. It *does not* all 'evangelical' truth, and you know it *cannot*. It aims to affect the 'opinions,' and lives, and hearts of men, by employing and spreading *those principles in which its supporters agree*. *Precisely* the course taken by the anti-slavery societies! And let me add, on no other principles can men, who differ at all, in religious belief and practice, unite in societies to promote any given end. The abolition society unites all who agree to diffuse certain principles on *one* subject, to affect the hearts and lives of men. The Am. Tract society, unites all who agree to diffuse certain principles on *several* classes of topics, for the same ends, to affect men's hearts and lives. Both take it for granted that men have *intellects*,

and endeavor to address them (often imperfectly), that through the mind they may affect the conduct and heart. Sometimes both reach the mind, heart and conduct. Sometimes they affect men's conduct, and reach not their hearts. At other times they reach the mind, but neither the heart nor life. I admit that 'denominational' Tract societies exist, not to *preach*, but to diffuse the 'whole gospel, as they understand it.' And your principles would *restrict* each man to such societies; *your heart* does not, because you are a *Christian*. I quarrel with your *logic*, not with you. Query? How is it that these societies for the spread of 'the whole gospel,' contrive, so uniformly, to *leave out the abolition* part of it? Why has no American, or denomination *tract* society printed a single tract on slavery? 'Echo answers, Why?'

"In what sense the Education, or Colonization societies exist to 'preach the whole gospel,' it puzzles me to see. One is to furnish men with *means* to get an education for it; the other does nothing towards it, in any way. It only takes men from one country and carries them to another. It spends not a dollar for religious purposes. Yet you support both as 'benevolent' societies.

"Besides; all these societies, alike, aim to affect the 'opinions' of the public. Their support is derived from public favor. If they do good to the souls and bodies of men, it is chiefly by affecting the opinions of individuals and of the public at large, so as to lead to right feeling and action. Some of them aim at *universal reform*, in the religion, morals, government, sciences, arts, ethics, manners and customs of nations (e. g. the A. B. C. F. M.); and that too, not merely by 'preaching the gospel,' but by schools, the press, and all the machinery of civilized and Christian lands. *Universal reform is needed*, therefore it is attempted. Those portions of the work are first attempted, which the means and numbers of those employed best warrant. In our own land, similar efforts have already accomplished *parts* of the work of univer-

sal reform. *We aim to do what is not yet done.* If it be right to form a society to do the whole work, where it is needed, I cannot see why it is not right to associate to do a part of it, where only *a part remains to be done.* The very right to associate to accomplish the whole work, involves the right to associate to accomplish any particular part. The right to form a 'Dorcas society,' or a missionary society for the heathen, is a logical deduction from the right and duty of forming that society for every holy purpose, called a 'church.' For a church is, or ought to be, both the one and the other. If more hungry men are to be fed than individual resources can feed, it is right to associate for the purpose. If more need clothing than the resources of the 'church,' as such, can supply, form a 'Dorcas' society, to do it. If the views and practices of the church and State need to be changed on one particular topic, and if need so require, form a society for that end. The only limits of truth and wisdom, as to the number of societies to be formed, are, 1. the objects to be accomplished, and, 2. the wise adaptation of any form of effort to the attainment of a given and good object. *Here* is a 'principle' of common sense, by which you may try all societies, whether Tract, Missionary, Bible, Abolition or Education, and determine their propriety. 3. Your 'benevolent' societies strive to reform men, by appealing to God's wrath to deter men from sin. Indeed! What is the 'creed' of the Colonization, Education, and Bible societies, respecting future retribution? Were you older than Methuselah, and wiser than Daniel and Solomon, you could not tell. Individual members of them have all sorts of creeds about it. But neither of them, by its constitution, or through its officers or agents, presents any creed, or has a right to do so. They urge men to duty by various motives, of social enjoyment, public and private interest, and religious feeling; just as abolition societies always have done. But all these attempted distinctions rest upon a common falsity, viz. that abolition and other

reform societies aim to form, and then use, as the instrument of reform, a monster which you term now, 'public opinion,' and then, 'public indignation.' In my next, I will expose it.

Your friend and brother,

CHARLES T. TORREY.

LETTER III.

"My dear Brother,—It is the purpose of the present letter to state the *true position of abolition societies*, especially with regard to their intended effects upon 'public opinion.' That you have mistaken and misstated it, will not appear strange, when we remember how uniformly you have opposed and *ridiculed* their principles and measures; nay, how contemptuously you rejected information in regard to both, but a few years since, in a letter to this very paper. But with you, as with many others, the progress of our cause has wrought *gradual changes* of views; till now, the sin of slaveholding, the safety, expediency, and duty, of unconditional, immediate emancipation, and the obligation resting upon Northern men and Christians to endeavor to bring about this result, *are no longer disputed points*. And so plain do they now appear to every one, that it almost surpasses belief, that four brief years ago, they were not only denied, but derided; and made the ground of the justification of *lynching* and *mobbing* our meetings and agents, by public meetings in BOSTON, NEW YORK, and scores of other towns and cities, and by the leading journals of the day. Thank God! that day of darkness is now passed. Our *general principles* are now almost universally admitted to be correct, at the North; and, very extensively, at the South also. The continuance of our associated operations but a few years longer, will leave *none to question the correctness of our doctrines*.

"Yet many men do not *love the instruments* by which they have been *convinced* of the truth. Our *measures* have been

assailed as fiercely as our theoretic principles ever were; and *as vainly*. The conviction is now fastened upon the majority of the reflecting part of the community, that the measures of abolition societies are only the common sense ways of spreading and enforcing upon men's consciences and practice, the principles they associated to defend. The errors and follies of a few influential abolitionists have retarded this result, but they cannot prevent it, in the end.

"What are those measures? 1. *The employment of public agencies*, to utter our views in the ears of the community. The *gospel* institution of *public preaching* is a *divine warrant* for the use of this means of diffusing the truth on any subject; to say nothing of its obvious adaptation to the nature and wants of mankind. Most of our agents have always been 'ministers of the gospel' of the different sects; selected, because they were better fitted, and more disposed to this work than other classes of men generally are.

"2. *The Press*, book and periodical, for the diffusion of truth, the conviction of 'gainsayers,' and the rebuke of wilful opposers, has been employed, to a great extent, and with the happiest results. *Thirty thousand* copies of a single book, 'Slavery as it is,' have been put in circulation, all over the land, in *six* months! chiefly, too, by sale! Six years ago, *five hundred* copies could hardly have been *given* away, to men who would promise to read them.

"3. The encouragement, and employment (in suitable cases) of *church and other ecclesiastical action*, to free everything which is called a 'church of Christ,' and every man called a 'minister of Christ,' from all connivance at, or participation in, the sin of oppression; so that our common Christianity might no longer be disgraced and corrupted, by sheltering the slaveholder within its folds, or shielding his conscience from rebuke, and his character from deserved infamy. As we *both agree* that 'slaveholding is a sin,' this measure is one of obvious duty.

"4. The encouragement, and employment (in suitable cases) of *political action*, in the forms of petitions, the ballot, legislation, judicial decisions, and executive agency, to 'break the yoke of the oppressor,' to 'execute judgment,' and 'deliver the oppressed' from the hands of the wicked. And if slaveholding be a *public crime*, a violation of the plainest dictates and laws of social morality, the duty of such action is plain. No one who believes in the *rightful existence of human governments* can question it. Your deserved rebuke of those who *deny* the rightful authority of the civil power, and still employ or favor such action, would come with greater force from a man who had *done a little more* to *promote* right political action on this subject, than yourself. But *deserved* it is, and I will not abate its force; they *ought* to have rebuke and satiric scourges, from your caustic pen. And all who uphold their folly, are like unto them.

"5. *Prayer*, though last in order (save one), not the least important. The first abolition meeting ever held in Boston began with prayer. The first ever held in another city, led a deist to his Savior. Prayer has been our life. The concert on the last Monday of the month, has *ever* been a favorite measure, one, I think, that *you* have adopted, at our recommendation. 'Good *can* come from Nazareth.' And ever devoutly recognizing our dependence upon Almighty God, to prosper all right means to secure the great result, we have continually urged on all men this duty, according to their various forms of discharging it; you, in yours, the Quaker in his. Tens of thousands of praying hearts, 'continually do cry' unto the GOD OF SABAOTH, for his guidance and blessing, in every part of our land. That we have always been guided by the 'spirit of grace and supplication,' I will not try to prove, until you give proof that the '*old and new school*,' Taylorite, Unitarian, and other controversies in the evangelical churches we love, have been conducted and guided by that Spirit. I speak not to reproach these churches, but to *anticipate*

the reply of a practised controversialist. More prayer might have prevented some of the errors of a portion of our gathering anti-slavery host. Hearty prayer may yet bring them back to their duty to the slave.

"6. *Associated action;* consisting, as in the case of Bible, Tract, and other societies, of central, State, and local affiliated societies, to diffuse the truth, and facilitate the collection and employment of funds.

"*Our societies* are the *basis of all our other operations* to spread, and urge upon men in their lives, conformity to *our principles.* This you, and every man of sense, knows. Hence, in attacking our *associated* action, you strike at the *foundation* of our whole enterprise.

"What, then, was that state of things which warranted the formation of *societies* for the overthrow of slavery? Providence leads a few men, Bowne, Lundy, Rankin, Goodell, Garrison, Perry, Tappan, and others of lesser note, to take *right views* and to *feel deeply* on the subject. What shall they do? *All existing civil and religious organizations* are *either foreign from* or *corrupted by* SLAVERY, *the very evil to be removed.* What shall they do? You reply, 'use the church,' or some other existing body, as the means of reform. The reply is, there *was* no *church*, or other body then ready to be used for the purpose. None could be *fitted for use*, but by the preparation of it, through *changes* of *views and feelings* in the bosoms of its individual members. When a *majority*, in any existing body is ripe for all the action properly required of it in the premises, *so far* the society's work is done. When *all* the existing bodies are thus fitted for their duty, our *temporary* society expires by its own limitation. When we have diffused the truth, and enforced it upon men's consciences and hearts, till the *major part* of the members of all other organizations are *ready to do their duty*, we shall disband; not before.

"But we aim to effect all this by 'public sentiment,' say

you; and 'public opinion' is a dreadful thing. It *will* be so, in the day when 'the memory of the wicked shall *rot*;' when 'the wicked shall rise to *shame*, and *everlasting* CONTEMPT;' when, in a word, sin shall become as *infamous* as it is *wicked*. We are willing to do a little to hasten that consummation! True, we aim to affect 'public opinion.' How? By changing the views and feelings of individual men. By diffusing what we believe to be truth, in the *customary modes* in which men, in this age, diffuse their views on other subjects; and by *urging* the truth upon the consciences, hearts, hopes, fears, interests, and sensibilities of men. In a word, we strive to address *all* that is in man, *by the truth* in regard to slavery; and we employ all those *modes* of address, employed by other men, on other subjects. We utter truth in prose and rhyme. We reason, persuade, entreat, rebuke, denounce, and expostulate, according to our 'several ability,' and as our judgment dictates. We *err* in adapting means to ends, like *other men, yourself* included. Some of us are open to *correction*; others, not—just as in *other* societies. We have some *wrong-headed* 'good' men among us, too wise to learn, and some 'bad' men, (just as in those societies which make *money only* the condition of membership,) who *don't wish* to learn. But with all our imperfections, we go on, effecting such changes in individual 'opinions' and 'feelings,' as the world has seldom known.

"But when 'you have your public opinion manufactured to order,' you ask, 'what is gained?' Profound wisdom! Question most logical! I reply, We aim to change men's 'opinions,' as the only *rational means* of *leading them* to a *changed course of action*. When, with God's blessing, we have gotten their 'opinions' right, we expect, with his help, to induce them to *act accordingly*. When the 'opinions' of the individual members of a *local* 'public,' e. g. a *church*, in Lynn, or elsewhere, are right, we expect *they* will bear their testimony against slavery, by excluding slaveholders

who persist in their sin, from the pulpit and communion table. 'What concord hath Christ with Belial?' The individual members of that church, (having done all they could in their *church capacity*,) we expect, will continue to *act out* their views in social life, in every station entrusted to them. When the 'opinions' of the MASSACHUSETTS public are right, we expect the legislative, judicial, and executive powers will all be wielded, so far as may be, in favor of liberty, and against slavery. When the majority of the NATIONAL 'public' are right, CONGRESS will sweep away every vestige of slavery, within the limits of its constitutional power. Separate States will, one by one, do the same; and so on, till the work is done. We believe slaveholding, 1. *sinful*, or a violation of the *principles* of the divine law; 2. *immoral*, a crime of such a nature that church discipline and public law can reach it, in the persons of the guilty, if they cease not to transgress; and, 3. in its *nature*, considered as unmitigated oppression, and a violation of every right, deserving to be classed with murder and other crimes, now considered infamous. We wish to persuade every body else to think the same, and act accordingly, in their various stations in life. Hence our measures. Individual resources were too weak to effect the work. We associated to do it. *Societies* have called into being all the other forms of effort we need to secure the result. They go on and prosper; yea, and they will prosper, for 'a blessing is in them.' And we believe also, that so plainly true are our principles, so self-evident are they; with such power do they appeal to the *consciences* and hearts, and hopes and fears of the slaveholders, that if we can purify 'public opinion,' and induce right action, in the *churches* and *States* of the North, and thus leave them without sympathy or countenance in their guilt, the slaveholding States will abolish slavery in their own limits by public law. And we believe this the more, because the social, religious, business, and political connections of the North and South are so multiplied,

that in securing the needed change in 'opinion' and practice at the North, we shall secure an almost equal change of opinion and practice there. And so, slavery shall *peacefully* pass away.

"And this is the only way in which we propose to 'use public opinion.' That you will question the propriety of so doing, none will be more slow to believe, than your friend and brother,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

LETTER IV.

"Dear Brother,—Your general position is, that the church, by its ministry, and other suitable agencies, is God's appointed instrument to reform men; and that those who form Abolition or other reform societies, assume to be wiser than he, and *supersede* the means of his appointment. This I take to be your meaning, though you have stated it in such forms, that it requires no little labor to decipher it. It would have been well, had you explained your proposition a little.

"God, you tell us, has given us a platform and model of a reform society, in *the church*. What church? The Episcopal? The Presbyterian? or in a Congregational, or Methodist church? If you answer, a 'Congregational church;' I ask, how am I to 'reform' a corrupt, slaveholding 'Presbyterian' or 'Methodist church.' You leave me no way but by going and establishing a *Congregational 'church'* by their side, and under my *denominational* banner, hold forth the truth. In a word, if I desire to reform any body *out of my sect*, I must do it in a *sectarian form*. Your principle, as you state it, precludes me from everything but sectarian action. If my Methodist brother and myself see a particular evil in both, and in other denominations, we may not unite our purses to diffuse the truth, to overthrow that one evil! We must do everything in our 'church,' or sectarian capacity! Again,

you speak of the 'gospel, by its ministry, and other agencies appropriate, and appointed by itself,' as the divinely appointed means of reform. Here again, you talk mysteries. The institution of 'preaching,' abolition societies *do* employ. They persuade 'settled ministers' to preach on slavery and its remedy, and men's duties to the bond and the free. And they employ *special* ministers, to 'preach,' to supply the 'lack of service,' on the part of others, and urge on all men, of every sect and no sect, the performance of duties so long neglected. They feel that *special* 'preaching' is needed, to counteract the disastrous effects of former neglect of duty, and to roll back to the pit the dark waves of oppression. But what are those 'other agencies *appropriate*?' For it seems the 'ministry' is, after all, not enough! I can think of nothing but the press, lectures, discussions, and political action, and *societies* to collect and apply funds to *sustain* and urge on these agencies. These seem to me 'appropriate' to the wants of the case. But these 'other agencies' are 'appointed by itself.' Appointed by what, or whom? 'The gospel?' Where, and what are they? In whom is the appointing power vested? In ministers? Or in laymen? In 'church meetings?' Or in a voluntary assembly of men? Sir, I fear it would require a new address, to 'simplify' your 'moral machinery,' so as to make it intelligible! If you have any meaning at all, it must be, that ministers and church members may appoint, and set in motion, under their exclusive control, any 'other agencies' they think proper; but not another man but they, must have aught to do with them; a principle not easily reconcilable with the constitutions of all our 'benevolent' societies, which admit every body, 'good and bad,' on the payment of MONEY! But I confess you have written something 'hard to be understood.' Perhaps some of our 'great men' can decipher it. But whatever you may mean in this statement, I propose to show three things in this letter. And,

"1st. *The 'churches' of every sect, were not prepared,* when

we began to form abolition societies, to do *what they could*, for the overthrow of slavery. At least the exceptions were *few*, and those almost wholly in the slave States. The Quakers, the Covenanters, Reformed Presbyterians, Emancipationists (Baptists in Kentucky and Pennsylvania) were *alone* in their *testimony* against slavery, and their exclusion of the impenitent slaveholder from the 'ministry' and the 'Lord's table.' In nearly every other 'church,' of every sect, at the South, and at the North also, slaveholders were welcomed to both. The number of slaveholding professors and ministers had been rapidly increasing for several years. The sinfulness of slaveholding, in practice, was generally denied, while in the abstract, a cold-hearted formal admission of its evil character was common. New 'churches' were indeed formed, at the South; but, far from exerting any influence for the overthrow of slavery, they were corrupted by it, and served only to increase the number of slaveholding professors. The religious bodies of the North, of every sect, while they remembered the heathen of other lands, the sailor, the Catholic, the Jew, the drunkard, and the prisoner, uttered no voice of sympathy for the slave, or of warning to his oppressor. The religious Press was almost wholly silent; or if it spoke at all, it was not to expose and rebuke oppression, but to express sympathy with the guilty, with the rarest exceptions. What little sympathy for the slave still lingered in men's bosoms, was turned into the delusive channel of colonization on the heathen shores of degraded Africa. The great body of church members were almost entirely ignorant of the condition and wants of the slaves; and there were no means in existence to enlighten them. Few could be persuaded even to read on the subject. Few houses of worship were open to him who plead for the poor. Few would assemble to hear his plea. The duty, safety, and expediency of emancipation, were generally and scornfully denied. Compensation for ceasing to rob the poor and helpless, every where demanded. Eman-

cipation on the soil, seemed the image of 'amalgamation,' 'wild beasts turned loose,' and a thousand visionary horrors. That man's memory is a short one, and withal somewhat treacherous, who cannot recal these and other facts, in contrast with the wonderful change which our *associated efforts* have wrought. *Now*, our leading doctrines are admitted to be true. Information is abundant, accessible to all, and widely diffused. The majority of the religious presses are decidedly *abolition* presses. Sympathy for the slave is warm and quick in many hearts once cold to his wrongs. More than one half of the ecclesiastical bodies of the free States have sent forth voices of rebuke, warning, remonstrance, and condemnation, in regard to slavery. Full 3000 churches have solemnly withdrawn fellowship from slaveholders, and many more *privately act* on the same principle. And probably full 5000 *ministers* will neither receive a slaveholder to their pulpits, nor tolerate his polluting presence at the table of the Lord. And the *social* influences of religion, in private life, have been brought to bear, in a thousand forms, most powerfully, upon the hearts and consciences of the guilty. No southern oppressor *now leaves New England unrebuked and unwarned.* When you so fondly record the 'echo's' answer to your own inquiry, 'What has abolition done?' we should suppose you had forgotten that *echo only gives back the voice it hears!* Like the man in Sleepy Hollow, you must have dreamed for eight years past, or else measured the rest of the religious world by the standard of the *few in and around Boston*, who know so little of the state of feeling in the 'churches,' and among ministers generally, as to suppose the majority share *their* views, or sympathize with their expressions of feeling, except when, in rare cases, they *correspond with abolition views.*

"But enough. The ministry and the churches were not prepared to act; not even to do their plain duty to the poor slaves.

"The courses were open. The one which you seemingly recommend in your pamphlet and your No.'s in this paper, but which abolitionists had too much sense and piety to adopt, viz. to 'vacate the title' of all existing churches, which countenanced slavery, to the name of Christian churches; and then form *purer* churches for the overthrow of slavery. This course would have made endless strife, and only ended in forming some dozen new sects. And accordingly, when a few men, (the excellent and philanthropic CHARLES STUART, among others) proposed to change the mode of effort, and conform it to *your views*, the good sense of the mass of abolitionists at once rejected the idea. We did not believe in *unchurching* the body of our churches, without suitable efforts to lead them back to their duty. And happily, as I have before intimated, we have been so favored of God, in this thing, that we have no occasion to resort to the suicidal course you urge upon us!

"The second course was the one we adopted, viz. to form societies to collect funds, and employ them in gathering facts, diffusing truth, and by reasoning, by persuasion, by rebuke and denunciation, as occasion called for the one or the other, to induce the ministers and members of *existing* churches to do their duty; taking it for granted that timely and efficient labor would persuade them to it. Nor have we been greatly disappointed.

"Besides, we were 'Christians,' but of *every sect*. We wished to lead *every sect*, every 'church,' *called* CHRISTIAN, to testify, in its own appropriate forms, against the sin and crime of slaveholding; so that *our common Christianity might no longer be blasphemed*. We believed that every sect of nominal disciples, however doctrinally or practically corrupt they might be in some respects, retained enough of love, or respect for the general principles of God's law, of natural justice, of humanity, and the requirements of the gospel, to warrant the hope and confident expectation that *all* might be

united in their testimony against this sin. Nor have our hopes been vain. And we now believe, that in a few brief years, *no church of any sect*, will be so corrupt, as to tolerate the slaveholder in its fellowship. Or if *one* should be found, it would be an *outcast;* and the whole family of churches, of every name, would repudiate its claims to bear the name of our Savior. We had no occasion, we have none now, to operate by seceding, and forming new 'churches.' The *old* are good enough in *all other* respects; *many* are now so in *this;* all, we trust, soon will be. We did not choose to put a 'constructive' or real 'slight upon the Founder of' the churches of Christ, as you would persuade us to do, in your—anything but wisdom. What did we need to do? Individually we were feeble, our resources limited. Together we were strong. We needed to collect and diffuse information, to employ preaching and the press to do it, and to urge action in correspondence with discovered truth and duty; and the gathering and employment of funds to accomplish all this, was necessary. This must be done by some responsible bodies, whose character was a pledge of fidelity. We formed, therefore, large and small societies for these purposes. We *were* weak; now, we are strong, through 'the good hand of our God upon us.' Soon, as the result of our efforts and prayers, the whole influence of the whole 'church of God,' of every sect, will, we trust, be turned in favor of freedom to the slave; and then the jubilee is near! We formed a *voluntary society*, from the very necessities of the case. We could coöperate in the work, in no other way. We included, in the terms of membership, nothing but what was *necessary to the end in view.* And if a few nominal infidels assented to them and joined us, it only proves that *in this one respect*, they were in advance of yourself. If errorists in theology joined us, it only shows that 'orthodoxy' may sometimes be 'dead,' while humanity and justice outlive correct theories, in the bosoms of men. But we could no more prevent such men from *joining a voluntary*

society (had we desired to do it), if they assented to the terms of membership, than they can be excluded, constitutionally, from the Bible, Tract, and Missionary societies, which make money the only term of membership. The other two points I am obliged to defer to my next letter.

Yours, with Christian affection,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

LETTER V.

"My dear Sir,—I referred, in my last, to three things I desired to notice; one was, that the churches were not prepared to do their duty to the slave, when abolition societies were first formed. Another remark I wish to make is this: That if the churches of every sect had been disposed to be faithful, *something more than church action was needed to abolish slavery.* 1. What could the churches do, if disposed? They could exclude the slaveholder from the ordinances of the gospel, from the ministry of the word, and from fellowship, unless he repented and reformed. They could, as *churches*, unite in adopting and sending forth 'appeals and testimony' against the continuance of this sin and crime. And the various *quasi* church, or ecclesiastical bodies could do the same things. All this has been done, to a great extent. It will be done more extensively yet; and indeed it must be, ere slavery falls. *Congregational churches, as such,* can do no more. If all did so much, it would tell, with mighty power, upon the hearts, consciences and sensibilities of the whole mass of slaveholders, 'professors and profane.' Nor can other sects, as *churches*, do much else. *We* and they, or rather *individual members* of our, and other sects, might form *voluntary associations*, to send ministers to the South, who would dare to preach the whole truth about slavery, and establish more abolition churches there. Perhaps we ought

to do it. What say you, to a NEW MISSIONARY SOCIETY, to 'evangelize the slaveholders' and their slaves? whose missionaries shall preach that 'the laborer is *worthy* of his hire?' who shall denounce 'wo unto them that use the services of their neighbors without hire, and pay them not for their work;' who shall, in spite of slavery and its bloody laws, *teach the slaves to read the Bible*, and then put Bibles and tracts into their hands? who shall insist upon the *sacredness of the marriage tie* between slaves;' who shall preach against selling men, women and children, 'by auction or private sale,' for gold; who shall preach against the sundering of 150,000 slave families every year, to make gain out of the poor? What say you to such a movement? Do you say the men who attempt it will be 'slain for the witness of Jesus?' Is it less a duty to die for him in America than in Sumatra? It is my solemn conviction that the time for such efforts is come! I do not desire to see any more 'churches' established in the South, to lull the sinner to sleep, by folding him in their embraces. Let Zion awake, and put on her garments of beauty, and make war upon slavery; and she shall be more 'terrible than an army with banners.' A few more Lovejoys might fall; but the yoke of slavery would be broken; for we should see that slavery could not endure *pure* Christianity. But for such efforts, 'the churches' are not prepared. Few individual members are so. We need more piety, and more 'reform,' in the churches first.

"2. Not only must the latent power of the church be brought out and made to bear on slavery—but the STATE too must needs act. SLAVEHOLDING IS A PUBLIC IMMORALITY; and as such, it may be reached by legislative enactments; just as in England, Mexico, etc. It ought to be, in law, marked with other felonies, as one of the greatest violations of public morals, of private right, and social duty. So President EDWARDS predicted, in 1795, that it would be, in our coun-

try, in fifty years, in 1845. May God grant it, for his Son's sake! But how shall this end be secured, we asked, at the outset of our abolition efforts? In one of two ways—either 1st, by confining our efforts in the first instance, entirely to the purification of the 'churches,' and then, wait for the gradual influence of religion to mould legislation, *without special effort* to secure it; or, 2d, to commence efforts, simultaneously, for the purity of the church and to secure right legislation from the State—to aim at both moral and political action. The latter course was chosen, for several reasons; among which were the following: 1. CHURCH and STATE action were equally important in their proper place; equally obligatory upon the consciences of men; and the same reasons called for, and justified both—so that in urging one we must, in effect, urge both. It was wisest to do it *openly*, and not cover up one under the folds of the other, e. g. to urge legislation under the cloak of religion, or *vice versa*. 2. We might secure *many items* of valuable legislation, by urging the general principles of natural justice and equity, before the whole, or any great part of the churches were freed from connivance at slavery. For after all, the great principles of truth and duty were recognized in our constitutions and laws, and only needed fresh applications to new statutes, to secure much good. Had you consulted any thing but dame Echo, for this history of legislation, these five years past, you might have known that we have been prospered in this respect beyond our most sanguine hopes. The present winter will witness the renewal of our efforts and successes, in various States for similar purposes.

3. We felt that just so far and so fast, as the influence of the ministry and the churches was changed for the better, we could appeal with power and success to the States and to Congress, to legislate down the greatest of public crimes, slaveholding. And could we now point to the unanimous *public* testimony of *all* sects against slavery as a SIN, we

could soon write it down a CRIME, in every statute book in the nation.

Yours, etc.

CHARLES T. TORREY.

LETTER VI.

"My dear Brother,—Having disposed of your main position, allow me to make a few remarks on some lesser items employed in the illustration and defence of it; your first position, viz. that the 'church' is the only divinely authorized reform society, I have already noticed. It is not true. Civil government is an institution for 'reform' in respect of public crime, 'for the terror of evil doers, and the *praise* of them that do well.' Yet civil governments do not oppose *all* sin; but only such sins as are *acted out* in *immoral* conduct. On *your principle*, no Christian can join with 'bad men,' or impenitent sinners, in maintaining the civil power. If you reply, as you did to brother Tyler, that civil government is a divine institution, I rejoin, that in this case, God has *commanded* us to act on a principle which you proclaim 'unknown to the New Testament,' and the parent of all evil! The truth is, that like all *ultra* anti-reformers, you have started away from the follies of Garrison and his school, and nearly reached the *same* position by going round the other way! The very principle to which you object, viz. the combination of 'good and bad' men, men of every creed and no creed, penitent and impenitent, to promote a *select class of those moral and social ends which are aimed at in the law of God and the precepts of the Gospel*, is the very basis of all civil government; and every one of your arguments against your straw-castle, 'public opinion societies', is conclusive against civil government. Again—proclaiming the truths of the Bible, and of natural justice and equity also, in regard to a particular thing which is both a sin against God and a pub-

lic crime, like slaveholding, will have a twofold effect. 1st. It will lead *some* sinners to true repentance before God. 2d. It will lead others, perhaps the mass, to leave off the *outward act;* and thus secure great social benefits. In this way *murder* has been banished, while hatred to our brother man still burns in many a bosom. The gospel contemplates *both* these results, and, where it is faithfully preached, measurably secures them, directly and indirectly; but if the 'regular' administrators of the gospel, to a great extent, while faithful in other respects, are not so in regard to one crime, is it not *every man's duty* to proclaim this forgotten truth or duty? May not two, or ten thousand unite, in printing, preaching, and praying, or sustaining others in doing so, till the 'regular' ministry change their course, and the civil power, following the church, does so likewise? Meet this position fairly and directly, or else retract your whole pamphlet, for *logic's* sake! Again—your *ad hominem* argument in reference to the perversion of abolition societies by some few of our 'coadjutors', falls to the ground; inasmuch as our basis of organization, so far from setting aside the 'Christian ministry,' only aims to lead the ministry to act in its appropriate sphere for the slave, to remember the forgotten claims of our brethren 'fallen among thieves.' It urges settled 'pastors or bishops' to do this; and it supports agents or 'ministers at large', to persuade them to it, and help them persuade a slavery-besotted people to do so. Some of your *ad captandum* illustrations under this first head, I may retort upon you lawfully. 'Simon Magus may work well for a while,' as President of the A. B. C. F. M., for he might be chosen according to its charter and by-laws. 'Ananias and Sapphira would pass muster' as officers or life-members of the Bible, Tract, or Home Mission Society, if they paid their money freely! Men who hate the objects of these noble societies, may join in large numbers, get the control of them, and 'turn them against the church and ministry,' and *you* cannot rightly, or

at any rate *consistently*, complain. They may reply to your groanings, 'Ah! friend, thou art mistaken, *this* is the *ism* we subscribed to; did we not pay our money, all that you asked?' Again—'mob-law.' Would it not be mob-law, or wrong, for good men to agree to unite to *aid* the *regular* operations of law, in a lawful way? To form a society, e. g. to 'detect horse-thieves,' such as exist all over this State? 'Mob-gospel', indeed! when individuals unite their resources to spread neglected truth, and persuade the regular administrators of the truth, to abide by it!

"Your *second* objection is obscurely worded. It seems to mean (p. 12), that the members of abolition societies will join them from different views—some to promote Christianity, some to promote infidelity. Be it so. What is to hinder them from doing the same thing in regard to the A.B.C.F.M.? MONEY? But *are* abolition principles *true* and *scriptural*? If so, to spread them, and lead men to act upon them, *is* a gain to religion and human happiness. If 'infidels' have sense enough to see the advantage to spreading such views, or to aid in *supporting civil government*, I say, amen! to their doing it. As to '*many* infidel coadjutors,' we have them not. If we had, it would not be the first time that men from *the mere impulses* of *sympathy and natural conscience*, had put to shame 'professed' disciples of the Redeemer. 'Stones in the streets' and 'dumb asses' may sometimes rebuke 'teachers of the law.' 3d. You assert that we assume a false principle in morality. That a man unconverted may be relied on to help put down a single form of depravity, while he loves sin in general. How much are such men 'relied' on to support the preaching of the gospel in New England? How much to sustain civil government? To enforce law and good order in society? This same 'false principle of morality' you will find every where, even in some 'divine institutions.' Who relies upon their aid? Does Jehovah? 'He putteth NO TRUST in HIS SERVANTS.' But he *uses* the aid of 'wicked'

men for some purposes. And he authorizes his people to use their services to maintain law, public worship, spread political and religious truth by the press, preaching, voluntary societies, such as the A. B. C. F. M., and abolition societies. How much they are to be 'relied' on, in emergencies, is another question. Our 'benevolent' societies take their aid, while they will give it; so do we. If any of them get the 'generalship' of the A. B. C. F. M., of Massachusetts' abolition societies, and pervert them to evil purposes, if no other remedy can be found, we will leave them, and try again. But as for saying to such men, 'we repulse your aid, so far as you will give it to good ends,' we shall not do it. If voluntary societies were *churches*, the *mode* in which their aid would be sought, would be different. But they are not. Hence, they are welcomed as 'members' in all of them. If you may ask such men to join the A. B. C. F. M., to promote the 'whole of religion and morality,' in a land where neither religion nor morality exist, then I may ask them to join an abolition society to promote some *parts* of religion and morality, in a land where the *other* parts of morals and religion flourish. And when you have turned all such men out of all our 'benevolent' societies which ask only money as an admittance fee, come to us and ask us to do the same in our abolition societies, where some outward respect for a part of the political and social principles of revelation is a condition of membership.

"Your *fourth* objection to 'reform societies' (p. 14) is, that it is of 'the nature of a profession of religion' to join them. The answer to this is already given by implication. Apply your objection to civil government. The suppression of vices and crimes is the great end of religion, so far as *time* is concerned. Men who love some sins, join with some 'Christians' to uphold a civil power, the object of which is, so far as it goes, the same as that of religion. If their notions of religion are 'confused,' they will mistake *this part*

for the whole of religion;' (just what occurs every where!) Hence they will 'denounce as time-servers', all 'professors of religion' who don't uphold the civil power in maintaining a few 'limbs of religion,' while the '*root* of depravity' remains untouched! Anti-slavery societies are not churches, but merely voluntary societies 'to collect and use funds' to spread certain truths, moral and political, about which their members agree, and urge them upon men's hearts and consciences as rules of conduct.

"Your *fifth* objection is, that such societies give great power into the hands of a few, who *may* be bad men. And that such men have peculiar 'scope' for gaining the ascendancy. I reply: No societies in the world wield such tremendous power as our Foreign and Home Mission societies. MONEY alone is the term of membership. Hence there is peculiar 'scope' for bad men to get them under their control and pervert them to vile purposes. Do you reply: If their conduct is exposed, they will soon be without support? Not if they have 'permanent funds,' or can gain unbounded confidence from thousands of the community, so that the bad man or men '*cannot be separated from the cause*;' and then, wo to the 'Christian ministry, and everything else that opposes the society's oracle!' Our abolition societies have no permanent funds. The press is free to expose their perversion. I grant you, a few of them have been partially perverted. You ought to have recalled the 'Evangelical Missionary society,' now in *Unitarian* hands; the Groton, Cambridge, and countless other 'church funds,' before you uttered a taunting complaint. 'Churches,' aided by 'trustees' and the laws of the land, cannot always prevent such perversions. And if you are disposed to argue this point at length, I will fill a quarto volume with just such perversions, under *ecclesiastical* 'machinery,' and by 'churches,' and 'professors of religion,' if you will promise to bear the expense of printing it. Your argument proves a little too much for your purposes.

"6. You say, our principle of combination is an absurdity and the parent of absurdities. And you instance Thomas Paine and David Brainerd, uniting to abolish slavery, because they agree in regard to the great principles of human rights. You think one must confide in the other's assent to his Christianity or infidelity, in this matter, in joining an abolition society. Sir, have you yet to learn, whether it is *Christianity* or *infidelity* that condemns slaveholding as a moral wrong, and demands its immediate overthrow? Have you yet to learn, that while the Christian may condemn this wrong as a sin against a God of holiness, and grieve at the dishonor done to his law, by those who commit it; yet both the Christian and infidel have *consciences;* may discover the moral turpitude of slavery; may be sensible of the moral and social evils it inflicts upon the slave and 'entails upon his oppressor;' and unite in suppressing this PUBLIC CRIME by law? May unite in sustaining presses and agents, and printing books, to induce men to do it? If not, it may 'edify' you to learn that THOMAS PAINE was an officer of the legislature of Pennsylvania which abolished slavery in that State; and that HIS *official signature*, as Clerk, gave validity to that *deed of Christian love and duty.* Nay, more; he was a prominent promoter of the act! And if David Brainerd had been a member of that legislative body, and refused to aid him in the deed, everything holy in religion, or naturally good in humanity, would have condemned him, in spite of his eminent piety. My dear brother, the happy emancipated slaves rejoiced most heartily at such a noble 'absurdity,' as that I have named. I hope to see more of them, before you and I go to heaven. If Brainerd will not help Thomas Paine, and every body else; by giving, preaching, praying, printing and voting, to do the work of humanity, justice, mercy and truth, save me from his 'piety!' If he refuses the aid of Paine or others, in the same work, save me from his self-righteous bigotry! The true principle of action is, *the Christian ought to unite in ac-*

'Bible Argument,' Green's 'New Testament Argument,' 'Phelps' Lectures,' and books, pamphlets, and papers without number. Your assertion is a fair inference from *your premises*, but contrary to *fact*. 4. That 'public opinion is not always a right opinion,' we know, and hence before 'using it as the instrument of reform'-ed legislation and church action, we seek to make it so, by using appropriate means. But that a 'reforming public opinion' was the foundation of the proceedings against the *witches* of other days, is a truly valuable historical discovery! You have made others, to be noticed hereafter. When the wrong 'opinions' of men, lead them to cherish slavery in the churches, and support it by law, common sense tells us that we must spread the truth about slavery, and change their 'opinions,' in order to induce different action. When slavery, imprisonment for debt, and other like evils, may be done away by the action of the *majority* in church and State, we must change the opinions of the majority of that 'public,' on whom action depends. And then, that enlightened public will do the needful 'reforming' acts. Before they do, however, many *individuals*, by the 'force' of truth, will be led to right individual action. But afterwards the majority of the public, by 'force' of law and an upright magistracy, will restrain the minority from the continued commission of the crime. In doing the preparatory work to such a result, the 'gospel,' by the ministry, by its social influences, and judicial or disciplinary acts, has its appropriate place. Individual and associated effort to spread truth and urge action, have their 'appropriate sphere.' WOMAN has hers; man has his. And if, when one part of those who ought to do a share of it, neglect their duty, it will not be more strange if a man or woman get out of 'their sphere,' to supply the defect, than that Balaam's beast got out of hers *in talking*. Nor will it be strange, if some who neglect their duty, and perhaps find fault with the mistakes of those who try to do it, however imperfectly, should be denounced, not always with Christian moderation

and meekness, but as upholding 'mob-law,' or 'mob-gospel.' 5. 'Public opinion societies *tend* to the cultivation of an unchristian spirit,' say you. You are *wisely* careful, under this head, to insinuate much, and say little. I reply only, I see no such tendency in abolition societies. Their aim is to spread truth, and urge the performance of duty, on the 'public,' and on individual men. I see *great tendencies* in *opposition* to abolition efforts, to produce an unchristian spirit. I think I can give you examples, without number. But *cui bono?* As you have misrepresented our societies, in saying that we 'rely upon a wicked world's opinions,' in distinction from the force of truth and the right or wrong of those opinions, why waste time in words about 'tendencies,' either way? I deny that abolitionists have 'denounced' their religious or their irreligious opponents, so much or so harshly, as their opponents have 'denounced' them; and stand ready to prove it, from the columns of the leading religious and political papers, as compared with abolition papers. But again, *cui bono?* It is sometimes right to denounce; sometimes wrong; circumstances must decide. *There are important* interests staked upon the result of abolition efforts. I *ought* to feel deeply, and speak strongly, when men ignorantly or lightly, and especially when they obstinately, oppose them. Nor am I to be charged with 'impatience of contradiction,' etc., when I do so. And when we consider the incessant storm of abuse lavished on every prominent abolitionist, it is no great wonder that some have grown morose and waspish. I defend them not. We ought always to be 'gentle, easy to be entreated,' etc. 6. That abolition societies 'unsettle the balance of religious minds,' or make them hobby men, I deny. It is no more true than of any topic of deep interest to the human mind. I have seen a *revival* crushed by zeal for foreign missions! It was made a *hobby*, and *hobby men* mounted and rode it. I have sometimes thought *your* opposition to our abolition cause, was a very great *hobby!*

Your final objection, that we only aim to 'stop one (or more) issue of human depravity, without healing or diminishing the fountain,' is the essence of all Garrison and H. C. Wright's objections to the operations of civil government; and is as good in the one case as the other—good for nothing. As abolitionism *does not* 'reduce to the authority of mere human advisement' the argument against slavery, but constantly appeals to the authority of God, to induce men to cease from this sin, and to induce churches and States to reprove and legislate down this crime, the 'gospel argument against all sin,' is not 'weakened thereby.' It presents a neglected and disowned portion of 'the gospel,' to those who profess to receive the rest of it; and so helps to secure the proclamation of 'the whole of it, in its connections,' to all men. It seeks not to 'divide' labor, but to do that which is left undone by others. And, if Paul and Peter were now living, it doubts not, that to exterminate slavery from this *Christian and free land*, Paul would joyfully become 'secretary,' and Peter 'general agent' of the MASSACHUSETTS ABOLITION SOCIETY. If they were going to labor in a *purely heathen land*, they would not, but would do as they did formerly, viz. preach the *whole law and gospel*, to a people utterly ignorant of every principle of both. We address a people needing 'light and love' on a select class of topics, while in other respects they know their duty. Hence our present position.

Yours, fraternally,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

LETTER VIII.

"Dear Brother,—*You* have a plan to abolish slavery. First, you delineate the course of the apostles, and justify their conduct in refraining from any very special assault upon slavery. Your whole train of thought seems borrowed

from George Thompson's address in Boston, Lynn, Andover and elsewhere; and is, for the most part, just and forcible. A few slight matters, I dissent from. I find no apostolic recognition of the fact, that 'under some circumstances, and with a limited knowledge of duty, a man might be a *Christian* and a *slaveholder*.' What circumstances, and how limited that knowledge must be, are topics well worthy of inquiry, on the part of all slaveholders and their friends. How little must a man know, to excuse him for robbing the poor of their wages? What can excuse him for holding *man* as an article of property? 'SLAVEHOLDING is sinful,' say you. I admit it. I infer, that like all other sins, like property stealing, adultery, and murder, man-stealing is not consistent with Christian character. How much, or how long, any man may commit a particular sin and be a Christian, I believe the apostles do not inform us! I hope we shall never know! But that the slaveholders of America are 'without excuse', may be seen in the fact, that the same *statute book which carefully strips the colored man of every right*, with *equal care*, guards *every right of the white man!* The same men who *exercise* the power of robbing the black man of his rights, know how to respect the *same* rights in the white man! But God judgeth the *heart* of each man. I do not. I only affirm the guilt of the sin, and its inconsistency with piety and honesty, and warn men to leave it off.

"2. You admit that minisers *ought* to be more direct in preaching against slavery, than the apostles were. Agreed; the terrors of apostolic example neglected, no longer cluster about us. *We* are placed in different circumstances and have different duties. So the missionaries in the Sandwich Islands may *laudably* adhere closely to apostolic example *there*, where the whole work of enlightening the mind and *creating* law is to be done; while they send home fervent *exhortations to us* to act more directly against slavery, in a land of gospel light and constitutional liberty like ours. Oh, that all southern,

and all northern ministers would be, not a little, but a good deal *more direct* in preaching against slavery. It would be a great help to our struggling cause. My dear brother, I beg you to write and print an address to them, to urge this duty! At least 5000 of them now discharge it. The Lord hasten the day when the *few slaveholding ministers of Massachusetts shall be alone* in neglecting it! Don't ask me who they are, while *southern* slaveholders find access to northern pulpits!

"3. 'Paul sent Onesimus back to Philemon!'—Well, you have found out that he did not send him back to be a *slave*. I think it plain that he sent him back to be emancipated. Knowing the faith and love of Philemon; knowing how very plainly his own preaching had shown Philemon the irreconcilable hostility between slaveholding and piety; knowing that Philemon hated slavery and would not practice it, and desirous that Onesimus, now a Christian bishop, should have the civil benefits and legal rights of a freeman, he sends him with an *inspired letter* of introduction, back to his 'brother beloved,' to be received as a dear friend, even as 'Paul the aged.' Paul will even pay Onesimus' debts! or make up for his thefts when a slave! if he ever was one. Whenever I have as good evidence of the 'obedience' of any converted 'slaveowner,' and can send back converted slaves transformed into ministers of the gospel, with *inspired letters of introduction*, I will send them back to their masters; but in every other case, I shall treat the poor fugitive according to the law of God—Deut. xxiii. 16. In a word, this epistle of Philemon utterly condemns every slaveholder who is *converted*, and then holds on to his slaves still. No man, guided by its letter or spirit, could hold man in chattel-slavery an hour.

"4. You suppose that we have closed up our way of access to the minds of slaveholders, by telling them plainly to 'let the oppressed go free.' You are mistaken. The misrepresentations of the northern servile press closed up the

door of effort for a time. Now it is opening more and more widely on every hand. The south now understand us better, because of our publications which have been widely read there; and we have every reason to believe that we shall discuss slavery in three years as freely in New Orleans, as we now do in Delaware and parts of Virginia and Maryland, or in the free States. 'Christ crucified,' by which I suppose you mean the atonement and its kindred doctrines, have long been known and preached all over the South. But slavery has grown stronger and stronger. The *anti-slavery* part of divine truth has been hid under a bushel. It is *this* that needs to be urged at the south and at the north; and then, the 'prison doors will open' before the Lamb of God. Your *cautious* way of preaching, has preached 150,000 slave-holders into Christian churches! It is high time to enlighten them, and strive to bring them to repentance, or turn them out again, if they will not give up their sin. This we are trying to do. Not a few have already been led to repentance by our efforts; others are 'under conviction;' others blaspheme, as we expected. One of the *penitent* ones, Dr. NELSON, has told us, that the stand taken by those northern Christians who hold back from abolition efforts, is the greatest obstacle he finds in leading his friends who hold slaves, to repentance. Oh, that you, my dear brother, would hear the truth from his lips—the lips of a *penitent, reformed* slaveholder—a slaveholder no longer.

"5. I am surprised to see you avow that you think that the fact that the lives of abolitionists were endangered by going to the south, a proof that they were wrong in their principles and measures! Surely, this is one of your *ultraisms;* not a sober opinion. On such a principle, every martyrdom to truth is justifiable;—but you are surely straining a point here, and not arguing soberly.

"Before closing this letter, allow me to notice some more of your *historical discoveries.* 1. That the feudal system

was slavery, chattel-slavery, and that it was done away by Christianity. Had you ever glanced over Sismondi's literary and historical works, to say nothing of the life of Napoleon, you would have made no such assertion. Infidelity and war had quite as much to do with its extirpation, as the Bible and Christianity; and commerce much more. 2. That the abolition of slavery was effected in the now free States, without abolition societies! Shades of Jay, Woolman, Benezet, Franklin, Sewall, Edwards and Rush! How soon are your memories, and your *associated* and successful efforts forgotten! *Not by abolitionists*—but by those who oppose them, in the face of all history. Surely, you need to refresh the knowledge of your 'school' boy days, ere you make such a statement again, lest the 'uncircumcised laugh' at you. 3. That West India emancipation was not the work of societies acting on the same principles as our abolition societies!!! Oh pro——, I was about to burst out in *Latin*, the better to cover up my indignation at a falsehood so notorious, so glaring. That you meant to deceive, I will not believe; yet, it is hard to suppose a man of your intelligence so ignorant of facts. Perhaps it was a *lapsus pennae!* 4. That no 'influence from this country had the weight of a feather in effecting' British emancipation! Here, again, I impeach your competency to testify—you speak ignorantly. 5. Lady echo has told you, that abolitionists have done nothing! I sometimes think that you have repeated this till you believe it. GLADSTONE, the great Demarara slaveholder, is said to have taunted the abolitionists in Parliament, the *very night* the emancipation bill passed, that they had labored forty years and done nothing! You ought to know better the state of our cause than to make a similar assertion. You ought to know that the *visible* results of efforts in such a cause, bear, at first, small proportion to the real changes wrought. As in the missionary field, so here, the *preparatory* work seems labor wasted to the *unthinking*. True, we have procured leg-

islative enactments and judicial decisions favorable to freedom in several States; true, we have excited church and ecclesiastical action all over the north; true, we have called into being, and now employ an array of means to spread our views and enforce them on men's hearts, in every part of the land; true, we have emancipated many hundreds of slaves by our efforts; true, we have ample encouragement from intelligent slaveholders to go on; true, we have placed our tried friends in the halls of legislation to plead for the poor; true, we have awakened discussion, all over the land, never again to cease, till slavery dies; true, we have led hundreds of thousands to think, and feel and pray for the overthrow of slavery, as they ought; but you go to echo's cave still, and cry 'where!' and therefore come away unacquainted with the state and progress of our cause. Still, I see in your pamphlet, as compared with some former effusions, *indications of our influence in leading* you on in knowledge and duty; and therefore I despair not of the hardest cases!

Your affectionate friend,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

Worcester, Nov. 30, 1839.

CHAPTER VI.

CONTINUES TO LECTURE.—REPORTER AT WASHINGTON.—GOES TO ANNAPOLIS.—IMPRISONED.—LETTERS.

During the latter part of the year 1839, Mr. Torrey was engaged in lecturing on the subject of slavery. He continued in this employment most of the time, occasionally editing a paper, till the commencement of the year 1842. We give a single letter of this period.

"*Wiscasset, Aug.* 21, 1841.

"My Dearest Wife,—I am homesick, with long waiting in vain to hear from you, and moreover, begin to suspect that the quickest way to get a good long letter, will be to set you a good example! Besides, I have got my *hand in*, for letter-writing to-day, this being my *sixth* letter. I have had a fortnight's hard labor, and rather more, since I left our dear, *dear* home. I have lectured *every evening*, about two hours, each night; besides one afternoon lecture of 2¾ hours. I have given, therefore, eighteen lectures already. I have been regularly tired out, once a day, and rested again *almost* every day, not quite. But I feel better and stronger than I did last week. And the thought that I am toiling for my beloved wife and children will help me to go on, though the service be a hard one. I feel renewed confidence in our heavenly Father, that he will provide for us, even though I cannot see how it may be done, farther ahead than the Spring. But how many, holier and better than we are, have not had where to lay their heads, or means of living even for one day! Tried as I am in regard to it, I do believe He will open *some* path before us, by which we may be fed and provided for, so that it may be 'honest' before Him, and before our fellow men also.

"I go hence to Waldoboro', Thomaston, Camden, Belfast, (where I shall be the 31st—and hope to find a letter from my dear Mary—I have had none yet,) and then up to Waterville, and other towns, on the river from Hallowell. My next move from *this* place, will take me to green fields again, I hope, and then, to my Mary. Mary, can we not love one another with the freshness and purity, and tenderness of our first affection? I was thinking of it much the other night, as I spent a long while, after midnight, praying for you and myself, and thinking over how much holier and happier we might be, if we had more *forbearing* tenderness for each

other. Oh! Mary, you are very dear to me! Oh! if we loved our Saviour better, we should love one another more tenderly. May his love rest upon us, and be in us. Tell Charlie, Pa loves him, and prays for him, every day, that he may be a good boy, and love God, and mind mother, and love sister. Kiss little Mary for me, and don't let her forget papa; and may the love of God rest upon all the members of my dear household. Remember me to all our friends; and write me at Belfast, by next Wednesday. If you want any thing, let me know. And now, beloved, I commend you to God, and the word of His grace.

I am your affectionate husband,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

The winter of this year, he spent at Washington, as a correspondent for several papers, in Boston, New York, and other places. His family at this time were in Boston. As he has been somewhat censured for leaving them at this time with scanty means of support, it is but just that he should be permitted to speak of his pecuniary embarrasments as they pressed upon him. That it was exceedingly difficult for him to labor with others, either as a pastor, a lecturer, or an editor, we do not deny. He was not a regular planet, nor a fixed star in the firmament of mankind. Comet-like, he had his own orbit. It was difficult for him to earn money; but, that he felt deeply for his family, not only his letters, but his nights of toil, and long days of labor with scanty fare, testify. More than once he could have signed his long and vigorous productions, like the great unfed Rasselas, "Charles T. Torrey *without a dinner*." During all this time, let it be remembered, he had a debt of five hundred dollars upon him, contracted while getting his education.

It will be seen by the following letter, that Mr. Torrey reached Washington in December, 1841.

"*Washington, Dec.* 13, 1841.

"My Beloved Mary,—I think of you so much, and I have so many things to say, that I must begin a long letter, even if it is not finished this morning. You will see, in the Evangelist, which I have directed to be sent to you, my account of matters and things during the session of last week. The people's right of petition, for the time being, is again destroyed. But the subject of abolition cannot be kept out of Congress. We shall get it in, in a multitude of forms, before the session closes. I have so many things to say, I must begin item by item. 1. I want you to find my volume of 'catalogues,' up stairs, and send me a list of all the names of Southerners, in the catalogue of 1832, in the College classes, with their residence; for example, write them thus:

'John P. Robbins, Snow Hill, Md.'

I am sorry to give you this trouble, but I forgot the book when I left home.—By the way, I have but one pocket handkerchief, but I shall get one or two more soon. 2. I expect to write to cousin Charles J. Peterson's paper, which will add a few dollars more, weekly, to my income. I shall send it to you. The first number will probably contain a new Tale, I have written since I came here, founded on the story you have heard me tell. So in temporal matters, God is still prospering me. I have hope of getting still more to do, yet. As it is, with common diligence and good health, our living is safe till next August. So God is kind to the evil and unthankful. Let us strive, my dear love, to be more grateful. 3. My daily routine is about this: a breakfast at 8 to 8½; write till 11½, or *mend my clothes*, or do any little chores of that sort; then walk up the street to the Capitol. The House meet at 12, and remain in session, now, about an hour. I take notes of their doings, talk with the few members and others, I know, for a while, read a little, go to the Post-

Office, and get home a little before dinner, which is 3 o'clock. After dinner, I write again, till supper. Several evenings, I have been out, others at home, writing. I get to bed about 12—rather late hours, but that is the custom here. One evening, I spent very pleasantly with Mr. Slade, of Vermont; he is a warm-hearted Christian; I was very much pleased with him. I have not delivered any other of my letters of introduction yet. I have renewed my acquaintance with Mr. Borden, of Fall River, with whom I spent one very pleasant evening, and with Mr. Saltonstall, of Salem; with Mr. Giddings, of Ohio, and brother Leavitt, I spent a long evening, Saturday night. Mr. Giddings is a plain, frank, open-hearted man; I feel quite attached to him. Another evening I went into a debating society, which meets weekly; I rather think, I shall join it; it has many literary men of high standing among its members. The society with which I have mingled, hitherto, has been, on the whole, quite agreeable; and if *you and the dear children* were here, I should not desire to be happier. 4. In my boarding house, there are some little matters worth mentioning. The landlady, Mrs. Padgett, is a Methodist woman; she appears to be a worthy woman; *hires slaves* as help; I believe she owns none, but of course, she would not object to it. Her children, except one daughter, are away; she, is lame, *engaged*, etc.

"5. Yesterday morning, I went into the Baptist church, and heard a tolerable sermon, from a young man. In the afternoon, I went to a colored church, one of the 'Wesleyan,' so called, a denomination of Methodists, who have separated entirely from white slaveholding churches; they are all colored. There was no sermon, only a class-meeting; but I have not enjoyed the 'communion of saints,' so much, for a long time, as when mingling with that little band of despised colored people, partly slaves; and, when one of the poor women, nearly white, spoke of the 'persecution' she endured, with sobs, I felt my heart filled with new energy to make war upon

that hateful institution that so crushes the disciples of the Lord to the earth. I have determined to commune only with the colored churches, while I stay here; I will strive to be pure from the blood of the poor. I have had much more communion with God, since I came here, than for months before; pray for me. By the way, I learn that the good old colored minister, from Georgetown, D. C., who, you will recollect, came to our house in Salem, succeeded in getting money enough to redeem his grandchild and its mother. I refer to Mr. Cartwright. I am going to see him soon, and then I shall write out his whole history for publication. It will be of thrilling interest; I have often made the stout-hearted weep by the imperfect recital of it.

6. I met quite unexpectedly, in the street, yesterday, a dear old friend and bed-fellow, Rufus W. Clark, of Newburyport. He is now a minister, and will, I expect, be chosen one of the chaplains of Congress. It was a treat to meet with one whom I have long known and loved, as a dear friend and devoted Christian. It is he who writes for the Boston Recorder. 7. I inclose you a couple of *nicknacs*,—hold them between the light and the wall, in the evening, and you have fine heads of the Saviour and the Virgin Mary. I cut them out after a pattern, because I thought they might please you. Perhaps, if they reach you in season, you can cut out a few, by this pattern, for the ladies' Fair; they ought to be on stiff pasteboard.

Tuesday, 14th,—no letter yet from my dear wife! I have been to the Post-Office with more and more hope, for several days past, but found no letter, till I have become a *little*, just the least bit in the world, homesick! I *do* want to see you all once more. But it must be some months first. I have been hoping to receive some letters about corresponding with more papers in New England, so that I could enlarge *your* means of comfort and enjoyment, and hope I shall yet.

I wish, when you write, you would take a large sheet, like

this, and fill it *full*. If you send me that list of names, it will take one sheet by itself, almost, so don't give me nothing but that for a feast. Tell dear Charles, Papa thinks of him, every day, and wants to have him love mother, and mind her, and be good to little sister. Kiss little Mary for Pa, and tell her, Pa says she must be a good child. My love to aunt Fanny, Mr. Collins' family, and all our friends. How are you getting on? Is Phebe well, and a good girl? Have you any boarders engaged? Write soon, and let me know all about yourself? I am, dear Mary,

Your affectionate husband,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

Early in January, Mr. Torrey went to Annapolis, Maryland, to report the proceedings of a slaveholders' convention. What befel him there, you have in his own words, as communicated in the following letter to the New York Evangelist.

"*Washington, Jan.* 23, 1842.

"Messrs. Editors,—I propose to give you, first, a correct account and analysis of the proceedings of the slaveholders' convention at Annapolis; and then, a narrative of my own adventures among the 'hospitable' people of that ancient capital of Maryland. — I reached Annapolis on the morning of the 12th ult. The cars were filled with delegates, busy in whispered discussions of what was to be done to defend the institution 'loved of all the patriarchs,' from the joint assaults of northern freedom, low prices of tobacco, and consequently of human cattle, and from the evident and increasing numerical preponderance of free laborers, white and colored, over the slaveholders. A large part, even of those in Maryland, who hate slavery, led away by the false political economy and delusive philanthropy of their unsuccessful effort to colonize the people of color, have no very clear or consistent notions of any possible scheme of converting their discontented, profitless

slaves, into industrious free laborers, like the colored men of the North. Light, however, is gradually increasing.

"From the morning I reached Annapolis, I noticed looks of suspicion and inquiry cast upon me, and an occasional whispered remark, or a finger pointed towards my seat. But as long as I confined myself to my own business, and remained unmolested, I did not deem it proper to *seem* to take any notice of what might be accidental, or grow out of my being a stranger. I may here remark, that I expected to meet some old friends in the convention; college-mates, the name of one of whom was on the roll of the convention; but he was not present. Nor did I see but one person, a class-mate, whom I knew; but I had no chance to speak to him. And before I left Annapolis, I learned that the whole excitement against me grew out of letters from Washington city. Even remarks made at the table, in my boarding-house, were sent there, to create a fever of wrath. There was no marked exhibition of feeling, save a few curses, not designed for my ear, until Thursday evening. The president of the convention, in a feeble tone which I did not distinctly hear, requested all who were not members to retire to the lobbies, when most of the spectators did so. The reporters and members of the legislature, however, did not. While I was hesitating whether to retire or not, J. M. S. Causin, who was afterwards employed against me, moved that no person be admitted *to the floor* of the house, as reporter, unless he was vouched for by some member of the convention. While this was under consideration, the door-keeper was sent to me to ask if I was a delegate, and request me to retire to the lobbies, which I did. I stood there till the resolve passed and several reporters, known to the members, had been voted a place on the floor. As the rule adopted was just like the rule in the House of Representatives here, and precluded no one from taking notes in the gallery, I concluded to go there and wait until after the adjournment, and then introduce my-

self to some member, and get a seat on the floor, at the next session. I did so. But a spy had been set to watch me in the gallery, and the moment he saw me taking notes of the report of the committee, he made signs to those below, and the door-keeper was sent up, as he said, to order me to leave the house. (Causin says he sent him merely to request me not to take notes.) When I went down with him, he seized me by the collar, and ordered me to come into the committee-room, to await the disposal of the convention. I denied his and their authority to detain me, and when he found it would be no easy matter to force me in, he urged me to go in on the ground that the convention would probably admit me to the floor. I therefore yielded, and went in. He spoke to Causin, who brought the subject before the body. A Babel-like confusion of opinions was uttered, as to what should be done. The debate was loud and long, lasting until after I was thrust into prison. Some of the gentlemen of the convention were for admitting me at once to the floor. But the mobocratic part soon filled the committee-room, and began to question and revile me. A few of the citizens of Annapolis, friends of good order, who feared violence, urged me to leave the committee-room and the town at once; and almost compelled me to leave, by their friendly urgency. I consented, very reluctantly; and went quietly to the tavern, where I stopped and took some books I had borrowed, to return them to their owner, Mr. Hughes, the editor of the Annapolis paper, a worthy man, a friend. But before I had gone ten rods in the street, the mob was bawling after me, and I was seized forcibly by the arm, and forced back to the tavern, and compelled to pay my tavern-bill. They went with me to my bed-room, where they took my private papers from me and read them. I had nothing save my notes, and copies in a manifold letter-writer, of a few old letters and newspaper articles, some on the subject of slavery, some on private business, and family affairs. *These* were looked over, and seemingly commented

upon. They were now at a loss what to do. Some urged to take me five miles out of the town and let me go. Others were for hanging, tar and feathering, etc.; but too many respectable Annapolis people had now gathered around to allow this; and I believe the perfect composure I was able to maintain, calmed them. But a large and noisy crowd assembled below and outside of the house, full of violence. At this crisis, a warrant was made out by a kind and worthy but timid magistrate, Mr. Huster, of Annapolis, to commit me to jail; and to that felon's prison I was carried, a crowd of two or three hundred men and boys preceding and following me with screams, and yells, and curses, that gave one a lively idea of Pandemonium broke loose. The jail is old and ruinous. A jack-knife would free any prisoner in two hours. My cell was cold, and for two days very damp. The windows were too crazy to exclude the wind; and for two nights and one day, I was very uncomfortable. The mild weather, at other times, made it less so.

"The State of Maryland, in its 'chivalrous' humanity, provides neither bed nor bedding, nor even *straw* for a prisoner, whether condemned or awaiting trial, or arrested on suspicion, as I was. But by paying for it, and by the kindness of the jailor, I procured a good bed and good food. The allowance of the State is a fire, and money enough to furnish 'hot cakes and hominy.' There was one person in prison charged with crime, and thirteen of God's children, detained under these circumstances: they consisted of two men, their wives and children (including two infants), manumitted by their owner, J. D. Hutton, in his lifetime. After his death, being insolvent, his creditors seized them as a part of the estate. On proof he was not insolvent when he freed them, they twice gained their suit, and received free papers, first in the County Court and next in the Court of Appeals. But the Chancellor reversed the decree, and adjudged them to be slaves. Efforts are still in progress to obtain a new trial for

them. It is thought that it will terminate in their sale to the traders. They appear to be a very inoffensive family. Their aged mother, who had bought her own freedom, manifested deep feeling as she spoke of their unjust doom. I feel with more force than ever, the injunction to 'remember them that are in bonds as bound with them;' and after listening to the history of their career, I sat down and wrote, and signed, and prayed over a solemn re-consecration of myself to the work of freeing the slaves, until no slaves shall be found in our land. May God help me to be faithful to that *pledge made in Annapolis jail.* In that cell, God helping me, if it stands, I will celebrate the emancipation of the slaves of Maryland, before ten years more roll away.

"Monday morning, at 11 o'clock, I was called before Judge Brewer, for examination. Thomas S. Alexander, of Annapolis, the first lawyer of the State, and Jos. M. Palmer, of Frederick, an excellent counsellor, a northern man by birth, became my counsel; and their kindness, zeal, and gratuitous services (for they declined all compensation), I am happy to acknowledge in this public manner. I shall ever remember them with gratitude. As my best wish to them in this life, I express my ardent hope that they will soon cease to sustain the unholy character of slaveholders—a character, I believe, as onerous to their consciences, as it is unworthy of men whose natures are so truly noble and generous. The prosecution was commenced by Causin, before spoken of, and the Thomas F. Bowie, whose brief speech is given above. The former entered on the work with all his heart. Bowie had evidently little zeal, after he saw how the matter stood, and did not appear after the first day. He is a kind-hearted young man, of a generous temper, though, of course, sharing in the prejudices of his slaveholding friends on the subject of abolition. Causin showed himself an acute casuist. Several witnesses were examined, but no definite charge could be made out of their testimony. It was not questioned that I

was an abolitionist, and had been an agent to such societies. It was not denied that I came there to report the doings of the body for abolition, as well as other papers. It was shown that I had made notes of remarks made by several persons, which I *put in my pocket;* and which, as they were made public there, I feel no hesitation in quoting.

"A delegate said to a friend, that it was 'now or never' with them. If they could not put down the colored freemen and those who sympathized with them, they would be put down themselves. 'In fact, we are down now,' was the reply. The latter then began to talk of an abolitionist from Baltimore, who was in town, and to curse Mr. Alexander (Wilson, I understood them at the time), of Annapolis, for an abolitionist, because he humanely defended free colored people, when unjustly assailed. It was his curses that led me to send for Mr. Alexander to defend me. If such an one accused him for such deeds, it was natural to infer that he was a good and upright man. I noticed also a remark of Mr. Hughes, that the mass of the people would not acquiesce in violent measures for the removal of free colored people. And that if the slaveholders resorted to them, it would serve to identify the mass of the people who opposed such measures (in the eyes of the slaveholders) with the Northern abolitionists, however they might differ from the latter in their views and measures. He thought, too, that Colonization had not been sufficiently tried; and he was in favor of depriving the people of color of the right to hold real estate, though he was averse to Judge Chambers' idea of compelling them to become agricultural laborers. When Mr. Hughes questioned me, as I thought rather impertinently, as to my residence, etc., I evaded his questions, designedly, and he inferred, though with little justice, that I meant to give him the impression that I was a delegate from Washington. Another person testified, that I told him of a remark made me by a colored man in Baltimore, to the effect that free colored men preferred

death to removal from the State (to Africa, I said). Here was all the proof of my crime, if any crime there was, in hearing and making notes of remarks, such as were made publicly in the convention, and such as expressed the feelings of the colored people everywhere, as every man well knows. But Causin practised every artifice to create excitement, read extracts from abolition papers, perverted my brief penciled notes, which I understood, but which no one else could, and appealed to the crowd around, as well as to the Judge, against me, as one guilty of 'writing,' if not circulating, 'incendiary' matter. The crowd was dense, the members of the Legislature and of the convention coming in, so as to leave no quorum in either body, and the rabble following them and shouting applause at the demagogue appeals to the passions. My counsel replied briefly, and I did likewise, to the statements and arguments of the prosecution; and the Judge promptly decided that there was nothing, so far, to warrant my detention. He chose, however, to remand me till Monday, to give time to inquire into the occasion of the remark I heard from the negro at Baltimore. The Judge now made out a new commitment, in legal form.

"Sabbath evening, David A. Simmons, of Boston, came from Washington, at the request of some of our Massachusetts delegation in Congress, among whom I would gratefully mention Mr. Borden; and by his promptness, address, and the representations he was authorized to make concerning me, manifestly changed the current of feeling among the men of influence, in regard to me. I have great reason to be grateful for his kindness, as also for the sympathy of Rev. Mr. Winslow (formerly of Medford, Mass.), now the episcopal clergyman of Annapolis, and others, here and there. I passed a quiet Sabbath in the prison, finding communion with God unusually sweet.

"Monday afternoon the case was argued at length, by my counsel, in the most able and satisfactory manner, and by

Causin with great ability. The next morning, an old lady, who had warned off some men last summer, who had preached to her negroes, and another person, were sent for, but testified they had never seen me. The dispersion of the convention, the efforts of Mr. Simmons, and the arguments of my counsel, had allayed the excitement, and some of the more reflecting slaveholders began to believe they had made a great blunder, in allowing such an invasion of my rights as a citizen of the United States. Indeed a leading man declared that it would destroy all the effect of the convention; not more by the use I might make of it, than by the fact that it opened every body's mouth to speak of their doings, and of the slavery they were endeavoring to protect. The strangely expressed opinions of leading men against their doings on Monday and Tuesday, tended not a little to confirm this impression. I can only say, that if my imprisonment has such an effect, I shall devoutly thank God for it. That it has already unsealed the lips of thousands, and waked up a new spirit in the public press, the splendid article in the Daily Ledger of Philadelphia is a pregnant proof. So may all the devices of slaveholders be turned to their own confusion! The Judge took from Tuesday morning to Wednesday, 3 P. M., to *consider* as plain a case as was ever decided, and then made a decision which I venture to say, on the authority of eminent lawyers, stands without a precedent. He found no cause to detain me, not one of all the allegations and suspicions having even a plausible, or *any* proof whatever, to sustain them. He ordered me to give bail, in $500, 'to keep the peace' till April! My counsel, while they advised that no law justified such a decision, urged a present submission to it, and very nobly became my securities. I am taking advice as to the best mode of bringing the case up again, to discharge the bail. For, aside from the loss to myself, about $75, and the false imprisonment, and the imputation upon me as one 'bound over to keep the peace,' when I have never, in

word, deed or thought violated it, I think that the violation of the constitutional right of a free citizen of the United States, is not a matter to be passed over lightly. I returned to this city the same afternoon, and have resumed my usual avocation. Of one thing I am certain, God helping me, slavery shall be no gainer by this attempt to strike down constitutional liberty, in my person. Be it, that in the estimation of some timid persons, I was 'imprudent,' to exercise my unquestionable right to attend a public meeting, open to all, and note its proceedings. That does not affect the merits of the case, nor alter one principle involved in it. The question whether freedom and right shall be sacrificed to maintain slavery, still remains to be considered and decided by all who love their country, or regard the purer impulses of humanity and religion. When Garrison was thrust into Baltimore jail, guiltless of crime, the death of the system was decreed. And now God has written upon the walls of Annapolis jail also, 'Slavery must die.'

Yours, with respect,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

"*Annapolis* (*Md.*) JAIL, *Jan.* 14, 1842.

"My beloved wife,—You will allow me, I know, to call you so still, though I address you from the usual abode of criminals, inasmuch as I am here for no offence against the laws of God or man. I write to relieve your anxieties, lest you should hear that I was in prison, and be alarmed too much, at an event so strange. I came down here on Wednesday morning, to attend the slaveholders' convention; and took my notes, as a reporter. Some evil minded person had spread the report that I was an abolition agent, and excited suspicion against me; and I was arrested on suspicion by the MOB, and *finally* committed, last night, to prison for examination, by the justice. To-day I was examined by Judge Brewer; and because they could find no evil thing, definitely, against

me, am detained till Monday, for further examination; when, I trust in God, I shall be freed from this vile and cold place. Do not be grieved or alarmed. God is with me, and supports me. And I have the ablest counsel the land will furnish. And though the excitement is very high against me, I have little doubt of a speedy deliverance. Meantime, pray for me, that I may be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. I will write you again on Monday, and let you know the result. Do not write to me *here*, but to Washington, under cover to Mr. Giddings.

Your affectionate husband,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

"*Washington, D. C., Jan.* 19, 1842.

"My dearest wife,—The date of this will assure you that I am again at liberty, and unscathed by these human hyenas, commonly called *slaveholders*. Thank God, that he suffered them to rage in vain, and finally delivered me from their power. I cannot, to-day, write you a minute, detailed account of the matter; that you will see in the next Evangelist. Suffice it to say, that after an illegal and unjust detention for a week, I was set free, there being found no reason for detaining me, even in the judgment of an unjust Judge. I was treated with the greatest personal kindness by the jailor, and by my counsel, Thomas S. Alexander, of Annapolis, the first lawyer in the State, and Joseph M. Palmer, of Frederick, a distinguished lawyer, and member of the legislature. They were untiring in effort, and utterly refused to receive any compensation for their services. The members of Congress from our State, took a deep interest in it, and sent down a first rate lawyer, Mr. Simmons of Roxbury, to aid my counsel. The old Bastile of slavery was shaken more effectually by the arrest and its consequences, than it could have been in any other way, in five years. Thank God for it. The pecuniary loss to me, however, is great—hard to be borne, in

my present position; but God will provide. I got your long and welcome letter this forenoon, and I will write you a *very* long letter in a day or two. I hope you have received the money I ordered sent you, from various sources. Write as soon as you get my next letter; and believe me, as ever, your faithful friend and affectionate husband,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

"*Washington, D. C., Feb.* 2, 1842.

"My beloved Mary,—Your welcome letter of Jan. 28, I received this morning, and I begin a reply, which I cannot send for a day or two. I am grieved and surprised that you received no more money. By the 12th, I hope you will receive something near seventy-five dollars; perhaps not quite so much. But I will send every cent I can; and as soon as possible I will send you more. I am trying to enlarge my income still more, and hope I may succeed. As to giving up our house, I am not prepared to assent to any change, till my future arrangements can be definitely settled. I had thoughts of removing to Medway, or some other abolition town, in the fall. I am *very glad* you are not encumbered with a house full of boarders. My conscience has troubled me much about imposing such a load upon my dear wife, and I am glad you are free from it. Now let me suggest a thing or two. Teach Charley and little Mary. Begin and read some hours, daily; and write *another book*, either didactic, or finish the one so long ago begun, or a new one. I will try hard to find the bread and butter for you and the dear little ones, and for Phebe; for I can't think of having you left entirely alone. Besides, Emmons will return in a month, as he writes me, and will want a home; and I think he will get one or two fellow-boarders, if you want them. So, if my beloved Mary can be happy there, and keep a little home ready for her wandering husband, when the weary months have passed away, I shall be glad to have you be where you

are, for the present. Before we remove, if we do, in the fall, much correspondence must take place, and many arrangements, to which I cannot attend for two or three months to come. So be patient, my love. God will be with us and prosper us, if we look to him. The editors of the New York Evangelist very handsomely continued to pay me, while I was absent, for the letters I *did not* write, as well as for those I did. So I meet with generous kindness, from more than one source.

"You ask how I felt, in regard to my imprisonment. I answer, that while I was in the hands of the mob, raging and threatening around me, as you will see described in the Evangelist or Emancipator, this week, I was perfectly cool, collected, fearless of evil, as I ever was in my life. Not that there was no real danger, or that I was unconscious of it; for no one could be so, with several hundreds raging and menacing around him, and but few of the friends of good order near to restrain their violence. But the Lord restrained them, and was with me to keep me from all essential harm. That I was deeply affected when I found myself so unrighteously thrust into a felon's cell, is true. But I was enabled to look up to the Lord, and trust in him; and most of the time, I enjoyed great peace and composure of mind. My cell was a perfect abolition lecture-room; for every one who came in, wished to talk about it; and I believe what I said made a good impression on many minds. I know it did on several. I had a Bible and a few odd volumes of every sort, hardly one of them whole, belonging to the prison, which helped to pass away that part of the time I spent in solitude. I did not dare to write much, not knowing how long I might be detained there. I think my first letter to you must have been detained in the post-office at Annapolis a week, as one or two other letters apparently were; though none were lost, that I know of.

"Since I returned here, I have been treated with unusual

respect and kindness. A few slaveholders swear about me a little, to *exercise their venomous tongues;* but that does no harm to anything but their own souls. They are civil to me, personally, though some of them *look* rather hard at me. Cost Johnson, of Maryland, scowls at me, every time he passes me. On the whole, it will give me character and influence wherever our language goes; so that I shall have no great reason to regret it, on my own account; and I will *try* to have my dear Mary love me as well, and my little ones too, as if I had not been in jail!

Your affectionate husband,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

"*Washington, D. C., Feb.* 26, 1842.

"My beloved Mary,—Your letter, so welcome and so sad too, came to-night; and I was lover enough to *kiss* it a few times! though my heart ached at the description of your trials, both personal and pecuniary. My letter of last night will inform you of my having sent orders which will relieve you on the latter score, as I hope, in all next week. I, too, have had some trials of that sort. My income, at present, is adequate to our wants, and to pay our bills, IF it was punctually paid, according to promise. I hope it will all come next week, and enable me to set all straight with our creditors. For the last month I have been paying seven dollars a week; but to-day I have cut it down to five, by dispensing with a fire, though I expect some cold days and nights to write in, yet. But it will be the more saved for my dear little family. With all your trials from illness, I need not tell you how deeply I sympathize with you. May God our Father bless you and our dear little ones with health and strength. May you be enabled to go on, and sustain the trial laid on you. I shall not feel easy till I hear again how you and the dear children, and Phebe are getting on. You don't know how I long to be with you and help you in your

troubles. I am well pleased with the arrangement in regard to Mr. Osgood; I hope he will continue to be a pleasant boarder. But do not overtask your strength. Emmons, I suppose, will be back in about a fortnight, and will be able to aid you much. As to pens, go to Light's, or to King's, and get some, and pay when the money comes. If there is no failure, you will soon receive enough to pay the rest of the rent, and for the coal and wood, and any little matters, with about half each of Bond's and Reed's bills. Your position *is dark*, indeed, and it wounds me to the heart. But look upward, and in the words of a colored minister I heard preach some time ago, 'don't think it *strange* that the Lord fulfils his glorious promise.' My dear wife, there are *many* questions, in my various letters about home affairs, that I have waited to hear about, in just such letters as your last, full of all manner of little details, that would show me the 'every day life' in my dear family circle. But let it pass. Write me soon, and believe me, as ever, your most affectionate husband, CHARLES T. TORREY."

CHAPTER VII.

BECOMES EDITOR OF A PAPER IN ALBANY.—GOES TO VIRGINIA TO ASSIST A MAN TO GET HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.—CARRIAGE SEIZED.—STORY OF THE WEBB FAMILY.

In the autumn of 1842, Mr. Torrey went to Albany, and became the editor of the Tocsin of Liberty, afterward changed to the Albany Patriot. He was engaged at first on a salary, but afterwards became the proprietor of the paper, which involved him in great perplexity and embarrassment. Night and day, he labored to fill up the increasing hiatus between his expenses and his income. In about one year, his mat-

ters were so involved that he found it necessary to abandon the enterprise, and seek a living in some other mode. Mr. Torrey's family were at Albany, most of this time, and a part of the year were in want of many things deemed the ordinary necessaries of life. When he closed his labors in Albany, he must have felt well nigh discouraged.

His family returned to the house of her father, at Medway. Mr. Torrey has been blamed for not making proper provision for his family while at Albany. But if those who censure him, had watched his hours of unremitting labor, and his prolonged fasts, that they might be fed even with scanty fare, they would abate somewhat of their censure.

Meanwhile, a slave, who had escaped to Canada, came to Albany, and entreated Mr. Torrey to go to Virginia, and bring out from the house of bondage, his wife and his little ones. To this urgent call he could not turn a deaf ear. In company with the husband and father, he started. When on the borders of Pennsylvania, they procured a span of horses and a carriage, and drove near to the residence of the family of the slave. The carriage was left under the shed of a colored man in the District of Columbia. The family were to meet Mr. Torrey and the father at this point. They came and took their seats in the carriage. Mr. T. and the slave with him were absent a short distance. Before they reached the place of meeting, they learned that the family, and horses and carriage, had all been seized by the police. Mr. Torrey and his associate escaped, but poor Bush, under whose roof the horses were found, was arrested, and is now in prison.* Mr. T. was obliged to send to his friends and get money to pay for the horses and carriage.

He went to Delaware and labored a short time for the slave. On his return through Philadelphia, he met with Emily Webb, whose story will best be told in her own

* Recently acquitted by the Court.

words. Her deposition, and that of her husband, were taken at the request of Mr. Torrey, to be used on his trial in Virginia, at the suit of Bushrod Taylor.

NARRATIVE OF EMILY WEBB.

"I now reside in the town of Hamilton, in the Province of Upper Canada, with my husband and five youngest children. I was born in Berkley county, in the State of Virginia, at a place called the Falling-Waters, seven miles, or thereabout, from Martinsburgh. I have no record in my possession from which to determine certainly my age, but I believe I am about forty-five or forty-six years old. I was born a slave, and was the daughter of my master, Edward Clare, a white man; and after his death, I was owned by his son and my half-brother, James Clare, late of Frederick County, Virginia, also a white man, who died about twenty years ago. After my birth, my mother married an Irishman named John Carr, and they gave me his name and called me Emily Carr. About the year 1815 or 1816, I was married to John Webb, a slave owned by Beverly Whiting, Bullskin, Jefferson Co., Virginia. He is my present husband, and I never had any other. We were 'read' together, as it is called, by a colored parson whose name was Josiah Lovett. I lived at the time of my marriage on my master's plantation on Longmarsh, in what is now Clark county, Virginia, about seven miles from where my husband was owned. My father died when I was an infant. Josiah Lovett, who married me, is dead, and I do not recollect the name of any one living that was present at my marriage. There was no white man present. My children were all born in Virginia. I have been the mother of thirteen children, and all by my present husband. The first six of my children were born on Longmarsh, where I lived at the time I was married. My next five were born at Ber-

ryville, Clark county; and my two youngest were born in Winchester since I purchased my freedom. The following are the names and ages of my children: *William*, my oldest child, died in his fifth year, and would now, had he lived, been twenty-eight years old. *Samuel*, my second child, is now in his twenty-seventh year, and lives in Hamilton, Upper Canada. *Philip*, my third child, is now in his twenty-fifth year; he lives at Drummondsville, and is now employed as cook on board the steamer Emerald, plying between Buffalo and Chippewa. *Clarissa*, my fourth child, died in the third year of her age. *James*, my fifth child, died when eleven days old. *John*, my sixth child, is about twenty-two years old, and was sold about five years ago as a slave into Georgia. In 1842, I received a letter from him. He was then owned by a Railroad Company in that State. I have not heard from him since. *William*, my seventh child, is now about nineteen years old. He was sold as a slave at the same time with his brother John, and sent to N. Orleans, where he is owned by a Mrs. Jane Bennett. I heard from him about two months ago. John and William were purchased and sent south by Newbern Bowly and —— Crow, slave-traders. *George*, my eighth child, is in his sixteenth year, and lives with me at Hamilton. *Martha*, my ninth child, is now in her fourteenth year, and is also living with me. *Sarah*, my tenth child, died when nine months old. *Mary*, my eleventh child, is in her eleventh year, and is also living with me. *Charles*, my twelfth child, is now in his eighth year, also living with me. *Emily*, my thirteenth child, is now in the fifth year of her age, and is also living with me, at Hamilton.

"My mother had straight hair, and was the mother of several children besides me. When my son Philip was six months old, my mother was sold and sent to the south, and I have heard nothing from her since. Till I was seven years old I lived with a Mrs. Brady, a white woman, a paternal aunt of James Clare, my half-brother and master, and my aunt also.

When I was Mrs. with Brady I was sent to school to a Mr. Crewson, a white teacher. In my eleventh year I was sent to school three months to a Mr. Pilcher, by my master Clare. I have never attended school since. All the instruction that I obtained afterwards, was given me by master Clare, who taught me himself. I can read well, and write a little.

"I lived with my master, James Clare, from the time I was seven years old. At the time of his death I lived with him on his plantation on Longmarsh. He was about fifty years old when he died. He married Kitty Swanggym, a sister of Eli and Jack Swanggym. He had no children by his wife. She died a few months before he did. He had no brother, and but one white half-sister living at the time of his death, Eliza, who married Dr. Alexander Fitz Hugh, Falmouth, Stafford county, Vá. Having no children, he adopted a niece of his wife, Susan Swanggym, daughter of Jack.—Susan's mother died when she, Susan, was an infant. Susan and I were brought up together. At the death of her aunt, Mrs. Clare, Susan, in her sixteenth year, went to Hagerstown, in Maryland, to live with her father, who had removed thither some years before, where she married Dr. Samuel Rench, and now resides there.

"James Clare always treated me as his sister. He was much attached to my children. He treated them as his own, and made a great deal of them. When disposing of some of his property after his wife's death, he reserved a horse and gig for my son Philip's use, on Philip requesting him to do so. Bushrod Taylor knows the manner in which I and my family were treated by Mr. Clare and wife. James Clare repeatedly said that he intended to free me and my children. He often spoke upon the subject, during the many years I was with him, and he uniformly said that it was his intention to make us all free at his death. He owned a plantation of four or five hundred acres which he inherited from his father,

and about ten slaves besides me and my family. His habits were very bad. From his wife's death to his own, a space of some eight or nine months, he was almost constantly intoxicated. About two months before he died, Eli and Jack Swanggym, his late wife's brother, got him to go to Eli Swanggym's house, seven miles from his own, where, in a state of intoxication, it was said he was induced to make his will. Jack Swanggym prevailed on him to will me and my children to his, Jack's daughter Susan, now Mrs. Rench, instead of making us free as he had always promised and I had always expected. He also gave her the furniture in the house. The rest of his property he gave to the children of Mrs. Fitz Hugh. He disliked Mrs. Fitz Hugh and her husband, and often declared they should never have a dollar of his. The last two months of his life I was constantly with him and nursed him. A few days before his death, Redmond Jackson came to see him. Jackson lived near Berryville, about twelve miles from Winchester, when I left Virginia, and is a white man. Jackson asked him why he had not given me and my children our freedom, in his will, as I was as near to him as Mrs. Fitz Hugh. He replied that it had always been his intention and wish to do so, but that he had been told that by law he could not do it without compelling us to go out of the State, which would be unkind, and that Susan would treat us kindly and better than Mrs. Fitz Hugh or any body else. Jackson then remarked to him that he had been misinformed as to the law, and that he could legally free us without our leaving the State, by making us legatees and freeholders under the will. My master then said the will should be altered, and directed me to send for Augustus Smith and William MacCormack. They were witnesses to the will. Smith came, but MacCormack did not. Smith was directed to make the alteration, by my master. Smith said it could be done only in the presence of the witnesses, and they were absent—that it could not be done at that time. My master died

shortly after and before the alteration could be made, and I and my children became the slaves of Susan. My master died on Sunday, about 9 o'clock in the morning. He was buried Sunday evening. I held the lantern at the grave. Dr. Fitz Hugh and his wife were present. The former arrived the previous Saturday, and the latter several days before. After the arrival of Doctor Fitz Hugh, my master became stupid and insensible, and continued so till he died. His tongue turned black. Dr. Fitz Hugh and his wife treated his remains with levity and disrespect. Mrs. Fitz Hugh was angry because the furniture had been given to Susan. She tried to induce me to send off secretly, or conceal a trunk containing silver ware and bed clothing; and when I refused to do so, she abused me and accused me of having used her brother's property as my own, and of acting as though I were one of his family, and said if I had been left to her, she would have sent me away as far as hand could carry me.

"In 1835 I bought myself of Dr. Samuel Rench, Williamsport, Maryland, the husband of Susan. He demanded three hundred dollars for me and my then two youngest children. But his wife prevailed on him to sell me separately at one hundred and fifty dollars. I paid him one hundred and fifty dollars cash. And thus I became free. I earned the money by washing in Berryville. Since James Clare's death and up to this time, Dr. Rench had given me my time, in consideration of my bearing and maintaining my children till they arrived at an age to be profitable to him. He or his wife took them away to Maryland as fast as they arrived at ten years of age. I fed, nursed and clothed them, and paid their doctor's bills till removed. The children that were taken away from me by Dr. Rench or his wife, were Samuel, Philip, John, and William. My two youngest children, having been born after I purchased my freedom, were born free.

"In 1838 Samuel and Philip fled from Dr. Rench to Cana-

da. Thereupon Dr. Rench sold the other two boys to Bowly and Crow, slave-traders, Charlestown, Virginia. Dr. Rench had promised me that I should be allowed to furnish a purchaser, whenever he wished to sell my boys. I went to Williamsport and expostulated with him. He justified himself by saying the traders were sent to him by Bushrod Taylor, who pretended that he was to have my two boys, for whom he was to give Bowly and Crow some newly bought slaves in exchange. Dr. Rench said he was, however, as good a friend to me and my children as Bushrod Taylor, who got his money by slave-dealing. On searching the records in the Clerk's office at Hagerstown, Maryland, I found that the names of my sons had been omitted to be registered within thirty days from the time they were brought into the State, as the laws of Maryland required. I got a certificate from the Clerk, of the fact. In the opinion of the Clerk, Macky Tidball, brother of Thomas Allen Tidball, Winchester, my sons were free by reason of the omission. Bowly and Crow had taken my sons to Charlestown, Virginia, with the intention of selling them south. I hurried thither. I caused a suit to be brought against them for the freedom of the boys. My lawyers were Edward Cook and Richard Bird, since a member of Congress. Bowly and Crow's lawyers were Moses Hunter and Mr. Berry. Bowly and Crow were arrested sometime in October, 1838, and compelled to give bail for the appearance of the boys, in two thousand dollars; for one night the boys were induced to conceal themselves to prevent their being smuggled off by Bowly and Crow before a writ could be served on them. Bowly came to Carter's tavern, where I was staying, and calling me out said, 'Your boys have run off, and you are the cause of it. If you don't tell me where they are, you d——d infernal yellow bitch of h—l, I will kill you, G—d d——n you.' Judge Douglas presided in the Court in which the suit was brought. A trial was had about the 20th of June, 1839, and the Judge decided that the

boys were slaves. I was advised by my attorney to appeal. I did so. Another trial was had at Richmond, and the decision was again against the boys. John R. Cook argued the case at Richmond. Dr. Rench appeared by counsel and defended the suit. My counsel were quite confident of gaining the suit. After the trial I was advised that the only way to save the boys was to get them back again into Maryland, where it was thought that by law they were free. Fearing I should be waylaid by Bowly and Crow if I rode my horse, I sent him on, and took the cars to Winchester. I explained the plan to Bushrod Taylor of that place, my husband's master, and requested him to permit my husband to go to Charlestown and get the boys out of jail and run them back into Maryland. Taylor inquired what the penalty would be, if my husband were detected? I answered, thirty-nine lashes, cropping, and banishment from the State. Well, said Taylor, your husband must take the will for the deed—I will give him permission to try. He gave my husband a general pass. The same day that I arrived, having hired a horse and buggy, my husband set off for Charlestown. He afterwards informed me that on arriving there in the night, he entered the jail-yard fronting the street, and succeeded in rousing the boys and in getting the youngest and smallest one through one of the grated openings. But the opening was too small to permit the older and larger boy to pass through. My husband then urged the youngest boy to fly with him, but he refused to do so, declaring he would go back and die, rather than to leave his brother to be driven away alone into the south. He returned into jail, and my husband returned to Winchester. Taylor told my husband that he was a fool for not forcing the youngest boy away, as 'one was better than none.' At my earnest entreaty and with Bushrod Taylor's permission, my husband made a second attempt to rescue the boys, but failed. Soon after, Bowly and Crow took the boys about a mile and a half from Charlestown under pretence of taking

them to dig potatoes. They then chained them, and they were seen passing Snigger's Ferry, twenty or thirty miles from Charlestown, handcuffed, in a carryall on their way south. John was sold at Augusta, Georgia; William in New Orleans. On their return, Bowly and Crow boasted to me that my sons, being fine, intelligent boys, sold higher than any they had ever sold of their age.

"In 1838, soon after my sons John and William were sold by Dr. Rench, Bushrod Taylor purchased of Dr. Rench my three children, George, Martha, and Mary. Dr. Rench agreed to sell the two girls for $300, on condition that Taylor would sell them to me for that sum, and to sell him George for $400. Taylor asked me to buy the two girls, but I had not at that time the means. Soon afterwards, however, I was enabled to purchase the two girls for $300—$200 for the oldest and 100 for the youngest. To pay for the oldest I borrowed $200 of David Fontleroy, a colored hostler, and gave him a lien on the girl for security. I borrowed $100 of Sally Cannon, a cousin of Taylor's, to pay for the youngest, and gave her a lien on the youngest for security. In January, 1841, having got together $90, a portion of it by raising hogs and making and selling soap, I offered it to Miss Cannon towards what I owed her, but she refused to receive it, on the ground she would have the whole or none. Taylor then offered to lend me the balance that would be due Miss Cannon, $22, (the whole debt being with interest $112,) providing I would buy George at $450, and for security give him a lien on George, Martha, and Mary for both sums, being $472, he to give me five years to pay it in, the interest to be paid annually. I accepted the proposition and executed to him the trust deed or mortgage, a certified copy of which is attached hereto. The first year's interest, $28,32, I paid. I failed to pay the second year's. I engaged in the grocery business in a small way, in which I was unfortunate. In 1842, in July, for the purpose of pro-

curing the means to pay off Taylor, from my sons, I travelled to Upper Canada and returned to Virginia the January following, without having effected my object. My sons had been unsuccessful in business. After my return, Taylor manifested a disposition to oppress me. He came to my house with the sheriff, and on one occasion threatened to break my head with the stick in his hand. He was my husband's master.

"Bushrod Taylor was a dealer in slaves. He often bought and sold them. He was connected, in the business, with Ben Lewis. He speculated in slaves. He sold slaves to be sent south, and sent others to the south to be sold there. He was a hard master to slave women. He kicked and cuffed them publicly. He was a tavern keeper. One of his female slaves ate some of the remnants of the breakfast table, which she had been forbidden to do. Taylor knocked her down. She fled to the room of a lady boarder for protection. He pursued her there and cowhided her; and, on her refusing to work for him, after such treatment, he sold her to one Offert, who carried her south, and forced her to become his mistress. Sam Bayler, James Whiton, John Brooks, and Lucy, with her four or five children, were amongst the slaves that Bushrod Taylor sold.

"The following white gentlemen and ladies knew me while I lived in Virginia, and can certify as to my character. Col. Treadwell Smith, Miss Mary Noble, and Jacob Iseler, all of Berryville, Clark county, Virginia. John M. Blackamore, of Frontroy, Virginia, Samuel Brown and Aaron H. Griffith, of Winchester, Virginia. EMILY WEBB.

"State of New York, County of Erie, ss.

"Be it remembered, that on this twenty-fourth day of August, A. D. 1844, Emily Webb, above named, came before the subscriber, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, of said county of Erie, and made solemn oath, in due form of law,

that the facts and circumstances in the foregoing statement contained, and by her signed, covering nine folio pages, are true, to her best knowledge, information, and belief.

FRED'K P. STEVENS,
Judge of Erie County Com. Pleas."

"State of New York, Erie County, ss.

"George W. Jonson, of the city of Buffalo, in said county, attorney and counsellor at law, being duly affirmed according to law, deposes and says, that at the instance of Emily Webb, he wrote down the foregoing statement, and the facts and circumstances therein contained; and that, after the same were so written, he carefully and truly read the same and every part thereof to her, the said Emily, and that she signed the same in his presence, and in his presence swore to the same before the Hon. Frederick P. Stevens, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas, in and for said county, of the degree of counsellor, and that the above jurat was written and signed by said Stevens, in the presence of this affirmant; and further, he says not. GEORGE W. JONSON.

Affirmed before me, this 31st day of August, 1844.

FRED'K P. STEVENS,
Judge of Erie County Court."

"THIS INDENTURE, made the 1st day of January, 1841, between Emily Webb, a free woman of color, of Frederick county, Virginia, of the first part; Alexander S. Tidball, trustee, of the second part, and Bushrod Taylor, of the third part—witnesseth, That whereas, the said Emily Webb is indebted to the said Bushrod Taylor in the sum of four hundred and seventy-two dollars, as appears by her note, bearing equal date herewith, and payable in five years, with interest from the date, the interest to be paid annually, and the said Emily Webb being desirous of making the said debt safe,

and securing the punctual payment of the interest annually: Now, This Indenture witnesseth, that for and in consideration of the premises aforesaid, and of the sum of one dollar to the said Emily Webb in hand paid by the said Alexander S. Tidball at or before the sealing and delivery hereof, she, the said Emily Webb has granted, bargained and sold unto the said Alexander S. Tidball, the following slaves, to wit:—George, a mulatto boy, about twelve years of age; Martha, a mulatto girl, about ten years of age; and Mary, a mulatto girl, aged about seven years—to have and to hold the said male and female slaves to the said Alexander S. Tidball, on the following trusts and conditions,—that if the said Emily Webb shall fail to pay off the said note when the same becomes due, or shall fail to pay the interest thereon punctually on the first day of January in each and every year, until the principal becomes due, it shall be the duty of the said Alexander S. Tidball to proceed to sell the said slaves, or so many of them as may be necessary, at public auction, for each, having given two weeks' previous notice of the time and place of sale, in some public newspaper printed in Winchester, and from the proceeds of sale, after deducting a commission of five per cent. and all other costs attending the execution of the trust, the said Alexander S. Tidball shall pay to the said Bushrod Taylor, whatever may be due on said note, of principal and interest at the time of such sale, and the fees of writing and recording this trust, and the balance, if any, pay over to the said Emily Webb, her heirs and assigns.—It is agreed between the parties, that the said Emily Webb may remain in possession of said slaves until a sale becomes necessary under this trust; but she is not to be at liberty to remove them out of the limits of Frederick county;—and she, said Emily Webb covenants, that she will give peaceable and quiet possession of said slaves to the said Alexander S. Tidball, whenever demanded for the purpose of executing

this trust. In testimony whereof, the parties have affixed their hands and seals the day and year aforesaid.

her
EMILY × WEBB.
mark.

"Frederick County, ss.

"On the 11th day of January, 1841, This Indenture was acknowledged before me, Clerk of the Court of the County aforesaid, by Emily Webb, party thereto, and admitted to record. T. A. TIDBALL.

A copy, Attest, T. A. TIDBALL, *Clerk.*"

NARRATIVE OF JOHN WEBB.

"I was born in Berryville, Clarke county, Virginia. I am about fifty years old. I am now residing with my wife, Emily Webb, and my five youngest children, in Hamilton, in the province of Upper Canada. I have been the father of thirteen children by my present wife, whom I married about the year 1815. I have never been married but once. My wife was the daughter of Edward Clare, a white man, and has straight hair. My children were called William, Samuel, Philip, Clarissa, James, John, William, George, Martha, Sarah, Mary, Charles, and Emily. George, Martha, Mary, Charles, and Emily, are now with me and my wife in Hamilton. Samuel lives in Hamilton, and has a family. Philip lives in Drummondsville, Upper Canada, and has a family. John and William were sold into the South, and are now living in slavery there; William, my eldest son, Clarissa, James, and Sarah, are dead. I am a son of Tarleton Webb, of Berryville, a white man, who has been dead about twenty years. My father was a merchant. He kept a dry goods' store, and owned a house and lot in Berryville. He had no wife, and never had. He died very poor. My mother's name was Patty Peterson. She was the slave of Beverly Whiting, a white man, Bullskin, Jefferson county, Virginia. In the division of his property, at his death, she fell to his daughter,

Elizabeth Whiting, of the same place, who has never been married, and is now living at the age of between eighty and ninety, at Bullskin, unless she has died within a year. My mother had no white blood. Her mother came from Africa, and her father also, and they spoke but broken English. My mother was never married. She hired her time of Elizabeth Whiting, and went to live at Berryville, where she was employed by my father as a servant, about his house and store, on wages. She lived with my father about fifteen years, and had by him five children besides myself. For the use of her time, my mother supported, at her own charges, her children during their childhood, and paid Elizabeth Whiting fifteen dollars a year, which was always paid. I was my mother's second child, and lived with her at Berryville, till I was six years old; when a brother, older than myself, and I were taken by Elizabeth Whiting to Bullskin, to live with her, in order to relieve my mother from a part of the burden of supporting her family. The estate of Beverly Whiting proved inadequate to pay his debts, without selling his slaves, some fifty in number. My mother and her five children, all except me, were sold for that purpose, and sent to Louisville, Kentucky, where they were owned by Smally Bates of that city. My brother William and sister Sally are yet living in Louisville, the slaves of the widow of Smally Bates. My mother and the rest of the children are dead. I heard from the survivors last Christmas. When my mother and her children were sold, she had lived with my father about fifteen years. I lived with Elizabeth Whiting three years, at Bullskin, when she hired me out to Frederick Clapper, Shannondale farm, Jefferson county, Virginia. He afterwards removed to Martinsburgh, Berkley county, Virginia, and carried me with him. I lived at the last two mentioned places two years each, when I was returned to Elizabeth Whiting. Soon after, she placed me with a neighbor of hers, named Dolphin Drew, a tanner, Snigger's Ferry, Clark county, Virginia, to learn the

tanner's trade. I remained with him, an apprentice of the business, four years. It was here I first knew Bushrod Taylor. He was a fellow-apprentice in the tannery. We worked together two years, the last two years I was with Drew. After I had been with Drew four years, I was taken home by Elizabeth Whiting and made the body servant of herself and her brother Beverly. I lived with her, in that capacity, eight years. Bushrod Taylor continued an apprentice to Drew, at the tanning business, about two years after I left. He then quit him and rode sheriff, under his brother William. About five years afterwards, he bought Drew's tannery, at Snigger's Ferry, and carried on the business of a tanner. Dolphin Drew removed to Bullskin, and Beverly Whiting being dead, Elizabeth Whiting made Drew her manager. At this time, I had been married about four years, and was twenty-five years old. Drew and I fell out, in consequence of which my mistress proposed to Bushrod Taylor to buy me. Taylor refused to buy me without my consent, but desired me to come and see him, to settle on the terms, etc. I went to Snigger's Ferry, and Taylor and I agreed on the following terms:—He was never to strike me; he was to allow me to choose my master, if he should ever sell me; and permit me to buy for my own account, and tan in the yard, without charge to me, all the sheep, dog, and hog skins I had the means to buy; and he was to loan me money for that purpose, if I requested it. I shared this privilege in common with the other hands in the yard, white and colored. He paid Elizabeth Whiting six hundred dollars for me. After I had worked in the tannery about four years, Taylor hired me out to Thomas Whiting, a colored shoemaker, in Berryville, to work at shoemaking, at one hundred and twenty dollars a year, Taylor reserving to himself one month of my time, and clothing me. I was to have no part of my time nor earnings. Soon after, Taylor sold his tannery at Snigger's Ferry; and after having lived a farmer at Berryville about four years, he went to Winchester,

Frederick county, Virginia, and commenced tavern-keeping and slave-trading, where he now resides. I was hired out to Thomas Whiting about ten years, by Taylor. I then hired myself of Taylor, at the rate of one hundred and twenty dollars a year, I to clothe myself. This was a better bargain for Taylor by twenty dollars, the expense of my clothes, than that with Thomas Whiting. At this time I had a wife and six children to support, and my wife was struggling to raise the means to buy her freedom. I was induced to hire my time of Taylor, as above mentioned, in order that, by extra labor, I might acquire the means to aid her. I paid Taylor, promptly, the price agreed on for my time, during three years; the first two years monthly, and the last quarterly, in cash. I worked for Thomas Whiting. The first year I earned, over and above the one hundred and twenty dollars going to Taylor, about sixty-eight dollars; out of which I had to board and clothe myself; the residue I gave to my wife, towards making up the sum necessary to purchase her freedom. The next two years I did a little better. I had to work early and late. My account books are now in the hands of Marshal Nickling, Berryville, and they will show the amount of my earnings. Thomas Whiting was slow pay, and Taylor had to sue him for my wages; and it was this that induced Taylor to sell me my time. Whiting died sixty dollars in my debt, which I lost. At the end of three years from the time I hired myself, Bushrod Taylor took me from Berryville to Winchester, where he was keeping tavern, and placed me in his stable as night hostler. During the day I worked out of the stables, at all-work. I was allowed no privileges except the small gratuities that gentlemen were pleased to bestow on me when they left the tavern with their horses at night, while the other hostlers received like gratuities through the day as well as night. Thus I labored for a year, during which, with the above exception, I got nothing above my food and clothes. During the next four years I was the principal hostler, and the gratuities I re-

ceived amounted to some three or four York shillings a day, which went to support, in part, my family, and towards paying for my two daughters, Mary and Martha. The first year after I went into his stables, Taylor denied me the right to select my master, in case I was to be sold, and said *he* would find me a master, if I wanted one. He threw me into the county jail, and kept me there a day and night, and only let me out at my wife's intercession. He took this step because Sally Cannon, his housekeeper, had informed him that she had been told by Mango, the house-servant, that I had favorably entertained a proposition made me and my wife, by a Mr. Smith, stopping at his tavern, from Wheeling, Virginia, to buy me and take me and my wife, who was then free, with those of my children that were free, to Wheeling, and pay us higher wages than we were getting where we were, and give me the privilege of buying myself, which proposition I had declined. He afterwards violated our compact by striking me, for which I was under the necessity of flogging him. After this, I have reason to think that Taylor feared and disliked me. After I had served Taylor five years as hostler, I hired my time of him at eighty dollars a year and found myself, which I did for about three years, till I left Virginia, on the 18th of December, 1843, for Canada, where I now reside. Up to the time I left, I paid Taylor for my time as agreed, every fraction, earning the means to do so by shoemaking. I left my account books on my bureau, on leaving Virginia, for the benefit of Mr. Taylor. There was, on my books, an account of some thirty-five to forty dollars against Betsey Dodd, for whom I worked at shoemaking. For a long time before I left Virginia, I had lost all confidence in the honesty and humanity of Bushrod Taylor, and I was informed by a friend living in Winchester, in the fore part of December, 1843, that Taylor had said to him, unless the money to pay for my children, which my wife had bought and mortgaged to secure a portion of the purchase money, was raised in the beginning of

January following, those children and myself would be sold south. I thought it doubtful whether the means could be obtained seasonably to pay for the children and buy myself; indeed, I believed they could not be, and that my only alternatives were to stay and be sold, or fly from my oppressor. I fled. I left Winchester in the night of the 18th of December, 1843, on foot, with my youngest child on my shoulder, and my four other children then with me, two girls and two boys, walking by my side. Except these, I was alone. I was accompanied by no other person.

"Bushrod Taylor is a slave dealer. He has been connected, as such, and as a gambler, with Ben Lewis, who is now dead; also with one Offert, Brants Jourdan, Joseph Minchgoomer, Pitman, and others. He used to say he would sell everything he had but his wife. He whipped his slaves a good deal, except me, whom he feared. He was a hard master to female slaves, and showed them no quarter. It was notorious at Winchester, that a Mr. Hector Bell, of Clark county, once a man of large property, had been oppressed by Taylor, who got Bell's property into his hands, and sold as slaves Bell's colored half-brothers, who were the property of Bell. Taylor had the reputation of driving hard bargains.

"I am known to the following persons in Winchester, who can certify as to my character. Thomas Allen Tidball, Esq., Samuel Brown, and Aaron Griffith; and to Treadwell Smith, Esq., Marshall Nickling, Jacob Iseler, Esq., Mary Noble, John Thomson, Esq., an attorney, and John M. Blackmore, merchant, all of Berryville.

"The statement of my wife, Emily Webb, written on nine folio pages, and sworn to before the Hon. Frederick P. Stevens, on the 24th day of August, 1844, has been carefully read to me; and the same, so far as the facts stated therein came within my personal knowledge, agrees with my recollections, and from my own knowledge and from information, I believe the same to be, in every respect, true.

"A colored man, named John Harris, was thrown into jail, in Winchester, on suspicion of being a runaway slave. He asserted his freedom, and wrote to a friend to furnish the necessary proofs. He got no answer and was sold to Bushrod Taylor a slave for life, to pay his civil fees, Taylor promising him, at the sale, that if he would serve him three years, he should be free. At the end of two years, he sold John into the south, in violation of his promise.

"I have heard Bushrod Taylor say that the surest and most valuable crop a planter could raise for the market, was a crop of young negroes.

"I can read tolerably well, and write a little. I never went to school. What education I got in my boyhood, I picked up from white children with whom I associated.

JOHN WEBB."

"State of New York, County of Erie, ss.

"Be it remembered, that on this thirtieth day of August, A. D. 1844, at Buffalo, in said county of Erie, John Webb, above named, came before me, the subscriber, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas of said county, and made solemn oath, in due form of law, that the facts and circumstances in the foregoing statement contained and by him subscribed, covering six folio pages, are true to his best knowledge, information and belief. FRED'K P. STEVENS,

Judge of Erie County Common Pleas."

"State of New York, Erie County, ss.

"George W. Jonson of the city of Buffalo, in said county, attorney and counsellor at law, being duly affirmed according to law, deposes and says, that at the instance of John Webb this affirmant wrote down the foregoing statement and the facts and circumstances therein contained, and that after the same were written, he this affirmant carefully and truly read the same and every part thereof to the said John Webb and

that the said John Webb signed the same in this affirmant's presence and in his presence swore to the same before the Hon. Frederick P. Stevens, one of the judges of the Court of Common Pleas in and for said county, of the degree of counsellor, and that the above jurat was written and signed by said Stevens in the presence of this affirmant, and further says not. GEORGE W. JONSON.

Affirmed before me, this 31st day of August, 1844.

FRED'K P. STEVENS,
Judge of Erie County Common Pleas."

"State of New York, County of Erie, ss.

"I, Manly Colton, Clerk of the County of Erie, and of the Court of Common Pleas thereof, do hereby certify that Frederick P. Stevens, Esq., whose name is subscribed to the annexed affidavit and jurat, was, at the time of subscribing the same, a Judge of Erie County Courts, in and for said County, duly appointed and sworn, and acting as such. And further, that I am acquainted with the hand writing of said Judge, and verily believe the signatures affixed thereto to be his genuine signature.

"In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my name and affixed the seal of the Court of Common Pleas of said county, this 31st day of August, A. D. 1844.

MANLY COLTON, *Clerk.*"

"We, the undersigned, members of the Common Council of the City of Buffalo, certify, that we are well acquainted with George W. Jonson, Esq., the above affirmant, and that he is an Attorney and Counsellor at Law, practising in this city, and a gentleman of unblemished character.

LEWIS L. HODGES,
SAMUEL F. PRATT.
PATRICK SMITH, *Alderman 1st Ward.*"

Dated Buffalo, N. Y. Aug. 31, 1844.

If Mr. Torrey met John Webb, and these five wandering children in the night, some miles from the house of Bushrod Taylor, and with rapid wheels and flying studs, drove them on to a land of freedom, was he therefore a thief?

We frankly confess he did this. The first night he met them, the carriage broke down; Webb and his children returned to their cabin, and Mr. Torrey procured help the next day to repair his carriage, and the second night was successful. The Webb family are altogether, except the two sons sold south—a happy family, and with some hundreds besides, will ever bless the name of Mr. Torrey.

It is obvious that a very particular account of the manner in which Mr. Torrey assisted slaves to escape, would embarrass future adventurers in this laudable enterprise. Whether any individual shall engage in this work, is a matter for him to determine. In itself, it is always good. Mr. Torrey had great confidence that it would do much for the general cause of emancipation. It certainly makes it quite hazardous to hold slaves in the border States.

CHAPTER VIII.

ARREST AND IMPRISONMENT OF MR. TORREY.—LETTERS FROM BALTIMORE JAIL.—LETTER TO A CONVENTION AT SALEM.

For such acts of mercy as assisting the Webb family to their liberty, Mr. Torrey was seized at Baltimore, tried, imprisoned, and finally murdered by the State of Maryland.—He was arrested June 24, 1844. The following paragraph is from the Boston Morning Chronicle:

"Mr. Torrey was *first* arrested on the complaint of one Bushrod Taylor, of Winchester, Va., who swore *point blank*, that Mr. T. had helped sundry slaves of his to escape from the State of Virginia. He afterwards admitted that he never saw Mr. Torrey, or knew any harm of him; but he *believed* all sort of evil [good] of him. Another man swore that on December 9th, 1843, a man came to a hotel in Winchester, and entered his name as 'C. Turner,' staid a day and a half, and then left. That *he* neither saw or knew any evil of him. Taylor swore that *he* complained to the grand jury himself; and that he *meant* to get the 'C. Turner' indicted.

"This is *all* the evidence on which Mr. T. was arrested and imprisoned, to await the demand of the governor of Virginia. Gov. McDonnell, without inquiry, gave the requisition, and made Taylor the bearer of it."

As soon as Mr. Torrey was arrested on this requisition, Wm. Heckroth brought a suit against him for "aiding, enticing, or assisting" certain slaves to escape from Maryland. This latter suit took the precedence of the former, and Mr. Torrey was kept in jail to await his trial in Maryland. Of his condition there, his own letters give the best account.

Letter to Rev. Wm. Torrey, Holley, N. Y.

"*Baltimore Jail*, —, —.

"My Dear Uncle,—Your welcome letter of the 9th ult., reached me yesterday. I should have answered it before, had not the necessary writing in relation to my defence, occupied all the time I have been able to write. * * * I am confined in a room with the worst class of prisoners; one murderer, one counterfeiter, one receiver of stolen goods, and others charged with the most infamous crimes. For a week or two, vermin, of all sorts abounded; lice, roaches, bed-bugs by thousands, fleas, weasels, red-ants, and moths. However, in time, by patient effort, we have got quite rid of them. I have now a bedstead, mattress, and a supply of good food. I trust I shall not hereafter suffer any thing, but the irreparable evils of imprisonment. I have very little desire to become a martyr. How I should act in prospect of being called to swell that glorious host, I don't know. Did you ever hear of a Torrey that suffered martyrdom? I hope among our good old Puritan ancestors there were some who had the martyr spirit. * * * * * * * Let 'the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing.' *The Lord liveth!* * * * * Your affectionate nephew,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

In a letter to Gerritt Smith, Esq., he says:—"The prison rules exclude newspapers, while cards and gambling are daily tolerated. No Bibles are placed in, or found about the prison; probably on account of the incendiary character of such books."

Extracts from Letters to his Wife.

"*Baltimore Jail, July* 9, 1844.

"My Dear Wife,— * * * * Sometimes I am very much depressed, and reckless of the result. At others, I feel more cheerful, and willing to receive from *God*, the punish-

ment of my sins, in this, or any other form that may seem best to him. If I am to suffer, it is a great consolation to know, that it will not be in vain; that Providence will use even my sufferings to overthrow, more speedily, the accursed system that enslaves and degrades so many millions of the poor of our land. So in *that* I do, and I will rejoice. Shall a man be put into the Penitentiary for doing good?—for doing his plain duty to the poor and oppressed? That is the real question at issue, and it is one which will shake down the whole edifice of Slavery, even if there were no other issue. It should have been raised in the case of Thomson, Burr, and Work, those three devoted Christian brethren, who are now in prison, in Missouri, on the same charge; but whose case have attracted very little attention from the friends of humanity. I have often lamented it, as a great wrong to those excellent men, and to the *cause* itself."

"*Baltimore Jail*, —, —.

"My Dear Wife,—I am still in the room with the same class of men I before mentioned to you. I thought it easier, on the whole, to forbear asking for better accommodations. And even while, for two or three days, my health has really required it, I have deemed it best to let things remain as they were.

"I hope I have been of some use to my fellow-prisoners, most of whom 'suffer justly,' and will yet suffer for the crimes they have committed. They are generally persons whose moral education was wholly neglected, and who are very thoroughly corrupted. Their habitual conversation is loathsome to a degree of which *you* have never had an opportunity to form an idea."

After the arrival of Rev. Mr. Phelps, who visited Baltimore for the purpose of doing something to ameliorate Mr. Torrey's condition, he writes:

"My prison accommodations are much improved. By patient effort we have got one room entirely clean, and a selection of the better class of prisoners for room-mates. For a wonder, I am confined with two honest men, to one rogue and one doubtful.

"Yesterday was a strange day for old Baltimore jail. No Christian minister has visited it since I was imprisoned. So yesterday morning I made a temperance address to a few of the prisoners. In the afternoon I *preached* to nearly all the prisoners, with the keepers and their families, who asked leave to come in. So I had quite a little congregation. It is probably the first time that a *prisoner ever preached the gospel to prisoners* in this jail, or perhaps in any other in our own country. I hope it will not be quite in vain. At any rate, it gave us one very quiet and pleasant Sabbath; a day devoted, in part, to something better than gambling and swearing."

This preaching would have been continued, had not Mr. Torrey been subsequently forbidden by the keeper.

From a letter to Dr. Gregory, of Sand Lake, N. Y., we extract the following:

"I shall feel more for *poor* prisoners, to the latest day of my life. A few days ago, I took up the cause of a poor colored lad, fifteen years old, born free, but seized as a slave by a man, who has been a savage tyrant over him, till at last he undertook to sell the child to a trader. The boy ran off, was caught, and put in prison. A few days ago, he was cruelly beaten, knocked down, and stamped upon, by the tyrant, because he refused to be sold! I hope to free him. Oh! the colored poor man is indeed helpless in these slave countries. The maxim, 'Kick him, Dick, he's no friends,' is the embodiment of all their laws, and of their practice under them."

To Mrs. Esther Moore, of Philadelphia, he writes:

"I have seen much, very much, of the oppression of the poor, both white and colored, since I have been a prisoner. I have seen thorough-paced knaves liberated, and innocent men, because poor or simple-hearted, subjected to imprisonment and loss of property.

"I do not wonder that persons, who look *only* at such abuses of law and justice, learn to consider all human governments as valueless, or worse, The old, but now illegal practice of imprisoning men of color who were free, and then selling them for their jail fees, I think I have broken up in this jail, since I was imprisoned, though I have incurred not a little of the wrath of the lower classes of slaveholders, slave-traders, and their abettors, by so doing.

"There are opportunities constantly occurring, for doing good in this State, in relation to the slaves. It only needs some one as vigilant as Elisha Tyson. As for the present race of Quakers here, Heaven have mercy on their coats and jackets! They are afraid even to *visit me* in prison; afraid of the least odium in the defence of principles, which they privately profess to glory in, as the best feature of their sect. In some parts of the State, I have met with individuals who had a better, and a bolder spirit. Nothing will stir these Maryland anti-slavery men, but some persecution; something which shall *drive them to the wall.* Then they will fight, and that successfully. * * * CHARLES T. TORREY."

The convention contemplated in the following noble letter, was not held; but that does not diminish its merits, nor the interest with which it will be read.

LETTER TO THE ESSEX COUNTY ABOLITIONISTS.

"*To the President of the Liberty Convention, Salem, Mass., to meet Aug.* 1, 1844.

"Dear Sir,—I trust it will not be deemed an intrusion, or an act of presumption, for a poor prisoner, the *daily compan-*

ion of felons, to address you, and through you an assembly composed, I presume, chiefly of my personal acquaintances and friends, most of whom are old associates in labors manifold in behalf of the slave, and other objects of benevolence, dear to the heart of the Christian and philanthropist.

"You are free; I am in the common jail of the city of Baltimore. Before you are gathered thronging thousands of upright and Christian men, lovely and pure and self-denying women, to know whom is honor, to be esteemed by whom is happiness. My companions consist of about eighty men and women; a few of whom are unfortunate debtors, confined by laws as senséless as they are brutal; a few more, slaves, confined for loving freedom too well; a few more, free colored persons, shut up in prison to compel them to *prove* their legal title to be free; but most of the whole number composed of thieves, murderers, pickpockets, swindlers, men who have brutally beaten their wives, while one or both were drunk, rowdies and loafers from the street-fights, harlots and bawds from the brothels, and a mixed multitude of other like criminals; few of whom have much in their characters, save their guilt and poverty and ignorance, to excite the sympathy which is very scantily accorded to most of them. A few are found, even among such a herd, 'not wholly fallen from the nobleness of the Deity, that His hand stamped on his children;' and a few men of education and character, one or two of whom are victims of others' frauds, are mingled with the mass; just enough of light to make the blackness of such a place of moral darkness more visible!

"You are met to bless God for the boon of freedom on 800,000 slaves in 1838, and 12,000,000 more in 1843; to note the progress of the great cause of universal liberty, and to devise and execute plans to hasten the hour of its midday brightness.

"I am a prisoner, charged with aiding a few—some half

dozen—of the poor to escape out of the house of their bondage.

"You are planning certain acts of justice and humanity to many millions.

"I am in prison, charged with similar, though not precisely the same, acts of justice and humanity to a few obscure men and women, whose only crime was their poverty, whose only fault was their helplessness under the power of the task-master.

"You live in a community where *no human being can be a slave;* where '*fire and water*' are denied, both by law and public opinion, to the pirate who shall attempt to seize any human creature—no matter where they came from—with a view to reduce him to slavery.

"I am in the prison of a city which is the scene of a *daily traffic* in the persons of men, women and children, which is as much *more* atrocious than the African slave-trade, as the people are more enlightened than the savages of the dark coasts of that wretched continent. There, a savage, maddened by liquor, sells to a white stranger, captives taken in war from hostile tribes. Here, native citizens sell American husbands, wives, sons and daughters, in cool blood, as a part of the *regular traffic* of this Christian city. The traders in souls ride in their carriages; their families mingle in its social circles, and own pews in its churches,* and are very 'respectable' men.

"You live in glorious old Massachusetts, the fountain of the best literature, the choicest works of charity, the most enlarged plans and deeds of benevolence, the source whence free principles and just laws emanate, the home and source, for our whole country, of 'whatsoever is lovely and of good report.'

* *Hope H. Salter*, the largest slave-dealer in this city, recently bought a pew in the splendid new Methodist church in Charles street, much to the annoyance of many of the worshippers.

"I am in a State where a few rich men, for many generations, have trampled down the laboring classes; made abject slaves of one half (the colored), and kept the other half in a condition of ignorance, poverty and powerlessness, very little better than slavery. I never fairly comprehended what was meant by the 'peasantry' of European countries, till my tours in the slave States called me to appreciate the condition of the *laboring whites* of the slaveholding part of our land. Slavery crushes down the *free* laborer, so that it is not strange that the slaveholder talks in terms of contempt of *northern laborers*. He very naturally thinks them like their class in the slave States. In this State, as in all other slave countries, industry is comparatively unproductive; half the people being little better than paupers, with few motives to become otherwise. The education of multitudes must be neglected, because that of slaves must be prevented. Religion must fail to secure a pure morality, because it cannot be allowed to interfere with slavery. Literature must languish between the ignorance of the laborer and the imbecility and indifference of the mass of idle masters.

"The fields, the fences, the houses of the farmers, their barns, their modes of cultivation, their domestic economy, almost the very air you breathe, reminds you at every step, that thus is slaveholding, degraded Maryland; not glorious, *free* MASSACHUSETTS.

"While I ask, with respectful confidence, the sympathy and aid of my old friends and fellow-laborers, *who are free*, for one who is a prisoner in the cause they love, I ask them, as the sons and daughters of free Massachusetts, to feel *still more* deeply for the SLAVES OF MARYLAND, the daily victims of the *American slave trade*, the most horrible traffic that the sun ever blushed to look upon; for the *millions* in our land whose fate is far worse than that of the prisoners in that penitentiary to which the slaveholding portion would consign me for pitying their victims.

"I have an object in addressing you, at this time, higher than that of asking your sympathies, or calling you to contrast your blessed inheritance with the woes of the slave. It relates to *one* of the means to be employed for the overthrow of slavery.

"It is my full, deliberate conviction, that it is the Liberty party, or in other words, the wise employment of our political power, that is destined to put an end to slavery. The various religious bodies composing 'the church,' are *too much corrupted by slavery*, to be the leading agent in its overthrow. But the thousand influences that link men to a political body, can be employed for the destruction of that which our corrupt religion cannot cope with. And I have ample reason to know that our political organization is doing more than all other causes to effect the great object. Still, it has ever been a maxim with me that *no* lawful means to crush slavery should be left untried. We have heads, hearts, hands, and money enough to use them all with their greatest power.

"The employment of *judicial power* for this end we have overlooked too much. We have too readily taken it for granted that our courts of law were slavish; forgetting that they are *more* readily reached by reforming agencies, in our land, from the very nature of our institutions, and from the universal recognition of the authority of the COMMON LAW, than any other body of men, or any professional *caste*.

"Accordingly, we have taken up only such cases as Providence has *forced* upon us, e. g. the 'Med' and 'Amistad' cases. In these, and in various subordinate instances, great good has been effected. And, *without any exception worth naming, every case carried by the abolitionists into the* State or federal courts, has been ultimately decided *in favor* of freedom!

"Providence now places before the anti-slavery body *three cases*, each involving distinct and momentous questions, each to come before the Supreme Court of the United States next

winter; each of which carries 'death to slavery' written all over it; and which, if rightly used, will more than accomplish the work of its universal overthrow. They are as follows:

"1st. The VAN ZANDT case, on appeal from the U. S. Circuit Court of Ohio. This will test *three* very important points: 1. Whether Congress has power, at all, to legislate for the recovery of fugitives from slavery. 2. Whether the particular law of 1793 is constitutional; and 3. Whether, in any event, slaves escaping from or to the *new* States can be recovered, under the constitution. That this will overthrow the law of 1793, few lawyers can entertain a doubt.

"2d. The BUSH case, now before the local court in Washington city. If Bush is not acquitted, on his new trial in October, it will be carried to the Supreme Court, to test *the constitutionality of slavery* in the District of Columbia. Slavery exists there *only* by an act of Congress; an act that body had no more business to pass than they have to establish slavery in old Essex county. If Bush *is* acquitted, a *made-up* case will be ready at any time, to test the same great issue. No competent lawyer can doubt the issue. It will establish FREEDOM IN THE NATION'S CAPITAL.

"3d. My OWN CASE. This presents several new, and, in some aspects, far more important issues. I am charged with aiding a family (a father and five little children!) out of bondage in Virginia. The governor, McDowell, granted a *requisition* for my delivery for trial, in that case. On this I was arrested. The case goes before the Supreme Court on several issues: 1. Is a mere *requisition* enough to warrant the surrender of a man charged with crime, without the production of the *evidence* to prove its *commission*, and that it was done by the person accused! 2. Is it a 'felony' or other *crime*, in the meaning of the constitution, to aid a slave to escape? No law *can* make it a crime for a slave *to escape;* it *cannot* be a 'crime' to help another do what is not a crime for him to do himself. The constitution, therefore, gives *no warrant*

for the surrender of a man charged in one State with helping a slave to escape from another State. If so, Congress can make no laws to aid the recapture of fugitives, or making it an offence for citizens to aid them. States cannot make it a CRIME, and enforce its penalties upon citizens of other States.

"That these points will be so decided, I have little question. The Supreme Court has virtually decided all these points, in other cases; cases gotten up by the slave States themselves.

"In this, as well as in the other case, where I am charged with aiding a mother with her son and daughter to flee from this city, another and *broader* general issue will be taken, both before the State and United States courts. It is this: 3. That by the laws of God and nature, by the common law, by the Constitutions of the United States, of Maryland, and of Virginia even, it is no crime for a slave to escape if he can, and therefore it *can* be no *crime* to help him. The local statute laws, consequently, which undertake to convert acts of humanity and mercy into felonies are *null and void*, not less so in law, than in morality.

"The State of Maryland, that voted its *thanks* and swords of honor to those who rescued a few of our countrymen from slavery in Tripoli, CANNOT, by any statute law, make it a *crime* to help her *own native citizens out of slavery on her own soil*. The thing is absurd. Courts of equity cannot maintain it. Constitutional judges must laugh such a monstrous folly out of court.

"Now, these points properly decided, slavery cannot be maintained an hour in any of the border States; and wherever the border is, unless you make it a wall of fire, the result must be the same. It takes from the master all means of keeping his victims but force. Slaveholders, as a class, are too effeminate and cowardly to hold on to their victims when that is the case, even if their numbers were not too small.

"And the very *agitation* of these mighty issues, in courts

held in the bosom of the slave States, will topple down the whole crazy fabric of slavery. Two, if not three years must elapse before the final issue. The press will be unchained. The editors, generally, in the central States, are anti-slavery men. Nearly all in this city are so. Their presses are muzzled by the constant dictation of the 'overseers.' They hate their thraldom, and long to break it. Quietly I find them, not without design, in most cases, filling their columns more and more with foreign and domestic anti-slavery news, statistics, anecdotes and arguments. As with the press, so with the oppressed majority of the *white* people of the South. Just in proportion to the intelligence of the non-slaveholding class, is their longing desire for a *day of reckoning* with their political and social taskmasters, the slaveholding minority. These great legal issues, thoroughly urged, by able counsel, will break the ice, unlock the lips, and loose the tongues of all this vast multitude. They will contribute, too, to free from thraldom, the entire *legal* profession, and to bring out their mighty energies on the side of sound principles.

"When I ask your aid, therefore, it is not merely as a matter of personal sympathy.—Words, indeed, are not adequate to express how grateful I feel for the prompt liberality of my friends in Boston, Salem, Lynn, Newburyport, Amesbury, and other places in my native State. But, sir, this is only one of the various modes in which we have *always* meant to carry out our views. Some of you, perhaps, will remember that Wendell Phillips and myself devoted an entire day, in 1838, in the court-house in Ipswich, to the discussion, chiefly, of the very issues now to be tried; little dreaming, at that time, that they would ever be tested in a case involving *my own* liberty.

"But God orders all things well.

"*Let* Maryland, *let* Virginia consign me to their penitentiaries, if they will, if they can, if they *dare* to do it, in the face of God and before the civilized world. To Him, to them,

I make my appeal. And who can doubt that the voice of Providence, and the shout of the civilized world, will unite in condemning and branding with INFAMY a State, professing to be Christian and republican, that ranks *compassion to the poor*, and *succor to the oppressed*, among *crimes and felonies*? *Let* them, if they will, convict and sentence me to the penitentiary, as a felon. And *then* let their citizens show their faces in civilized Europe, to say nothing of our own free States, half redeemed from their servility to slavery.

"To you, my old friends, neighbors and fellow-citizens, I can appeal with honest pride, to testify that there is *nothing* in my character to justify their deed. I appeal to all who have known me, from my youth up. No Judge O'Neill can slander *me*, as he has poor Brown, not only in that parody on all piety, his judicial sentence, but in a recent letter to the British public, through the Glasgow Argus; and endeavor to lessen the infamy of making it a crime to help men out of slavery, by showing that the personal character of the man in *other* respects entitles him to no one's sympathy. No, THANK GOD, Maryland and Virginia must go to trial before the tribunal of mankind, on this broad issue: '*Will you, in order to maintain slavery*, (which lives in your States only by the annual sales of the *increase* of its victims in the Southern shambles,) *will you condemn a man of blameless life, and unspotted Christian character, to your prisons as a common felon?*' I ask you, my old friends and fellow-citizens, to help me to hold them to this issue. I know the consequences, to myself, in the first instance, may be prisons and personal suffering. It is *not* what my heart and spirit desire, to be thus torn from my wife and children. *I came to Baltimore to reside; had completed my arrangements to engage in business and remove my family hither, when I was arrested.* Now, I am made, in a manner I never dreamed of, the *battle-ground* between slavery and freedom. A battle-field is commonly torn up by the violence of the conflict.—But let the strife *go on!*

whether it be over my prison or over my grave. There *can* be but one result, one Victor, one triumph. GOD decided that, when he made man in his own image. And the day that shall '*proclaim liberty throughout all the land, to all the inhabitants thereof*,' is not, cannot be, far off. I shall live to see it, and shout over it, 'Blessed be GOD, who hath given us the victory!'

"When the mob imprisoned me, for no crime, at Annapolis, in 1842, I invited many of the prominent citizens of this State to meet me *there*, round that old jail, in January, 1852, to commemorate the abolition of slavery in Maryland. I now extend the invitation *to you;* with only one correction. If you and all who now labor for the slave are faithful, (as I do not doubt you will be,) I must name an *earlier* day, and a larger place. Perhaps the area round WASHINGTON'S MONUMENT, in the city of Baltimore, will be a better place. It is his monument who declared, almost with his dying breath, that 'so far as his suffrage could go' to abolish slavery, 'it should never be wanting.' Meet me around Washington's monument, on the 4th of July, 1848, to celebrate the peaceful triumph of liberty in Maryland! And may God bless and keep us all to see that happy day.

Your friend and prisoner for the slave,

CHARLES T. TORREY.

Baltimore Jail, July 29, 1844.

The following letter speaks for itself. If any one reads it, to whom it does not speak, nothing can move such an one.—The introductory remarks are by the editor of the Emancipator:—

MR. TORREY'S LETTER TO MARYLAND.

"The following letter of Charles T. Torrey, to the people of Maryland, was published (as an advertisement) in the Baltimore Sun, of August 30—the paper having the largest

circulation in that city. Considering the position of Mr. Torrey, as a prisoner in a slaveholding State, about to be tried for the alleged *crime* (in the estimation of slaveholders the highest crime that can be committed) of inveigling away slaves, and then looking at the spirit, the comprehensive views, the manly and unsubduable maintenance of RIGHT, the preparation for all that may come, and the solemn summons by this prisoner, of two sovereign States, to trial before the tribunal of the world—it is one of the most extraordinary documents of the year 1844. It will be read with the most intense interest in Europe; it will be read in the year 1894, all over America; it is a part of the history and prominent mark of the progress of the abolition cause.

"In the beginning of the year 1842, a grand convention of slaveholders was held at Annapolis, for the purpose of overawing the legislature of Maryland, and compelling them to adopt extraordinary measures for the security of the slave interest. The presence of Torrey, as a reporter, threw the convention into a convulsive excitement; Torrey was sent to jail and subjected to an examination, the result of which left the convention the object of simple contempt. In thirty months from that time, we find the same Torrey boldly appealing to the people of Maryland itself, to protect him from injustice, as the only means of saving *themselves* from general execration.

"We recollect hearing an old Virginian say, that he considered the result of the Annapolis convention as the turning point of the destiny of slavery. He said that it was the first attempt of the slaveocracy to take a stand and turn back the tide of abolition; and if they had succeeded they would have given us much trouble. But as they failed, their failure there was the index of destiny, and they would continue to fail until slavery itself is abolished."—*Morning Chronicle.*

"To the Public.—The undersigned, a prisoner in the

city jail, in Baltimore, asks your attention to the following statements: If I was as widely known to the good people of this State as I am to the citizens of New England, New York, and several of the western States, it would be of very little importance to me that a class of persons, such as traders in slaves, professional fugitive hunters, and subordinate officials, with a few slaveholders of the violent and *fanatical* class, should employ the venom of tongues reckless of truth, to assail my character, and endeavor to make Christian men deem me a fit associate for felons, or men of their own grade of society. But to all, save a few college classmates, and a few others whose acquaintance I have, in most cases recently formed, I am a stranger. I am imprisoned on charges that render me obnoxious to the displeasure of that class of the people—not very numerous, it is true—who deem their interests involved in the perpetuation of slavery and the slave trade.

"Let me be distinctly understood—*I do not ask for any man's sympathy.* Did I desire it, a statement of the *real facts* respecting the charges against me, and the recklessness of my prosecutors, would secure it. But my demand is *not* for the sympathy due to even the most obscure and guilty of our race, but for JUSTICE. The verdicts of the courts of law and equity, some of which, in my case, will not be given, in all likelihood, before February, 1846, will, if they are what I confidently expect, render me but tardy justice. Meanwhile, I have an appeal to make, to the men of intelligence of all parties, who are for the GOOD NAME and the PROSPERITY of Maryland, and of our whole country.

"First, I have to state a few facts relative to my personal history. I do this with reluctance, and *solely* because certain persons, to whom allusion has already been made, have employed base means to convey an impression to the *religious* public, far different from truth.

"It is not, then, a matter of boasting, but of simple jus-

tice for me to state, that my family, education, station, employments, and character, have ever placed me in the highest and purest class of society. Deprived of both parents before I was four years of age, I was educated by my mother's father, the late Hon. Charles Turner, of Scituate, Plymouth county, Mass., who will be remembered by the older politicians of this State, as one of the few republican members of Congress, in 1812–14, who dared to hold fast their integrity, in the face of a frowning constituency, and vote for a declaration of war. From him—a soldier under Washington when Boston was occupied by the British—I learned to *hate slavery* in all its forms. To all who have known me in the thoughtless years of childhood, or when a student in Phillips (Exeter, N. H.) Academy; a classmate in Yale College, with a Robbins, a Kerr, a McClellan, and others from this State; a member of Andover Seminary; a pastor of churches in Providence, R. I., and Salem, Mass.; agent of benevolent societies; a contributor to, or editor of public papers; or any walk of life, in public or private; to the tens of thousands in all the States named, in all classes of society, and to all with whom a brief residence in the South has introduced me, I confidently appeal. Let them say that I am chargeable with *one act* that is unbecoming the character of an educated Christian gentleman; one act that shall ever cause my children to honor their father *less* than nature and affection would bid them. I make this appeal, with a distinct remembrance of the past, that during the last seven years in public life, I have often come in collision with the views, the prejudices, the angry *passions* of religious and political partizans of almost every class; and, at times, have been assailed, and assailed others, with a temper that even the excitement of partizanship poorly justifies. But I AM WILLING TO BE JUDGED BY MY ENEMIES, so far as they themselves belong to the reputable portion of society—slave traders and their abettors *do not.* In THIS State the first effort was made to stamp ignominy on an

unsullied name. In January, 1842, by the advice and at the request of several gentlemen among the most prominent whig and democratic members of Congress, I attended a public convention—open to all the world—in the city of Annapolis, called to perpetuate the curse and crime of slavery in this State. I was an entire stranger in Maryland, having previously spent but eleven hours in it, seven of which were employed in passing through it. By the malicious acts of certain members of the gambling fraternity, whom I had offended by exposing their characters, a lawless and drunken mob was excited against me, and I was thrust into jail. No *complaint* was made, no oath taken, no violation of law, actual or possible, was ever *hinted* at, to excuse such a violation of the laws, constitution, and hospitality of the State. In all the week of subsequent investigation, not a shadow of a pretext for my detention appeared; yet certain underlings of the press, from that hour, have sought to connect my name with epithets belonging to the class of felons who figure in the loathsome police reports. The wrong done me by the citizens and authorities of Maryland at that time, *remains unredressed;* how much to their and her honor, the world will judge.

"Four months since, I came to this city, to make it my permanent residence. Within a week from my coming, a noted slave trader commenced that series of machinations that resulted in my arrest. Whether that arrest, in its results, will bring honor or shame to the individuals and States who are made parties to it, of one thing I am sure; it will *never destroy my good name*, in the eyes of any considerable portion of the Christian and honorable part of mankind. This leads me to my second object.

"2. I wish, while I would carefully avoid any statement that can be deemed a *prejudgment* of the issues to be tendered to the courts of law and justice, to have the public understand the nature of these issues.

"I am charged with aiding a man, a native of Maryland, sold into Virginia, to escape from slavery in the latter State. The governor of Virginia, in the common course of law, demands my delivery for trial there, as a 'fugitive from justice.' My open residence in Baltimore, with a railroad to Winchester, whence I am charged with *aiding* this man to flee, *looks very much like flight!* to be sure. I am also charged with aiding two women and a boy to escape from an obscure person in this city. It is said that I have been humane enough to help these persons to escape to some free State. To do such acts of kindness to the penniless slave, I am told, has been by statute made a penal offence, in these two States. Whether the facts are truly charged or not, is of very little moment to any but the poor people themselves. If they *are* free, there is room for *twice four more free laborers*, south of 'Mason and Dixon's line.' To myself, while I am neither a martyr nor a stoic, to pretend to be insensible to the evils of a separation from my family, from society, from all opportunities of gaining knowledge and of benefiting society, by an imprisonment with the felons of your penitentiaries, yet I say, without hesitation, I had rather be *the prisoner*, than the judge who may sentence me.

"What are the legal issues? 1. One is not peculiar to my case. It is, whether a mere *requisition* from the authorities of another State, unsupported by evidence of the commission of any crime, or of the identity of the person, shall be deemed sufficient warranty to drag a man from his home, his family, his friends, into a foreign jurisdiction, to be tried by strangers? If so, we have gained little by the revolution of 1776. 2. The second issue is, is it 'felony or other crime,' within the meaning of the constitution of the United States, to aid a slave to escape to a free State? The *local* laws of one half of even the SLAVE States do not make it so. 3. Has SLAVERY any constitutional or legal existence in Maryland or Virginia? or does it exist by mere sufferance: the subject of

restriction and regulation, as gambling is in Hamburg, and was in New Orleans at a very recent period? 4. Is it a *crime* at all, by the law of God, by the common law, or the constitutions of Maryland and Virginia, to help a man out of slavery? If not, can a mere local statute law *make* it so? Can laws make acts of humanity and mercy to the helpless and poor become *crimes* by the words written on a parchment, and signed by officials? Can Maryland, who voted public thanks and swords of honor to those who delivered a few of our countrymen from slavery in Tripoli, make it a *crime* to help *her native born citizens to escape from slavery on her own soil?* —Do the waves of the Atlantic change the nature of justice, mercy, humanity, and make them crimes and felonies?

"Here, then, are the issues, not stated with legal form and precision, as my learned counsel may do before the proper tribunal, but plainly; the issues on which THE STATES OF MARYLAND AND VIRGINIA WILL GO TO TRIAL BEFORE THE TRIBUNAL OF MANKIND.

"The issue *is not* whether I have or have not aided four or four thousand slaves to escape from slavery in Maryland or elsewhere. Had I done the *last*, Maryland, with her population kept sparse, her resources diminished, and her proud name dishonored by slavery, should hold me a public benefactor. But, not without mature deliberation I aver it, I AM NOT ON TRIAL. I shall not be, in the eyes of mankind. This thing cannot be, shall not be, done in a corner. It is no obscure fanatic, reckless of right and duty, with whom the question is brought to an issue. No Judge O'Neill can slander *me* as he has poor Brown, not only in that parody on piety, his judicial sentence, but in a recent letter to the British public, through the Glasgow Argus; and endeavor to lessen the infamy of making it a crime to help men out of slavery, by showing that the personal character of the man, in *other* respects, is such as justly to deprive him of every one's sympathy. No, THANK GOD! Maryland and Virginia must go

to trial before the tribunal of the civilized world on this broad issue: '*Will you in order to maintain slavery* (which lives in your impoverished States only by the annual sales of its *increase* in the southern shambles,) *will you condemn a man of blameless life and unspotted Christian character to your prisons as a common felon?*

"When the foreign secretary of State of Great Britain, Lord Aberdeen, from his place in Parliament, seconded Lord Brougham in proclaiming the infamy of Brown's judges, he uttered no mere British philipic against anything American; he spoke the sentiments of all the enlightened part of mankind, save a narrow and daily decreasing circle in our own slave States, in respect to the system of slavery, and in regard to all who attempt to make it a crime to relieve its victims. Already, scores of public meetings in the free States, numbering from one to eight thousand persons each, have spoken of my imprisonment in terms like the following. These resolves were passed at a 4th of July celebration, on Mount Pleasant, the spot fortified by the Americans after the battle of Bunker Hill, by the fathers of many of those present, to my personal knowledge. About two thousand persons were present.

'*Resolved*, That we have heard, with mingled feelings of indignation and sorrow, of the arrest and imprisonment in Maryland, of a citizen of Massachusetts, Rev. Charles T. Torrey, through a requisition of the executive of Virginia, charging him with having carried out in practice the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence, that *all men are created equal*, and endowed by their Creator with an *inalienable right* to liberty, and with literally obeying the injunction of holy writ: "HIDE THE OUTCAST, AND BETRAY NOT HIM THAT WANDERETH!'

'*Resolved*, That as citizens of a State whose bill of rights recognizes no slave in the universe of God, assembled upon the grass-grown remains of one of the first entrenchments

thrown up by the men of 1775, within view of the first battle-fields of the revolution, and of the old cradle of liberty, on the anniversary of the declaration of independence, we protest in the name of that declaration against this denial of its truths and violation of its principles, on the part of the authorities of Virginia and Maryland, in the case of our fellow-citizen, Mr. Torrey; and we call upon all who love liberty and hate oppression, to unite with us in indignant reprobation of a system which can only exist by making humanity a crime—a practical belief in the doctrines of the revolution, felony—and obedience to the commands of God, a penitentiary offence!'

"Nor are the persons who express such views abolitionists merely. Few men can be found in the entire North who cherish, none who will avow any other sentiments, unless it is to serve some base purpose of a partisan political nature.

"I may be tried, convicted of doing that which mankind will pronounce a good and honorable deed, and sent to your penitentiary; the thoughtless crowd, the heated partisan, may think lightly of it; the fanatical, nullifying slaveholder, may gloat over his fancied triumph; but there are not wanting men of higher calibre, and more intelligence, in this city and State, who will know that the judge who consigns me to a prison will not send me alone. The honor and good name of the State will bear me company. How will it affect the value of Maryland stocks in anti-slavery Europe, to find such a proof of a fierce zeal to sustain that slavery which is the bane of your prosperity? What Christian minister, what Christian man, from Maryland, can hold up his head in Europe, when asked: 'So you send Christian ministers to a felon's prison in Maryland, do you, for helping slaves escape from bondage?'

"Liberty may be taken from me; my good name cannot, until I have done something more to forfeit it, than acts which nine-tenths of the civilized world deem to be the bare performance of the duties imposed on us by common humanity and the Christian faith.

"I said, I make no appeal to public sympathy. Let the guilty do that! I shall give the eminent counsellors who plead my cause in the courts, but one instruction; it is, that they make no admission, even by way of argument, that it can be a crime to aid one of God's children, formed in his image, to escape from slavery. The crime is, to make God's child a slave!

"If any who read this deem my language that of pride, I have only to say that the world will judge. *I am a man, and I am right,* and therefore speak boldly to those who are my equals and no more.

CHARLES T. TORREY."

Baltimore Jail, Aug. 29, 1844.

CHAPTER IX.

LETTER TO HIS WIFE.—ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE FROM JAIL.

More than two years had now worn themselves away, and Mr. Torrey was goaded, by the suffering he endured within the jail, and the slanders which were circulated without, to attempt to deliver himself out of the hand of the oppressor. The attempt was not successful, and he was kept heavily ironed for the next eleven days. His condition during this period, and the reasons for trying to escape, you have in his own words.

"*Baltimore Jail, Sept.* 14, 1844.

"My Dearest Wife,—I am in much affliction. When I wrote you last week, I was suffering with a fever, the effects of long and close confinement. Yesterday I made an attempt to escape, which was detected, or rather betrayed by a counterfeiter named Dryer; and myself and others put into the cells, in irons. The excitement, with a cold cell, and

irons so heavy and painful as to prevent all sleep, have brought on the fever again. I suppose I shall be so confined till October, if I survive so long. I deemed it my *duty* to try once to escape out of the hands of my enemies. But God knows best, and has ordered it otherwise."

After giving some directions in regard to his children, if he should be taken away, he proceeds:

"Do not feel concerned for me, my dear wife. In the darkness and anguish of the last night, loaded with a chain that prevented my sleeping, standing up, or lying down, I was enabled to look up to our Saviour with cheerful confidence, knowing that his gracious hand will order all things for our good; and whether by suffering or otherwise, will help me to come off more than conqueror, through him that loved us. The chain that is riveted to my ankles will not hinder our Lord from communing with me. I suffer for his sake, and in his cause, and he will not forsake me.

"Thank God! the good men who aided me, are more than one hundred miles of, and far out of the reach of my persecutors. I will never allow others to suffer on my account, if I can help it. The man, Dryer, who betrayed us, is a negro-trader, and is in prison for passing counterfeit money. He tried to get my confidence, professed to have become an abolitionist, and encouraged us to escape; all the while betraying our plans to the keepers. There is no trust to be put in such wicked men.

"You need not fear that the abortive attempt will harm me, except so far as present suffering is concerned. May God bless and comfort you. Kiss both our dear children for me. Tell them never to forget to pray for 'poor father.' I was much comforted a few days ago, by a letter from brother B., of Cambridge, informing me how extensively I was remembered in the prayers of Christians, in New York as well

as in New England, and even in Pennsylvania and Ohio.—God will hear them, however unworthy may be

Your affectionate husband,

CHARLES T. TORREY.

"*Sabbath, Sept.* 22, 1844.

"My Dearest Wife,—It is the Sabbath; perhaps the last one I shall be permitted to see this side of eternity. I wish to see you once more, but I cannot bear to have you exposed to the insults of the wicked, who are doing all they can to sink me quickly down to the grave. I write in much pain of body. This is the tenth day since I was chained in the cell.

"I have to write on the floor and at intervals. I am not able to rise alone, from severe illness. My old disorder, which so nearly killed me in 1835, has returned with all its force. My heart throbs constantly and painfully, and my head, and body, and limbs are never free from pain. The last nine nights, I have slept in all, less than fifteen hours. I have not been able to eat what would support an infant.—You may judge of the state of my body. In mind, I suffer less, through divine grace supporting me. But I have new sources of trial constantly. On Thursday afternoon, I made my will. It was not completed till about dark. Just then, my physician came in. He and Mr. Andrews, out of sympathy with a sick man, staid with me an hour longer. To-day, I am told, that Mr. Andrews is not to be allowed to see me again; nor the physician, without the presence of the doctor of the prison. So my enemies rage. But I pray the Lord not to forsake me in my extremity.

"Your last letter was a cordial to me. The story my persecutors spread, that *you* had been poisoned by their falsehoods, utterly unmanned me. I am sorry my letter to you was miscarried. But Miss M. R. Ball, brother Phelps, Capt. Taylor, and Mr. Andrews will give you full information in regard to all the means they have taken to destroy my cha-

racter, as well as to injure me in other respects. May God, in his mercy, forgive them all their wickedness and malice. I do not feel that I have long to live. I would, at least, *die* free from prison and chains. But Christ, our Lord, knows best; and, poorly as I have served him, I trust he will not forsake me, in the day of anguish. I believe he has blotted out my sins.

"And now, my beloved wife, and my little Charles and Mary, farewell. May the God of all compassion bless, guide, comfort and protect you, in life and in death. I may not be able to write you again; but when we are *near the Lord*, we shall, I hope, be near each other. * * * *

"I am, in 'sickness and health,' living or dying,

Your affectionate husband,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

After his irons were removed, he addressed the following letter to Samuel E. Sewall, of Boston:

"*September* 28, 1844.

"My Dear Friend,—Your very kind letter, dated September 14th, I received yesterday, and with it, enclosed, $5, for which I thank you; but feel much more indebted to you for the sympathy and Christian feeling you express, than for the money.

"For a fortnight past, my situation has been trying enough, for one who is so little disposed to be a martyr as myself. My lower limbs half paralyzed by a chain; my nervous system in such a state that I could sleep little, and was not free from intense pain, chiefly in the heart and brain, a single hour. So weak too, as to be unable to sit up, or rise without assistance; conscious that my mind was wandering strangely, breathing an atmosphere as foul as the vault of a privy, with little human sympathy, and very little attention save what a chained fellow-sufferer could give me.

"With such causes of suffering, bodily and mental, I regard my continuance in life as a special token of divine goodness; and feel bound to acknowledge, with deep gratitude, the grace of God in supporting my heart by His good Spirit. My irons were removed on Tuesday; my bedstead and clean clothing restored in the course of the week; and again I have a tolerable supply of such things as a sick man needs. I am somewhat better in health, though very feeble. Though unable to sit up, and nearly deprived of sleep, the *necessity* of exertion rouses some degree of mental elasticity.

"I *must* contest my right to be a free citizen of *Maryland*. In so doing, *Maryland will be free*. Don't laugh at a poor sick prisoner, for writing in such a strain. I am not quite crazy to-night. Nay, I am sane enough to claim my epaulettes with Col. Whittier, and I am sober enough to see and believe that God is moving in the hearts of *this* people, to bring about the day of Jubilee.

"My prison will be the last prison of Liberty in this State. * * * * * *

C. T. TORREY."

The sufferings, to which Mr. Torrey makes allusion in this and his preceding letters, were not all he was called to endure, during the eventful period subsequent to his attempt to escape. The scorching remarks of many papers upon his attempt to break jail, together with the "horror" expressed at his unwillingness to "suffer wrong," for a time, blinded some good men, and induced them to withdraw their sympathy from him. As soon as Mr. Torrey's health would permit, these considerations called forth from him the following

JUSTIFICATION OF HIS ATTEMPT TO BREAK JAIL.

"I have commonly acted on the maxim of the late venerable Dr. Emmons, viz. to do what I thought right, and leave

to others the business of justifying me or not, as they pleased. But in this case, when I attempted to do what, in ordinary cases, is a violation of *just law*, I feel bound to depart from my usual course, and ask a hearing.

"First, As to the facts. I obtained from friends in another city, some saws and chisels with which to escape from prison. No prisoner but myself knew where they were obtained, when they came, or who brought them. The persons who brought them to me, in the jail, *did not know what they brought.* To them I never spoke or wrote on the subject. I had most of the tools many weeks, and all of them for a considerable time before any prisoner knew it. I never asked any prisoner to unite with me in the effort to escape. Neither the 'vigilance of that faithful officer, Mr. John Hoey,' nor the treachery of Dryer, nor anything else but my sickness, and such a degree of physical debility as to hinder me from doing *my part* of the labor and watching, prevented the entire success of my plan of escape. Sick, myself; betrayed by the counterfeiter, Dryer, (who lived on the food I gave him out of pity, and then basely betrayed me,) my attempt was defeated. I made all the arrangements for the effort before I had been a week in prison.—The first arrangements being defective, I made better ones at a later period.

"Secondly, Why make such an attempt at all? How does it consist with your duty to submit as a Christian to undeserved evils, for Christ's sake? Can you justify yourself to Him, as well as to society?' My answer shall be frank and simple. One of my motives I cannot wholly approve, on strict Christian principles. In all other respects, I think I have a *right* to the sympathy and countenance of all honorable and good men, in this matter.

"1. When I was committed to jail, *every single item of the evidence implicating me*, in the Heckrotte case, was *false and perjured;* yet so carefully planned as to make it well nigh impossible to *prove* it so, by second testimony. Each witness

was *very careful to have met me alone!* One man, however, swore to having seen me 'at *my mother's* house in Harford county, Md., in 1831 or '32.' My Massachusetts readers will laugh at so gross a perjury. But the knave was *very* anxious to *identify* me! In the Winchester (Va.) case, where there is not a particle of *true* evidence against me, a false witness had been prepared to give *direct* testimony against me there. Not doubting, from the known character, threats and pay of my prosecutors, that *such evidence*, to any needed extent, would be brought forward, I regarded the hope of escaping it as vain; at least, while I remained shut up in prison. 2. From the time of my arrest, the whole clique of slave traders, slave-catching police men, *low* slaveholders, and their abettors, including one or two of the prison officers, have made it their business to abuse and slander me and my friends, with the general object of preventing the existence, or at least the expression, of any personal or Christian sympathy for me. I have had 'too many friends' for their purposes, as they often complained. I found threats, persuasions and falsehoods freely resorted to, to hinder respectable citizens of Baltimore from visiting me; and *with success.* My kind landlady and the young ladies of her family, almost daily called on me, to give me a chance to breathe the fresh air, by walking a few moments in the prison yard. They are poor; they are *not* anti-slavery people; but have human hearts, and are *Virginians.* They were very kind to one almost a stranger. This was enough for malice to work upon.

"Suddenly the *young ladies* were excluded, with rude insults, from the jail yard. The reason assigned was, such gross lewdness in the sight of half a score of persons, constantly passing, as would imply in me and the lady, a degree of shameless degradation that not even rashness and drunkenness would excuse in common street walkers! Such a point is not to be *argued.* Those who deem me capable of such vice are very welcome to maintain their opinions till the

judgment day! This shameless tale was trumpeted about the city. Of course, I was the last person to hear of it. It did me much injury in many worthy minds. But ☞ no person who circulated it seemed to be sufficiently respectable to justify a direct contradiction or action for slander. It was deemed sufficient, therefore, to connect a *general demand for investigation* as to my character and standing, with some other matters, in an article in the Baltimore Sun. This, for the time, perfectly silenced the band of miscreants. But they had gone too far to retreat. At this time, Mr. Deane Walker, formerly a merchant in this city, but now a respectable citizen of Medway, where my family now are, came to Baltimore on business of his own. Hearing the flying and lying reports of these persons, without saying a word to me, he appears to have made some inquiries of them, as to what they alleged against me.

"☞ Forthwith they spread the story through the city, as far as they could, that 'Mr. Torrey had long been separated from his wife; and she had sent on Mr. D. Walker to obtain evidence to get a divorce from him.' So one of them impudently told *me*. Mr. Walker had brought me a kind letter from my wife; and I knew her incapable of hypocrisy. One of them met one of my counsel in the street, and told his story in triumph. When the frequency of my correspondence with Mrs. Torrey was suggested as inconsistent with his tale, the wretch dared assail *her* good name. 'She can't be his *true* wife,' said the creature. How could I, a prisoner, in the hands of such beings, tell how far their malice had reached. *Might* they not have poisoned even the confidence of my wife and her friends? The very thought was maddening—I confess that my feelings, in this matter, were *not* very Christian. They were too much like *indignant nature* to be very Christ-like. It was not till after my attempt to escape, that I received from Mrs. Torrey a letter contradicting the whole of their atrocious falsehoods, so far as they had

connected her and her friends with their tales. In this connection it should be said, that these persons have spared no falsehood to destroy the good name of the family in which I boarded. The busiest of these agents of shame are a noted slave trader and two police men. Persons like these, who *hunt* and *sell* the poor *colored* people, may be expected to vilify poor white persons, when they have an end to secure.

"The time has not yet come for a full exposure of the motives of these wretches; but it is not far off. These slanders determined me to escape, if I could.

"Thirdly.—Surrounded by low defamers, met by perjury in the lower courts, I deemed my only chance of JUSTICE to be an appeal to the UNITED STATES COURT. This was delayed, first, by the refusal of the Maryland judge to take bail, pending the Virginia requisition; and, secondly, by the refusal of the U. S. judges to grant a hearing in the Virginia case, till the *former* was disposed of, by bail or otherwise! I endeavored to procure bail. Here, too, my vigilant enemies interposed, by persuasions and threats, to prevent my obtaining bail. Several responsible men agreed to become my security, and, in succession, were driven from it by the agency of a certain lawyer, with whom justice has a long score to settle, yet.

"Thus deprived of my *only hope* of a fair trial, my health already broken down, and my brain fevered by protracted and close imprisonment, deeming all the charges made against me, *criminal in those who made them;* I deemed an escape from Baltimore jail justifiable, on the same principles on which the escape of Paul was justified, when he was let down from the wall in a basket. Let those who judge otherwise, give their reasons—I will *try* to give them due weight. But so long as I see SLAVERY to be a HEAVEN-DARING CRIME; and all laws that maintain it, and all persons who enforce them, to be obnoxious to the divine displeasure, I am afraid I shall not be convinced of my *sin.*

Fourthly. 'But the other prisoners: have you no scruples as to the escape of men guilty of what you and all men justly deem crimes?' *I have.* 1. The case of Dryer, the counterfeiter, troubled my conscience not a little: not the *less so*, because he was a *slave trader.* Perhaps *that* is the reason why the press of Baltimore has treated him with so much tenderness! 2. There was a boy named Davis, charged with stealing a *rein*, worth twenty-five or thirty-seven cents, *not* guilty, as I believe, though not a good boy, by any means. 3. A man, named Murphy, who, contrary to law, had already been confined twenty-four days on *suspicion* only! since discharged. 4. An Irishman, charged with a petty theft, committed while so drunk as not to know what he was about. The poor man, chained, himself, has, since that time, waited on me, in my severe illness, with the patience and kindness of a brother, without fee or reward. 5. A man charged with aiding in cutting down a Whig pole, while drunk, not a very heinous sin, when sober, though a deed of folly. 6. A man called Southmeade, charged with stealing a horse and sleigh. Such were my room-mates. Casuists may settle for themselves how much *guilt* I ought to feel for risking the escape of these persons. So far as myself was concerned, I believe it would *please God* if I could escape with no injury to others, just as certainly as I believe his frown rests on all who keep me in prison, on such pleas as those alleged against me, viz: mercy and compassion to the poor of the land.

"Fifthly. 'But those bullets, that powder, and that torn letter about *pistols*, and what not, how do you account for that?' I have to say, I am not ashamed of the contents of that *letter*. I have offered Mr. Pinkney, the deputy attorney, and also the board of visitors, exact copies for publication, (names only omitted,) or for any other use they please to make of them. The 'powder and balls' were sent me by mistake. We had no weapons to *use* them; and did not intend to have any in or near the prison. Some of the com-

pany insisted on being armed *after* we left the prison. I commend *them* to all who believe in the right of self-defence, I do not.

"THE RESULT:—Betrayed, all the parties, save Dryer and the Whig pole man, were heavily ironed, and placed in damp, low arched cells, and treated worse than if we had been *murderers*. Two of the three murderers now in this jail, have never been ironed; the third for a few hours only. The first twenty-four hours I was loaded with irons weighing, I judge, twenty-five pounds, so twisted that I could neither stand up, lie down, or sleep. We had the dirty, damp floor, and one backless chair to sit or sleep on. Lighter irons were then placed on me, and kept on twelve days; during all of which, aside from the effects of the irons, I was unable to sit up, and most of the time, to get up without help. It would have touched any heart, not wholly dead to human feeling, to see poor John Stewart holding up his irons with one hand, and with the other raising up the chained and emaciated sick man, and tenderly ministering to his wants and his weakness. If I live, and have the means, LESLIE shall perpetuate it. Instead of reproaches, John constantly cheered me; but for him, I should not have lived to tell it. May God bless him! During these twelve days, my bed lay on the hard, damp floor. My linen became loathsome from filth.—The air of the cell was constantly like a confined privy vault. [They were cleansing a large vault that for twelve years had been undisturbed!] The air is less impure now. Seven of these twelve nights I slept *none*, from pain, and the utter prostration of the nervous system. The remaining nights, save one, I slept from one to four hours. I am still nearly deprived of sleep, and am unable to sit up. With pain I stagger across the floor of the cell, when obliged to go, yet I am much better.

"On Monday, the eleventh of these days of horror, Mr. Pinckney, the acting district attorney, learning my situation

from my physician, came to see me, and ordered the removal of the irons, and the restoration of the comforts and decencies of life, such as my condition required. The humane warden, Mr. Steener, assented; but his subordinates *refused to obey.* However, I got my bedstead that day, and the next, he was able to enforce obedience, and the irons were removed from all. The circulation gradually returned to my sleepy, half-paralyzed limbs; and I am now so much better as to indicate that six months' careful nursing might restore my health as it was last June. I am very weak, much emaciated, and my nervous system in the same state in which it was in 1835, when I was compelled to leave Andover seminary, and devote nearly a year to the sole business of regaining health.

"Do I complain? God forbid. 'Shall I receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall I not receive evil?' Whatever I may deserve at the hands of my fellow men, (and I think it is not chains and a prison,) I desire humbly to confess my sins in his sight. Let him do with me as it seems good in his sight. I am in the power of the wicked, but their triumph is short. My God, even the living God, is my trust in prison, my hope in sickness, and my strength in the day of weakness. I deemed it due to him, to my family, to myself, to try to escape from my foes. Having failed, I shall submit cheerfully to his will, and strive to overcome evil by suffering, which is the next duty. Such is my justification, written on my bed, with a feeble hand and aching brain. I believe it will commend itself to my friends. If not, to that, also, God will help me to submit cheerfully. 'He is my strength and my shield.'

CHARLES T. TORREY.

Baltimore Jail, Cell No. 3, Sept. 28, 1844."

CHAPTER X.

LETTERS TO MR. ALDEN.—TO MRS. WILLIAMS.—TO MR. MC'KIM.

In a letter to J. W. Alden, Esq., Boston, Oct. 10, Mr. Torrey gives a minute description of the *cell* to which he was removed after his attempt to break jail.

* * * * * * * * * *

"I wrote a little on familiar topics yesterday. A night without sleep, in spite of powerful opiates, was the consequence. So it will be to-night, a night of pain and restlessness. This is aggravated by the light of the lamp, which we are *compelled* to keep burning in such a position as to light the whole cell. It is often like two balls of fire before my eyes.

"Our cell is about sixteen by eighteen feet, on the *floor.* It is arched lengthwise, *from the floor*, the arch forming about half a circle, of eight feet radius. The door is in the middle of one end; the window about thirty inches square, at the side of the other end; fire-place in the middle of one side. We are well supplied with rats and mice, red ants, and mosquitoes. The front floor of the cell is about a foot below the level of the ground; the back, opening on the entry, is about five feet below the surface. Its *thin* floor rests on small joists, nearly or quite resting on the ground. On the whole it is an exceedingly good place to put a sick man to a lingering death.

"One of the prison officers told me, '*it was something to be expected, that the health of a prisoner should suffer.*'"

That Mr. Torrey did not prove an exception to this rule of suffering, may be seen from the following letters, though hardly any one would doubt it, when they considered that he

was thrust into this cell, which must of necessity be damp, in such warm weather, as to render a fire uncomfortable.

"I am very feeble, and my nervous system is perhaps in a worse state than ever. My digestion is good, and I sleep *some*, though it is not very refreshing. I am still in the cell, damp, and too cold, or too hot and fetid, according to circumstances. We have to keep a fire, day and night, to keep any ways comfortable.

"My former room-mate, John Stewart, or Sterling, his real name, was acquitted yesterday. My lawyers defended him. I am very glad of the result, he was so kind to me. He is a man of some education, *broken down by whiskey*. He signed a *teetotal pledge* I wrote for him. Rum and revenge have kept him in different prisons ten years out of the last eighteen Poor man!

"They have put in a boy of seventeen to take care of me, a boy of kind feelings, but sleepy and thoughtless, and a poor substitute for Johnny.

* * * * * * * * * * *

"Our dear, *dear* little children; they are often in my mind. God will take care of them, and keep them from evil, far better than I could do, if I was free to watch over them. Fear not! with *my whole heart and soul*, I gave Charles to the Savior to supply my lack of service to the *heathen*. Never, for one moment, have I wished him any other destiny; and I feel *sure* the Lord accepted him at my hands. I should love to talk with those dear ones once more. In God's time, perhaps, he will permit it."

To Mrs. H. W. Williams, Oct. 23, he writes:

"Your very kind letter, dated Sept. 28, reached me some ten days since; but I have been unable to reply to it from weakness, both bodily and mental. It is more than six weeks

since I have been confined to my bed. But enough of these bodily evils. 'Fear not them which kill the body, but after *that*, have *no more* that they can do.' I trust I can *heartily* enter into the *spirit* of that word of cheer. I do not consider my restoration to health and usefulness by any means certain, if I was set free to-morrow. But I am anxious, while I have any vigor of body and mind, to give slavery as many blows as I *can*. * *

"I find the road to Jesus shorter from the floor of a prison, than it was last summer from your comfortable parlor. So I read, and pray, and sing with a feeble voice,

"Burst, ye emerald gates, and bring
To my enraptured vision!"

Get the hymn-book and sing the whole of that sweet song." I find *peace*, such as I have not known for years; so there is no sorrow without its joy. When the *sun* is dark without, the *Son* shines within, and there is no night where He is.

* * * * * * * * * *

You see I ramble about, and have little else steady but the *heart*, which is *fixed*, trusting in God."

Yours, with respect,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

It was stated in an extract above, from a preceding letter, that after Johnny Stewart was released, a boy of seventeen years old was placed in the cell with Mr. Torrey to take care of him. To this boy, Samuel E. Davis, important allusion is made in the following letter to Horace Dresser, counsellor at law, New York city.

"*Baltimore Jail, Nov.* 4.

"A fellow-prisoner, about to be pardoned out, has made a very important *confession* to me, which may lead to my deliverance from this prison. It relates to a combination of —— and certain other parties to secure my conviction, by bribed and perjured evidence.

"Davis, who made confession to me, said, he was to have two hundred dollars for making certain statements, and other parties were to be proportionally paid. Southmeade, alias Hatch, alias a dozen other names, is to have two hundred dollars and a nolle prosequi in his own case, to testify to *pretended confessions* made by *me* to him, in prison!"

In a letter to J. W. Alden, upon the same subject, Mr. T. writes:

"Do you ask, Have I ever made any confessions to him? I reply, No; not in the least. Their testimony will be entirely false. The only fact that Southmeade has to go upon is, that *if we got out of jail*, we were to meet in a certain grave yard, and to go on a certain road, and to stop at a certain house about fifteen miles out of town.

"They are to testify to the route taken, as well as the identity of the negroes.

"Is there no escape? I *much, very much* doubt. Davis, who confessed to me, is himself worthless. Convicted of petty theft, Gallagher got him pardoned. But it seems, from his own statement, that he will swear any way, if paid for it. His only motive for confessing to me was, that he had quarrelled with Southmeade. He had also agreed to testify to confessions made by me in prison, and Southmeade and himself wrote what they would testify to the State's attorney."

How well Southmeade performed the part assigned him, the sequel painfully showed. Davis, after he was pardoned, was not to be found. *Perhaps* the person, or persons, from whom he was to receive the two hundred dollars, finding that he would not testify, induced him to leave the city, that he might not be summoned against Southmeade.

THE TRIAL ANNOUNCED.

On account of ill health, Mr. Torrey's trial had been previously deferred till February; but after the disclosure of the above-mentioned conspiracy, the reader will not be surprised to find in the following letter, the announcement of a more speedy trial.

"*Baltimore Jail, Md., Nov.* 21, 1844.

"My dear Alden,—Father Ide has written you to apprize you of the sudden change of *tactics* in my prosecutors. *Now* my trial is to be hurried on, as fast as possible, before I have time to overthrow the new devices of the enemy against me. A letter received to-night, disposes of *one* of their last witnesses, showing him to be a graduate of Sing Sing, where he took a degree of H. T. (horse thief.) But that will not be enough; and before your next weekly issue, I shall probably be beyond the reach of succor, and deprived of all intercourse with my friends for many years. Had the steps been taken to place the matter before the Supreme Court, I should have cared less. I am somewhat used to suffering. But to *suffer uselessly*, comes a little hard.

"I never saw the paper containing the list of persons who contributed to my relief, and I know but few of them. But to one and all of them, I beg leave to express my heartfelt gratitude for their kindness to me. God will reward them ten-fold in their own bosoms, though I cannot. They who give a cup of cold water, in the name of my blessed Savior, to the least of his children, will not lose their reward in this life or in the life to come; to which *this* is the introductory stage, the portico, the *adytum*. Heaven is only the *upper room* of our dwelling place, and its rewards are just as near, just as sure.

"In settling up my accounts, I may be obliged, notwithstanding Mr. Johnson's liberal refusal of any further fee, (of

which I was not apprised till yesterday,) to draw on you for a small sum, which I trust you will meet. I know various persons have in hand *for* me more than I shall want, though they are widely scattered.

"I shall try to reply to Scoble this week; and also to prepare a DEFENCE, that will serve at least for a parting salute to slavery.

"As no further effort can be made, this opportunity having passed away, to place my Virginia case before the Supreme Court till my imprisonment here (if I am convicted) shall end; and, as I shall then, to all *practical* purposes, be forgotten by those who head the abolition movement, who will be absorbed in duties and cares, ever new, ever increasing, I suppose I must prepare my mind and heart for a long continued bondage here and in Virginia. When the slaves' chains are broken, mine may be; but probably not before. In the circle of those who know and love me, my prison will supply at least an additional *impulse* to labor for the day of redemption for the suffering poor.

"I judge, from what my wife says, that the tale in regard to my alleged 'second attempt' to escape, is not understood by my friends. When my clothing, etc., were restored to me some time in September, *two saws* were placed in my razor-case, by one of the keepers, *as a trap*. After advising with my counsel, I called in the warden, and handed them to him. Some one of the subordinates, to stir up popular opinion against me, as a 'most desperate fellow,' had a tale of a 'second attempt to escape' put in several of the Baltimore papers. I sent a letter to the American, exposing the hoax, which was but partially inserted. This is the whole truth, so far as I know. If there *are* any wrong impressions about it among my friends, publish this statement. At the time of this alleged 'second attempt,' I was too feeble to cross the cell without the help of my fellow prisoner!

"I may as well improve this occasion to add a few

ILLUSTRATIONS OF MARYLAND SLAVERY AND SLAVE JAILS.

"Your readers, in years past, will not fail to recal the atrocious colonization laws of this State; laws almost perfectly nullified by the voice of public sentiment. Now and then, men greedy of gain will enforce them. A colored man, poor, free, of good character, belonging in Frederick county, Md., went into Pennsylvania with a drove of cattle, and was gone more than the legal twenty days. On his return, two miscreants, utterly worthless in purse and character, but with whitish faces, complained of him, got him in jail, and in various ways contrived to run up the bill of fine and costs to over $70. For this he was *sold as a slave for life*, purchased by a slave-trader in this city, (Slatter, I think,) and sent to the far South. It was this summer.

"Another case: A certain Dr. D——s, of Howard district, sent to this jail an old *black* man, his wife, a light mulatto woman, and *her* four little children, *all whiter* than their mother! Two of them, the woman said, were her master's. The husband said they all were. No doubt of it. They have since been sold to the slave-traders. Such occurrences are by no means unusual here. Yet the CHRISTIANS of Baltimore never know anything about them, when you ask; in truth, it would be incredible news to nine-tenths of the better sort of people of this city, that from two to four thousand slaves are every year sold, in their midst, including at least five hundred members of the body of Christ, humble, prayerful, ignorant, but sincere Christians. Such topics they do not inquire into. 'The righteous perisheth and no man' of them 'layeth it to heart.' Why? The victims are poor, black, or 'yellow,' and AMERICAN SLAVES; victims of the great American slave trade. But it is perfect folly to rebuke the *slave trade*. The trader is the mere agent of the slaveholder. The GREAT CRIME is *to hold a man in slavery*.

"Items of a different class:—It is very common here for the police, and other slave hunting knaves, to play tricks on slave holders. I will give you a few samples. One police firm has in pay, over twenty colored spies here, besides others in Philadelphia and elsewhere. Their business is to inveigle slaves to run away, hide them up, and betray them.—When the master misses his slave, he soon advertises his $100 reward; often he applies to this very police firm for aid! In a few days they are ready, of course, to hand over the poor victim of their arts, and pocket the reward, besides getting praise as *very vigilant officers!* They once had in their pay an active member of a northern vigilance committee, who is well known to me. He is not *now* on the committee.

"Another trick is somewhat similar. The colored people, for ten miles round, are induced to come to Baltimore, on the Sabbath, to see their friends, and attend church. The constable, desirous of raising the wind, finds one without a *pass*, puts him in jail, or some place of confinement—sometimes one of the slave prisons—says nothing about it till the master offers his reward; and then Mr. Constable coolly pockets the reward of his knavery. Besides, the slave, as a suspected runaway, is commonly sold to the traders at a low price, and the *trader*, out of pure gratitude (!) gives the officer another fee. I defeated one such precious scheme since my imprisonment, by writing to the slaveholder—a humane man—and thus saved a pious slave from being torn from his family for life. I got *two enemies* by it.

"Another trick is managed by the connivance of the jail keepers. A runaway is put in jail, and the keepers, for a specified fee, ($5,00,) give *exclusive notice to a particular trader* of the fact. This gives the trader a chance to negotiate with the master, at a distance, and get his slave at *half price*, buying him 'on the wing.' This has often been done this summer. One of the visitors of the jail, to whom I mentioned

it, defended it as a *customary perquisite* of the prison officers.

"Another 'perquisite' of these gentry, is twenty per cent. of the *fees* for all the cases they are able to give a lawyer, with whom a bargain is previously made. Of course, none but a very inferior lawyer would degrade himself by making such a bargain. This summer, a very amusing quarrel took place between *our* keepers and their legal coadjutor, as to the honesty of the latter in paying over the proper share of the fees! They tried to drive a bargain with another—one of my friends—but received no countenance from him. You see the art of 'sponging' is not altogether to be classed among the 'lost arts' of a primeval world.

"These hungry animals are very ready to plunder the slaveholder; they do it often, of course; they will not scruple to do the like with the free colored man, and others of the more defenceless classes. I believe I owe not a little of the brutality and vile reports of which I have been the object, to the *vengeance* of parties whom I disappointed of such *profits* since my imprisonment. I am not sorry for any thing of that kind I have done. God did not endow me with the capacity of sitting still and seeing the poor trampled on, and knavery prospering on their woes. Otherwise, I should have pursued the career of *profitable conservatism*, to which Dr. Woods tried so hard to allure me! That I should have pleased God by so doing, I may well doubt. Farewell; let the slave be always in your heart, and do not quite forget, in my prison, your brother,

CHARLES T. TORREY.

To his friend, J. M. McKim, of Philadelphia, he also writes, in view of his approaching trial:

"My Dear McKim,—Yours, dated October 30, and mailed November 16, reached me to-day. To-morrow I am to

be carted over to Court for trial. My trial will not, I suppose, be urged before Friday, *possibly*, not till Monday next. But it is *probable* this is the last letter you will receive from me for *years*. So strong is the web of perjury around me, that I have *no real hope* of acquittal, especially as the trial is to be suddenly pushed on, after a formal agreement once made to defer it till next term.

"I will thank you to acknowledge the receipt for me, of the six dollars you enclosed, from the friends whom I never saw, but to whom I am grateful for their kindness. My imprisonment in the Penitentiary will entirely prevent the trial before the Supreme Court. I consider, therefore, that nearly every useful purpose of my imprisonment, to *the cause*, is lost. I know there will be 'indignation' meetings, speeches, and resolves; that my name, for a while, will give point to now and then an eloquent sentence. But, as to any *serious* effort for my relief, it will be like 'Big Ben,' in Bucks county. When the three hundred and fifty dollars, to rescue him, were wanted, he was discovered to be a *bad man*.* He was *good food* for *agitation*, but no object of practical benevolence. Don't say I am unjust, or bitter: I am neither. But I estimate human nature *as it is*. It is true, I have *many*, MANY friends. I have slanderers, I have enemies enough, but, go where you will, where I am known, and you will find some of the very best men and women in the world, who are warmly attached to me. I thank God for it; and *their* prayers may secure me an abundant supply of the spirit of Jesus Christ in my prison. Still, I *expect* to be forgotten by most persons. Even those who love me will be absorbed in new cares, new duties.

"Happily, God is multiplying *similar* cases to such an extent that Abolitionists will not be able to refuse any longer, to discuss or embrace *better principles* on the points involved,

* Our friend does not seem to know that "Big Ben" was redeemed; six hundred dollars were paid for him.—*J. M. McKim.*

than those now current among the mass of them. They must learn the DUTY of making wise plans, and executing them for the personal rescue of the poor of the land from bondage; just as we *would* do if our own family relatives were the bondsmen. I intended to write something on this subject, for the press, but I shall not have time now. Perhaps I shall make out a *sketch* before I close.

"My bodily health is better. I sleep pretty well, have a good appetite, and digest *light* food well. My *neuralgia*, however, continues, with frequent and severe pain. My strength is increasing, slowly, though a very little exertion sends me to bed. With *your arm*, perhaps I could walk from No. 31, to Chesnut street, *if I had the chance!* I am afraid Maryland will not *make money* by *my weaving silk*, for a long while to come!

"At all events, my *physical* comforts will not be diminished by the change to the Penitentiary. Ah—the '*reformed*' system of prison discipline, with its horrible secret *scourgings*, *shower* baths, and six days *starvings*, (which *no* man wholly escapes)—*these* ARE charming prospects ahead! I tell you, McKim, more than one-third of those who are in our *reformed* prisons *two* years and more, leave them so impaired in both bodily and mental health, as to be but one *short* remove from imbecility of mind and actual sickness of body. It is only by *frequent* pardons that the per centage of insanity and death in these 'reformed' prisons, is kept so low as it appears in the reports. The silence, the *enforced mental inaction*, the prevention of all activity of the affections, the *social* nature; these *directly*, and powerfully, tend to overthrow the mind, to make it imbecile—while the physical cruelties are enough to break down any nervous or feeble frame. I have been gradually gathering facts on that subject for years, and did hope, this winter, to prepare an elaborate essay on it, for the press. What a host of *intentions* a prison shuts up!

"Am I happy? Yes, on the whole—these ten days my

dear *wife* has cheered my poor cell with her smiles—for she will not let *me* see her shed any tears, lest it make me unhappy. Nor will she speak save cheerfully. 'The woman is THE GLORY of the man.' But, in prospect of being shut out from all the world, from all society, I am not unhappy—for the presence and spirit of our blessed Saviour are not withheld from me. The most painful emotions I feel in regard to it, are, that I am to be condemned to a *useless* existence; no activity for the good of others or my own. I shall be thirty-one years old, the day after the morrow, the 21st. The most useful part of life I must spend in prison. But God did not *need* me, in His service, in freedom, and therefore it is I am in prison. When Peter was *wanted*, the angel came and opened his prison doors; but when he had *done* his work, he was *not* rescued from the cross. Perhaps God will yet make *my prison* the day-star of hope to the slaves of Maryland and Virginia. I shall not be *very* unhappy in solitude—that most awful of *all* solitudes, *compulsory silence* from year to year—so long as God gives me his love and his spirit. Those who are free must labor the more diligently for the suffering slave."

CHAPTER XI.

TRIAL OF MR. TORREY.—CONVICTION.

Mr. Torrey was taken from the jail in Baltimore and conducted to the court-house for trial, Nov. 29, 1844. Reverdy Johnson, Esq., undertook the defence of Mr. Torrey; but we must say that he appeared far more anxious to defend Maryland, than to obtain a good deliverance for Mr. Torrey.

While awaiting his trial at the court-house, expecting every moment to be arraigned, a cordial was administered to

his agitated feelings by the perusal of a letter from Prof. C. D. Cleveland, Philadelphia, which was handed to him while there, informing Mr. Torrey, that he had written to several persons of his acquaintance, men of influence, urging them to do all in their power to secure for Mr. T. a fair and impartial trial.

"I wrote," says Prof. Cleveland, "to my honored kinsman, Mrs. Cleveland's uncle, Judge Nisbet, not knowing that the case would come before him. I also wrote to my former beloved pupil, George W. Brown, Esq., of whom I am truly proud, not only for his talents but his high moral worth; and to my early and richly prized friend, Hon. Charles F. Mayer. From both I received the kindest replies—replies worthy of their *heads* and *hearts*, showing that they were *men*, and felt for their brother *man*, and stood ready to do whatever service they could.

"I wrote also to Rev. John Duncan, and to Rev. George W. Burnap, quoting to them the words of our blessed Savior: 'I was sick, and in prison, and ye visited me.' From them I have received no answer, nor do I know whether they have ever complied with my request. If not, I can only pray, that if ever, in the providence of God, they shall be brought to such extremity, they may have some pious brother to visit *them* and administer consolation.

* * * * * * * * * *

Your friend and brother,

C. D. CLEVELAND."

Such a letter, and at a time too when he was fearing an unfair trial, could not fail to revive his drooping spirits.

Whether Mr. Torrey's fears, lest he should become the victim of perjured evidence, were groundless or not, may be seen by a perusal of the report of the trial. We give the report contained in the Baltimore Sun, which is more correct than that of the other papers, though none of them are perfectly accurate.

TRIAL OF REV. C. T. TORREY.

BALTIMORE CITY COURT.—October Term.

Present, Judges Brice, Nisbet and Worthington.

State's Attorney, Geo. R. Richardson, Esq.

Friday, Nov. 29th.

The case of the *State* v. *Torrey*, being called, the Clerk proceeded to empanel a jury, when some discussion took place on the right of challenge, the counsel for the State contending for the right to strike or challenge from the jurors, and the counsel for the defence demanding the privilege to challenge twenty, and denying the State's right to challenge at all. The question was discussed at some length, when the court decided that the State had the right to challenge four jurors who might be selected by the defence, and the defence had the right of peremptory of twenty. The regular panel was then called, and exhausted by peremptory challenge or for cause, before a jury could be obtained; a number of talesmen were summoned, and a jury at length selected and sworn, as follows: H. D. Boone, Allen Elder, William Young, William Ensor, Thomas McConnell, William Johnson, William Fairchild, John Bratt, J. A. Bosley, L. E. Pontier, George Brown, Elisha Lee.

State v. *Charles T. Torrey.*—In opening the case, Mr. Richardson stated that he held in his hand three indictments against the traverser, charging him with having enticed, persuaded and assisted three slaves, the property of Mr. Wm. Heckrotte, to escape from his possession. The first of these indictments charges the offence with reference to a negro woman named Hannah Gooseberry; a negro girl named Judah Gooseberry; and a negro boy named Stephen Gooseberry. Each of the indictments contain four counts. The first charging the traverser with having *enticed* the party to escape; the second with having *persuaded* the party to escape; the third with having *assisted* the party to escape; and the fourth embracing the other three, charges him with having *enticed*, *persuaded*, and *assisted* the party to escape. Each of the indictments were exactly alike, with the exception of the names of the negroes. The woman, Hannah Gooseberry, was about forty years of age; the girl, Judah, the daughter of Hannah, was about nineteen years of age; and the boy Stephen,

was about seventeen years of age. The girl and boy being the son and daughter of Hannah Gooseberry.

Mr. Richardson opened the case with a plain statement of the facts he expected to prove, and then proceeded to call the witnesses.

Mr. Heckrotte, sworn.—Is the owner of three slaves, one woman named Hannah Gooseberry, about forty years of age, stout, good countenance, with a tooth out in front; she is not a black woman, but a sort of chestnut color, rather stout and fleshy; is the owner of a girl named Judah, the daughter of Hannah; she is a stout, well proportioned girl of a dark color, and something of the build of her mother; and a boy named Stephen, who is about sixteen; rather stout made; he was dressed in a dark brown cassinet jacket and pantaloons, striped shirt, and thick shoes; the other had a variety of clothing, some black dresses which I bought for them when their mistress died, and they had some fancy dresses which I cannot now describe; they were first absented on the 4th of June, between eight and nine o'clock, after they took their suppers. I have never seen them since; of my own knowledge, I know nothing of them since. They were good, excellent servants, honest and without fault; I have advertised them and have invited them back, but they have not returned.

I keep a tavern and refectory; Bologna sausages, crackers and cheese are freely exposed in the house; they have always been at the command of the servants. Have been dealing with Mr. Henry Henderson ever since he commenced business, I believe about twenty years, until he quit business and sold out to Mr. Tyler, which is since the servants went away, I believe; I then dealt with Mr. Holden, his clerk; I have still in use the crackers of Mr. Henderson.

Cross-examined by Mr. Johnson.—There are, I presume, a number of other places in town where Bologna sausages and crackers of the same kind are used; the crackers I afterwards bought of Holden were marked with the name of Holden & Co. I think it was since the absenting of the slaves, that Mr. Henderson sold out.

Charles Heckrotte, sworn.—Between 9 and 10 o'clock at night, in the latter part of May, about four or five days before the slaves went away, I saw a white man standing at the gate of our yard, talking to Judah Gooseberry; the white man looked at me rather suspiciously, and went away, and Judah went in; *when I went in* the house, Judah was'nt there; when I went in

the yard Judah came out of the shed; I asked her who it was she had been talking to. When I first saw the man I thought it was my brother-in-law, but upon going nearer to him, I saw it was not; I think this, pointing to the traverser, is the man; he is thinner now than he was then, and his whiskers are off; at the magistrate's office I picked him out; I was told to look round; there were about twenty or thirty people there. The man went away up street, as I came down to the gate.

Cross-examined by Mr. Gallagher.---I swear positively to the best of my knowledge and belief, this is the man; did not say at the magistrate's that I could not swear positively to him.

By Mr. Johnson.—Have never noticed him in the street; the gate of the yard is on Camden street; Judah ran in as soon as she saw me; she did'nt see me till I turned towards the gate, and the man then turned away up the street; he had on light pantaloons and light coat; I think he had a cap on; I did not speak to him; when I went into the house, I did not say any thing to my father about it; I thought the man had other intentions than to persuade the servants away; I told my father the night after they went away, that I thought that man had got them away; I had never seen a white man there under those circumstances before; I have seen black men there; the moon was not shining; it was a star light night. Before the magistrate, I swore that I positively believed Mr. Torrey to be the man; I did not swear that he positively was the man. He was dressed then in dark coat and had a hat on; he was dressed entirely different, of course. From the time I saw the man at the gate talking to Judah, I never saw Mr. Torrey till I saw him at the magistrate's; between these times I suppose two or three weeks had elapsed. I suppose I saw him about two or three minutes at the gate; when I went to the magistrate's office, I knew there was a man there charged with getting the slaves away; I told father what his stature and appearance was; I picked him out by his stature and face, and his dark hair; when I went into the house I saw Judah's mother; I asked her who it was Judah had been talking to; the gate was on Camden street; I was coming down the street, and he turned up; I suppose that Judah told him some one was coming, and he then walked up the street; if he had turned down the street I should not have been able to have seen him so well; I should not have seen his face at all.

By Mr. Cox.—I do not remember to have seen you at the magistrate's office; I don't recollect to have seen Mr. Torrey, and to have been asked if he was not the man; I said it was a

dark night, and said I meant by that, that it was a star light night; I don't remember to have said there that I could not identify the man.

Nicholas Woodward, sworn.—I let a pair of cream-colored horses, with white manes and white tails, and a Rockaway carriage, to Mr. Torrey, on Tuesday, the 4th June; he brought them back on the next Sunday, very much fatigued; there was no driver sent with them; they were so much fatigued that one of them died soon afterwards. He applied to me once before, and I let him have a carriage and a single horse, for some time; I did not know any thing of him personally. When he came again I knew him; I told him that the horse he had before had been driven very hard; I then gave him a pair of dun ponies and the same carriage. He engaged them for no particular time; I asked him where he was going, and he would give me no satisfaction on that point. The horses would be easily recognized, from their peculiar color; I have one of them now.

George W. Rigdon, sworn.—On the morning of the 7th June last, early, perhaps between 5 and 6 o'clock, I was going to Mr. Clark's, my brother-in-law, over the bridge at Den creek, when I saw him standing in the road; a carriage, open before and behind, and two dun colored horses standing in the water, and a black boy washing their legs; over in the road I saw a white man washing his hands in a bucket; I was over them looking at them full ten minutes, and they did not see me for some time; the horses were dun color, with white manes and tails; thought it would be the death of them washing them in the state they were; that man there (pointing to traverser) is the man, and a black boy; went to Mr. Clark's, up the road, and in about a half hour I came back; saw the horses eating on the side of the creek; the traverser was still there and the boy; he was a light complected black boy, a sort of brown or chestnut; he wore steel mixed pantaloons and roundabout. I thought something was wrong, and I took particular notice of them; looked at the man as he turned round to look at me; this is the same man; I was in town the next Tuesday; took some newspapers home, and the next day my brother was reading one of them; he said here's an advertisement of some negroes lost, and on looking at it found it described the boy I had seen; we concluded we ought to let the advertiser know of it; wrote him a letter; witness recognized the advertisement (letter produced,) it was written by my brother; this is the letter; when I saw them the second time they were only about twenty steps from the

place where they were when I first saw them; I am certain this is the man; when I went to the magistrate's office, I picked him out directly.

By Mr. Johnson.—The reason I did not write the letter, I was fixing to go to the Clay club; I furnished the facts, and the letter was read to me afterwards; the place where I saw them is about thirty miles from Baltimore; the road is pretty good; I have stated that I thought I had seen the traverser before, at my uncle's, in 1832, at the time of the cholera; that person staid at my uncle's, and went about gunning with the negroes; his general appearance was something the same as the traverser; I did not get nearer to the man at the creek than the abutment of the bridge; about ten feet off; I was about ten feet above him, he directly under me; when I saw him again he was a little farther off, and was eating sausage and crackers; he had on a blue coat and a cap; don't remember his other clothes; I stood looking at him about five or ten minutes that time, and when I went away, left them eating.

Witness, to meet the request of counsel for a description of the location, sketched a diagram of the spot; it represented the main road alone as crossing the creek at the point referred to; the bridge is on the edge of the road, so that persons can go through the ford or over the bridge.

Robert Rigdon, sworn.—Lives in Harford county, on the Peachbottom road; the other side of Deer creek about a mile and a half; I'm a blacksmith; have a shop about half a mile from my house up the road; on the 5th of June, in the morning, I saw a carriage going up with a couple of dun horses and white tails and manes; a white man was in it with a black woman; I was in my shop; the carriage returned again in the evening late, towards Baltimore; I saw the carriage again on the 7th June; it had in it a white man and a black boy; that is the white man, (the traverser); there were two black women in the carriage; they were going along laughing; the old woman had a tooth out in front; the other appeared about eighteen or twenty; the white man and boy sat in front; I did not see the carriage again; the traverser is that white man; I picked him out at the magistrate's office.

Cross-examined by Mr. Johnson.—It was a little after sunrise when I saw them on the 5th; my shop is, I take it, about twelve or fifteen miles from Peachbottom; I did'nt pay any attention to the black woman in the carriage at the time; she was sitting in the back part of the carriage; my shop is thirty-two

or thirty-three miles from Baltimore; the carriage went down in the evening; the black woman was not in it then; my shop is about two and a half miles from the ford at Clark's; I was in the road when the carriage went up and when it went down on the 5th. The reason I took more notice on the 7th of the party, was because I had heard some flying reports about a white man carrying negroes to Peachbottom, and sending them across; I heard of it the day before; my father was in the road with me on the 7th; he spoke to the white man in the carriage, something about carrying off negroes; I *do tell the jury that as the carriage was trotting by, I saw that the old woman had a tooth out;* I noticed the girl's teeth; did not notice the boy's; the woman had nothing over her face; the woman on the 5th had a green veil over her face; the old woman on the 7th had a veil on her bonnet, but it was thrown aside; my father and Mr. Raymons and myself were standing together when the carriage came along; we could see it about thirty yards before it came up to us, and they could of course see us; they had nothing over their faces; it would be a good day's journey from Baltimore to my house; when I saw the white man on the 5th he had a cap on, dark looking clothes; on the 7th he was dressed the same way; when I saw him at the magistrate's office he had a hat on and a different kind of coat; it was a dark one. I think I said at the magistrate's office, that the old woman had a tooth out; I don't think I was asked about it; Mr. Zell summoned me for the State; I had seen no advertisement about the negroes; I think he told me that it was about some negroes taken away; my brother told me he was going to write to Baltimore about some negroes advertised; I did not hear whose they were; I did not know that there was such a man as Mr. Heckrotte in the city of Baltimore; when I got to the magistrate's office I went into another room before I was examined; Mr. Heckrotte and Mr. Rigdon, my uncle, Mr. Zell and some others went into the room with me; Mr. Heckrotte there said something about his negroes; he said there were two women and a boy; he said nothing about their ages, or their dress, or about one of the women having a tooth out; my uncle George said something about them; I don't recollect whether he said any thing about one of the women having a tooth out or not; I don't recollect whether or not I said any thing to any body about the woman having a tooth out; I saw my uncle Ben one day when he stopped at my shop and asked me something about the negroes; I don't know whether I said any thing to him about a tooth out;

he might have have said something about writing a letter, but I was so angry about having to leave my work, that I don't know hardly what passed.

By Mr. Cox.—I was in Baltimore last Monday; I don't know whether I said, 'I had come to Baltimore to help to send that d—d rascal to the penitentiary,' or not; I don't know that Mr. George Rigdon said so; I don't know whether I said it or not; I say many things in fun.

George Amos, sworn.—Lives on the Peachbottom and Baltimore road, about four miles above Deer creek; somewhere about the first part of last June I saw an open carriage, four-wheeled, I think, with two dun-colored horses and white manes and tails; a white man, looked a good deal like the traverser, and dark brown boy sitting in front, about sixteen or seventeen years of age; there were two women sitting behind; one was a young girl, a jet black; I saw the white man before, about the 26th of May, on the road, going up in a carriage; he had a black boy and a yellow man with him; he had a carriage and one horse; the next time I saw him he was going down with a carriage and two horses; on the next day I saw him going up with the same carriage and horses, and the two women and boy; I think the traverser is the man; I can't say positively.

Cross-examined by Mr. Johnson.—When I saw him going up with the boy and two women, the women were sitting on the back seat; the one I saw was a young woman, jet black; they were travelling slowly; I did not see the other woman's face at all; for all I know, she was white. I should think it would take two days to go from my house to Baltimore; it is about thirty-five miles; it takes me a day to come to Baltimore. It was the second day after I saw him going up with the two horses that I saw him come down the road.

Benjamin Amos, sworn.—On the 5th June I saw a carriage (described as before) this side of Rockridge, coming towards Baltimore; it was about a mile the other side of Deer creek; the next time I saw it was on Friday the 8th; I was with Mr. Samuel Rigdon; he said, "There comes the carriage again; let's stop him." I said, "We had better not, for such fellows always go armed." Mr. Rigdon talked to him about a black woman that he had taken up a day or two before; there was a black boy and two black women in the carriage; the white man was a small man, dressed in a dark coat, and cap on; I think this is the man (the traverser). It was the same person coming down on the evening of the 5th that I saw going up on the morning

of the 7th. He had black whiskers then. The next morning, Saturday, he came down with the same horses and carriage with him; he came down on the other road; the road forks above my house.

Cross-examined by Mr. Johnson.—On the morning of the 7th I was standing at Robert Rigdon's shop; Samuel Rigdon was there when the carriage came along; the black boy was pretty stout across the shoulders; he had on steel mixed clothes, and I don't know how the women were dressed. They were going along at a walk; the horses looked pretty hard drove; they did not stop when Samuel Rigdon spoke to them; I can't say that this (the traverser) is the man; he had heavy whiskers then, if he is the man. If this is the man, I have not seen him from that time till to-day. I was not before the magistrate; was first summoned yesterday. I heard, when I got here, that Torrey was the man charged.

Samuel Scarf, sworn.—Lives about three-fourths of a mile beyond Deer creek; on Saturday morning, 8th June, I saw a man with an open carriage and two cream-colored horses, come down the road; the man had on a cap, and whiskers, and dark-colored clothes; the traverser looks like him; more like him than any man I've seen since.

Cross-examined by Mr. Johnson.—I had never seen him before that day; nor since, till the other day in court. I did not speak to him; he was trotting down a hill when I saw him; I only saw him just as he passed along by; when I saw him in court it was in the prisoner's box; he came up to the bars; I thought, then, it was the man; I heard that Torrey was charged.

Henry Bishop.—Keeps a tavern on the Bel Air road, ten miles from Baltimore. A gentleman stopped at my house all night, who came there on Saturday evening, some time in June; he had a family carriage, open behind and front; two cream-colored horses, flax mane and tail; this is the man (the traverser); he staid all night; he had whiskers then, I think; I have no doubt this is the man.

Cross-examined by Mr. Johnson.—I did not see the carriage go up the road; there was no one with him when he came to my house; I do not recollect his clothes; he wore a cap; he had whiskers, I think; not very large.

Ezekiel Burke, sworn.—I went up to Bishop's some time in the first of June, to see my relations, one Sunday; I was about a quarter of a mile from Bishop's and remarked, "There's a pair of horses I drove last Sunday; they are Woodward's."

When I got up there, I saw that one of them was likely to fall down; this is the man (the traverser) who came out and drove them off. Before he went, I said to him he would never drive them to Baltimore; if he did, he'd kill that horse; I asked him where he had been, but he gave no satisfaction.

Cross-examined by Mr. Johnson.—I saw him next in Baltimore, at Mrs. Kunsman's, in Old Town; I happened in there; when I saw him at Bishop's, he said the lame horse had stumbled against a rock and hurt himself; he drove off, whipping the horses.

Samuel F. Rigdon, sworn.—Lives in Harford county, beyond Deer creek, on the south side of Rockridge; I saw, on the 5th of June, a carriage, open in front, and two cream-colored horses, coming from Peachbottom towards Baltimore; there was a white man driving it; nobody else with him; on the 7th saw the carriage coming down; I was at Robert Rigdon's; I said we ought to apprehend that fellow, but Robert said that most likely he carried arms, and we had better not arrest him; I said I'd give him a little of my tongue, anyhow. When they came opposite me, I halloes to him and says, "You've got a whole family of them, this time." They laughed and drove on slowly; as they laughed, the old woman showed a tooth lacking, on the side of her mouth; I noticed it particularly; the other woman and boy were youngish; the women had on dark dresses, and the boy a steel-mixed roundabout; the man was dressed in dark clothes; he had whiskers and wore a cap; there sits the gentleman; he's the same identical man, only he's got his whiskers off, and had a cap on.

In the same afternoon, I went down to my brother-in-law's; and going through by the ford at the bridge, I found a place where some creatures had been eating off of the face of the earth; I mean horses or something that eats oats; and a little distance off, near the wood, I found some fragments of Bologna sausages and some crackers marked "H. H.," and took them home to a little pet boy; on looking round me there awhile, I found some bits of ribbon, and took them home to a little daughter I have; (the pieces of ribbon produced by witness;) on Saturday morning I went down to Clark's, to ask leave to cut a tree, to hive some bees, and then I saw the same carriage come down, with the white man in it, empty.

Cross-examined by Mr. Johnson.—I found, near the place where the oats were, some bits of crackers, and one whole one, which I gave to the child; I have not got half the bits of ribbon;

my little daughter would not accept them, and then I put them in my pocket; nobody dares go to my pockets without my consent; I put them in my pocket because I thought they might do for some little use for my rheumatism in wet weather; I'll tell you, Mr. Johnson, why I think so much of them little children; their mother, my daughter, gave them to me on her death-bed, sir. When the carriage passed me on Friday, I was on the left side of the carriage, the old woman was on the right side, and when she laughed, I saw the tooth was out; it was out of the upper jaw; about her eye-tooth; a little to the left side of the front; the old woman had a bonnet on and a veil over it, not over her face; they had on a sort of mourning clothes; the other woman had a black veil; both appeared to be in mourning for some particular friend; saw no baggage at all; no man could have a better view of the man than I did; when he came along on Wednesday evening, we were putting some dust on the bridge and levelling it, and I asked him to stop lest his creatures should be hurt; and Sammy Maccabee and my son got talking to him about the crops, and so forth.

Mr. Johnson.—This was on the 5th?

Witness.—No sir, it was on the upper side of Rockridge. [A burst of laughter.]

Resumed.—We didn't stop him then, because it's rather an awkward business to arrest a man. I thought if I did, I might be sued for a breach of trust, or something. I have seen this same man go up and down the road often, with other horses; I saw him once last November; he was dressed then in fall clothing; the color would about pass for blue.

By Mr. Cox.—When I found the ribbon, it was at the time of year when we generally have pleasant weather. I went a near cut through the woods by a foot-path. I had on this coat that day; I calculated to be out after night, to take a little spell a fishing.

By a juror.—On the 7th, when I saw the horses, they were jaded down.

By Mr. Johnson.—They were not sweating; they were almost got beyond a sweat; I mean by that, that they were so jaded that they couldn't travel fast enough to sweat.

Charles Heckrotte, sworn.—About three or four weeks previous, my sister had trimmed Judah's bonnet with some ribbon from her bonnet; I can swear that these pieces are some of the same ribbon; there was not quite enough, and another piece almost like it was got to make it out. [Witness produced a piece

which, when compared, corresponded with a portion of the pieces found.]

Cross-examined by Mr. Johnson.—I believe Judah had more than one bonnet; it was a straw bonnet, that had been dressed in black before this ribbon was put on. Her mother had a straw bonnet. I took particular notice of the ribbon. [Here a rigid cross-examination of the witness was conducted by Mr. Johnson, with reference to the ribbon, but without eliciting any important fact, except, perhaps, for the argument.] At its conclusion, the court adjourned until ten o'clock to-morrow morning.

Saturday, Nov. 30, 1844.

Mrs. Morling, sworn.—Stated that some time before the servants of Mr. Heckrotte went away, she trimmed Judah's bonnet with some ribbon that had been on her child's bonnet; there was not quite enough, and she had to take some from another piece, not exactly like the other; a portion of which she now produced. It had been taken from her own bonnet; it was compared with the pieces found, and corresponded with them, with the exception of some difference in the color of a stripe, which in that produced was green, in the piece of the same pattern found was yellow, the suggestion being that it faded to yellow from exposure.

The cross-examination of the witness elicited nothing varying from the examination in chief.

The State called Thomas Southmayd, who appeared upon the stand.—Mr. Johnson produced a record of the proceedings of the Criminal Court of New York, in proof that this witness had been convicted therein of horse-stealing, and had served a period of three years in the penitentiary for this offence; a fact which the witness admitted. Some discussion then took place between Messrs. Johnson and Richardson on the admissibility of the evidence of this witness, which was decided by the court in favor of it. The examination then proceeded, Mr. Johnson first obtaining from Mr. Metcalfe, clerk of the court, two indictments against Southmayd: one for stealing a horse, and the other for stealing a sleigh in this city, and on which he is now awaiting his trial in jail.

Thomas Southmayd, sworn.—Had a conversation with Mr. Torrey in jail, about the charge against him; he told me about it while he was trying to escape. He told me he had taken away Mr. Heckrotte's slaves, and said he had also taken away a good many slaves from Harford county; he also said he had taken a number of slaves from this State; he said he had directed them

to come to a house at the back of Greenmount cemetery, and there he would meet them and take them to Pennsylvania; he said they had been very faithful servants; he told me that there was an old negro named Nick, near Greenmount cemetery, who assisted him; he said he had had great difficulty in persuading the slaves of Mr. Heckrotte to run away; he had to persuade the old woman two or three times; he threatened to blow Mr. Heckrotte's brains out if ever he got out; he has also threatened the keepers' lives.

A letter was produced by Mr. Richardson, which witness identified as one he sent to Mr. Heckrotte. The letter was read by Mr. Richardson, as follows:

Baltimore, Oct. 16, 1844.

Dear Sir: As you requested me to give you a statement in regard to what Mr. Torrey told me concerning your negroes, I shall begin at the beginning. In speaking about the starting place, he told me that back of Greenmount cemetery burying-ground was the starting place; there is a negro there that is unpleased with him, which is a blacksmith. I have often heard Torrey speak of him about his being a confidential old fellow, that he could trust him with any secret; he also told me that he was seen at Deer creek, a washing his horse; he also related to me about being arrested somewhere near Peachbottom, where he had a pair of pistols taken from him, and kept; his pocket-book was taken from him also, and given back; he also told me that he did take three slaves from you; I recollect his telling, in particular, about an old woman, as he said you called her, and two others; he told me that he had persuaded her two or three times before he could get her away; he told me that your slaves were taken to Philadelphia and sent from there to New York; he also told me that he gave directions to Kemp and his party which way to go; he told me that they went on to New York; he also told me who his agent was, but I cannot recollect exactly what his name was, but think his name was Hall; he also told me about taking eight or nine from one man, but cannot recollect the man; he also told me that he took three slaves from one Mr. Patterson; he told me that he had taken so many away from this State that he could not tell how many he had taken; he also told me that if he got out he would have more out of this State than ever had been taken.

Mr. Heckrotte, Baltimore.

Cross-examined by Mr. Johnson.—I came in jail because the constable put me there; I was charged with an offence.

Mr. Johnson asked, what offence?

Mr. Richardson objected to the question.

Mr. Johnson stated to the court that his object was to show to the jury, if he could, that this man expected to be benefited according to the testimony he gave in this case, by a pardon.

Mr. Richardson said, if that was the object he should withdraw his objection.

The defence was here shown by the indictments against him.

Hatch is my true name; I have gone by the name of Wilson; I had been confined in the room with Torrey before he attempted to break out, better than a month; he made this confession to me after he had determined to escape; before that, he said nothing about it; I think there were eight in the room altogether; their names, as far as I know, were Stewart, Davis, James Murphy, Robert Gamble, Holmes, Torrey; they did not hear it; he told it secretly to me; he did not put confidence in the others; I did not know him before I was in jail; I suppose he knew what I was there for, by the newspapers; I don't know the size of the room exactly; speaking as I am speaking now, I could be heard all over the room; I did not say anything about it to the other prisoners; I didn't see proper; I told it afterwards because circumstances alter cases; the time hadn't come; it has come now; I have told it before, to Mr. Heckrotte; I sent for him when Torrey was going to escape; if there had been a chance, I think it likely I should have gone too; he did not tell me till about a week or ten days before the attempt to escape; I did not send for Mr. Heckrotte till that attempt was frustrated; I thought I was in duty bound to tell Mr. Heckrotte then; Mr. Zell came with Mr. Heckrotte; Mr. Zell was not in the room when I told Heckrotte; I told Mr. Patterson about it; I was promised nothing in my own case if I told it; I did it voluntarily; after I told Heckrotte, I had some conversations with the other prisoners; Davis was there and heard what I told Heckrotte; I can't tell what Torrey's reasons were for telling me; he said he expected to get clear without difficulty; he said the pistols were to be brought by his landlady; I had nothing to do with the pistols or powder; I assisted Torrey to get one man out, to help him out afterwards; I gave my note for $20, and Klein and Torrey gave him $30 to get out and to go Holmes' security, who was to help Torrey out; I did not sign the note I sent to Mr. Heckrotte; I sent it by one of the keepers; I think Torrey furnished me with the paper; he gave me several sheets; I think he gave me the pen and ink; Torrey was in another cell; Davis tied a stick to

a string and hove it along to Torrey's window; he tied up the paper, ink and pen in a handkerchief, and Davis pulled it back; I don't know how I sent the ink back; perhaps I gave it to one of the keepers; it might have been sent back the same way it was brought; I had it two or three days.

By Mr. Richardson.—I think Mr. Heckrotte came the next day after I wrote a note to him; I had never heard any one speak of Mr. Torrey's offence but himself; Holmes got out of jail about one or two days after the arrangement was made; Holmes was to go to Philadelphia and get tools; he did so; Mr. Torrey told me so; the tools were brought in by Mr. Torrey's landlady; I saw her when she took them out of her bosom wrapped up in a piece of brown paper; Torrey wore whiskers in jail; he shaved them off lately; perhaps three or four weeks ago.

Mr. Heckrotte recalled.—I went to see Southmayd in consequence of Mr. Zell calling on me and telling me if I went to the jail I could learn something about my negroes from a prisoner named Southmayd; I went there and saw him, and he communicated the facts; I afterwards sent him word to put them in writing; he told me they had been secreted in a house back of Greenmount; that that was Torrey's general place of deposit; he said that Torrey had got them to Pennsylvania in the neighborhood of Peachbottom, and then they were sent to Philadelphia and thence to New York, to Church street, I believe he said. I conversed with Southmayd on the back porch of the jail, where one of the wardens brought him to me; I afterwards went out with Mr. Patterson, and I believe he had some conversation with Southmayd.

Warden Graham, sworn.—When Torrey came to jail he wore whiskers; he shaved them off I think about five or six weeks ago.

By Mr. Johnson.—They were thin black whiskers, passing under the chin.

The State here closed the case on the part of the prosecution, and the defence called up

Capt. Wise, sworn.—Has known Southmayd about seven years; he sailed in a ship with me about two years; from my knowledge of his character, I would not believe him on his oath; he went by the name of Thomas B. Hatch.

By Mr. Richardson.—I have never heard any one speak particularly of his character for veracity; I have heard of his general character. Mr. Richardson urged, upon this statement, that the individual opinion of this witness was not evidence.

Mr. Johnson contended that if it was proved that the general character of the man was so bad that the witness would not believe him on his oath, the evidence was admissible. If the man's general character was universally bad, no man would suspect him of the peculiar virtue of veracity.

The court expressed an opinion that the evidence must be confined to the general character for veracity.

Mr. Johnson prayed the court to allow him to look to the authority on the subject. He then quoted from Phillip, page 291, the opinion of Justice Buller, that there were two ways of impeaching the credibility of a witness, one of which is by proving that his general reputation is so bad that he would not be believed on oath.

The court stated that it had always required the examination of a counter witness to be confined to veracity, and should do so in this instance.

Mr. Johnson continued the examination.—I have heard persons say they wouldn't believe him.

By Mr. Richardson.—I don't know that I said I had never heard his character for veracity spoken of.

Justice Gray, sworn.—Is a magistrate; there are two rooms in my office; the witnesses came into the front room before the time ruled for trial, and were conducted into the back office; they were witnesses also in a civil case against Torrey at the suit of Woodward; the Rigdon's were there; the examination in the criminal charge was conducted by Messrs. Cox and Gallagher; Mr. Torrey stood near me some time, and afterwards sat down just below me; when young Heckrotte came in, he was asked if he could recognize the person he had seen at his father's gate; he said it was dark and he didn't know that he could identify him; he was told to look round the office, and finally pointed to Mr. Torrey and said, "I think that is the man."

Mr. Cox, sworn.—I was counsel with Mr. Gallagher, employed by Mr. Torrey to defend him in a civil suit; my recollection of the proceedings are the same as those of Mr. Gray, with the exception of the position of Mr. Torrey, who stood by the side of Mr. Gallagher, and was continually conversing with him; my recollection of young Heckrotte's identification is distinct; he said it was a dark night, and he could not say positively who was the man; I was about to cross-examine him, when Mr. Collins, who was engaged by Mr. Woodward in the civil suit, remarked that that was not necessary, inasmuch as the young man had failed to identify him.

Robert Gamble, sworn.—Was in the room where Torrey was confined; there were six beside myself; Southmayd took a part in trying to get out; has had the saw and worked with it.

By Mr. Richardson.—I can't say where the saw came from; it was there when I was put there; I was in the room when they were attempting to get out; it was in the daytime; I did not assist; there were five of them who worked at it.

Warden Graham recalled.—On the morning we discovered the attempt to break out, we removed the prisoners, and whilst I was ironing Mr. Torrey, he said he was sorry for the others in the room if they were to suffer, as he had been the sole originator and instigator of the attempt to escape; he spoke particularly of Southmayd, who he said had had nothing at all to do with it.

Simeon Hays, sworn.—I saw a letter from Rigdon to Mr. Heckrotte, in relation to his negroes; he showed it to me; I don't recollect having received any letter in relation to it; I think I saw one or two that Mr. Heckrotte received. I think it must have been about a month after I saw the letter that Torrey was arrested; I am not certain; within two weeks probably.

John Zell, sworn.—I saw a letter from Mr. Rigdon, brought to the office by Mr. Heckrotte; I am certain we never received a letter ourselves on the subject; I went to the prison to see Southmayd, who sent for me, to tell me something about Mr. Heckrotte's negroes; I called on Mr. Heckrotte, and we went together; we had Southmayd and a boy named Davis brought out, the message stating that both had something to communicate; I talked to Davis on the porch, and Mr. Heckrotte talked to Southmayd; I could not hear what they said; I went there once afterwards with Mr. Heckrotte, but said nothing to Southmayd; I have no knowledge of any inducements held out to Southmayd, of my own; Mr. Heckrotte told me that he had promised to use some influence for him; I heard Mr. Heckrotte tell Southmayd in my presence, that he would use his exertions to get him a pardon, if he came out candidly; did not know if he could succeed.

By Mr. Richardson.—I saw Southmayd when he sent for me, alone, and Southmayd began to make some disclosures, and I stopped him; I told him I did not want to hear any thing about it; if he had any thing to tell, he had better tell Mr. Heckrotte; I think it was upon the second visit that Mr. Heckrotte told Southmayd that he would use his exertions in his behalf; I could not hear what Mr. Heckrotte had said before to him.

Mr. Heckrotte, recalled.—I don't remember making any direct promises to Southmayd; I told him I was a whig, and had no influence with the present Governor; but what I could do for him I would; this was after the first interview before he made the written communication.

By Mr. Johnson.—My promise to use my influence was not to take effect until after he had given his testimony.

The defence was closed at this point, and Mr. Richardson arose and addressed the jury; he went briefly over the leading facts elicited during the examination, and left the case to the counsel for defence, with the remark, that upon such testimony they must either find the traverser guilty, or erase from the statute book the enactment under which he was indicted.

Mr. Cox followed, and observed that, until that morning, he had not been aware that it would have been a part of his duty to address the jury; he proceeded, however, with an animated and eloquent appeal in behalf of his client, and evidently succeeded in gaining the attention, and enlisting the interest of the multitude without the jury box, whatever might have been the effect of his remarks within it. He touched briefly on some points of the testimony, and concluded with an expression of his satisfaction that the argument would be continued by the distinguished and learned counsel engaged in the cause.

The court now took a recess for an hour.

Afternoon Session.

On the assembling of the court in the afternoon, Mr. Johnson proceeded with the argument before the jury, and but that the limits of our space in these columns restrained our hand, we should have followed him throughout his powerful, eloquent, noble vindications of his client, the analysis of the evidence inclusive. We, however, confine ourselves to a brief notice of the magnificent exordium with which he held the immense multitude, which crowded to overflow the spacious court room, spell bound, in breathless silence.

He commenced with an allusion to the institution of slavery, and with a strong, though carefully guarded language, drew the distinction between its moral and legal existence. He referred to it as the dreaded cause of civil strife, its agitation the frequent cause of servile war. He deprecated with fervent energy, such a consequence as tending to that most fearful result, to blot from the world the choicest freedom that Divine Providence,

in its infinite goodness, has ever vouchsafed to man. He had his peculiar opinions of the institution of slavery, which it did not become him to speak of here as a citizen of Maryland. As a mere subject of political economy, as a matter of dollars and cents, Maryland would be infinitely richer if the whole system of slavery could be brought rightfully to an end. *Rightfully* he said. To be done with the law, and not against the law —to be done openly and not secretly; not in such a way as to light the torch of the incendiary—not in such a way as to destroy property—but to preserve it.

When the traverser, whose opinions on this subject have never been kept secret, applied to me, said Mr. Johnson, to act as his counsel in this case, I made up my mind at once to render him all the aid that I could render him, under a fixed and settled purpose, to express no opinion, to declare no sentiment, even in the excitement of the forensic contest that might in any way hazard the peace of our common State. I felt a natural, an earnest solicitude that he should have a fair and impartial trial. As far as I know, as the functions of this tribunal could extend, this honorable court, and its officers, he would have it. But in the department which you occupy, I felt there might be danger. The very atmosphere was rife with personal prejudices. It was not only that one of the institutions of our State was supposed to have been assailed and violated by this man, but that the very cause in which he had assailed it, had loomed so large in that portion of our country from which he was supposed to have come, that it had become an integral political subject, by which our country was to be agitated for evil or for good. It had been inculcated into the political world in such a form, and with such vigorous assiduity, as to threaten the dissolution of this our blessed Union. And the fact which had fastened itself upon my own mind, I knew might find access to the minds of others, and thus go with the juror into that box, and without his knowing it, to influence his decision.

Mr. Torrey was not unknown in the State of Maryland. I knew that it was generally known, that at an assembly of our fellow-citizens called a 'Slaveholders' Convention,' held some time since at Annapolis, he had been present, in—what I thought then, and still think—the admitted right of a reporter for some northern prints, he had been seized and incarcerated—but finally liberated under the wholesome—and without which we should all be slaves—writ of habeas corpus. He was liberated and went away, but he left his name behind, and prejudice

had fastened upon it as a fit subject for animadversion; while the public mind was agitated to frenzy by what was thought to be an unjustifiable and unpardonable interference with the proceedings. Thus exposed to animadversion, to denunciation and reproach, I could not be blind to what I supposed would be his fate. I felt that there was every probability that he might come before this tribunal under these influences without, rather like a victim bound for the sacrifice, than like a free man to be tried by the laws of his country. And if I may be permitted to say a word of a personal character, I engaged in his cause, prompted by the emotions springing from this view of his position, without expectation of any other compensation than a sense of duty affords—seeing to his abject poverty—I may say hopeless poverty, I could not do less than this. Since then I have had other persuasive influences—he has a wife and children. A proper sense of delicacy forbids me to speak as I would, for that wife is now within the sound of my voice; but this I may say —in all the mental accomplishments with which woman can be endowed, in all the loveliness of moral character for which her sex in its greatest perfection is noted, she can compare, and compare well, with any other woman within the limits of our country. She has come here to witness the trial of this husband in whom all her affections are centered. She has come to be present at the probable adverse termination of this trial. She has come—if such should be the law and the evidence—to see him the last time before he is incarcerated within the walls of a prison—a fate which will forbid an interview for years. But she has come with all the affections of woman's heart, burning within her bosom, and though adverse his fate, those affections will go with him to his prison—be with him for his consolation —they will follow and cling to him there through the long and distressing years he may be doomed to pass, and in her prayers will watch over him every hour; and she will inculcate in her children, while their father is toiling out the penalty he has incurred, the fact, that however guilty he may be deemed of violating the laws of man, he did it under the strong and imperious conviction, that there was another law controlling him and all our institutions, having its immediate emanation from God—requiring at his hands a duty which he could not refuse to perform. And should Heaven suffer him to live out the years of his incarceration, he will return to his wife, his children, his friends, distinguished and numerous as they are, with no moral

stain upon his name, with every moral attribute of his nature untouched, to carry out the purpose of his life and vocation.

Mr. Torrey, gentlemen, is not an ordinary culprit—or to speak what I intended—he is no ordinary man to be arraigned as a culprit. A graduate with honor in one of the first Universities in the land, his life was devoted—peculiarly devoted to the study of Heaven's law, and he became a minister of the gospel at a very youthful age—a quite distinguished eminence in that great—great in revolutionary reminiscences—great in all the historical and patriotic associations of our country—the commonwealth of Massachusetts. It was his to labor in the holiest cause to which man can be devoted; not only to inform the ignorant, but to strengthen the hopes of the believer, to assail the thoughtless and indifferent, and to win them from the ways of sin. He stood irreproachable in his calling, and until this question of abolition became one of the leading questions of the North, the breath of suspicion never fell upon the man. Here he is, gentlemen, relying upon his advocates to get him clear if we can, of the charge for which he is indicted; or if not, to bear willing testimony for him, that whatever the crime may be if committed and crime it may be called, so far as moral wrong may be in the commission of that crime, he stands unspotted now in the eyes of man and of God.

I have one other remark to make, gentlemen, in this part of my subject. I know, and have reason to know, that there is an anxiety relating to the result of this trial, not confined to our unfortunate client, his relatives or friends, but extending throughout our common Union. Not confined to that part of our country, which would seek to make the subject of abolition a political element, and to be prosecuted to extremity without regard to consequences, but throughout all sections and divisions of the land; and throughout all I have seen, that if the proceedings in this trial should be published, and I observe that they are about to be published, our brethren will see that another man, no matter how deeply he may be steeped in abolition faith, no matter how great may be the excitement against him in the public mind, is, in Maryland, slave State as she is, he will not only have the ablest counsel, but is actually certain that his case will be fairly tried by impartial men. And I say, in the presence of this traverser and the friends by whom he is surrounded, that so far as the law and the evidence are concerned, this trial has been as fair and impartial as human frailty can make it.

But, gentlemen, in order to vouch for this fact to all who may sympathize with this traverser, (and they are not confined to citizens of Pennsylvania, New York or the Eastern States, but in Ohio, Indiana, and sure to be found from the very nature of our being, wherever human freedom exists unalloyed by human slavery,) it is all-important that no conviction should be had, except upon evidence where there is no doubt of the guilt. You are not to be blind to the condition of the country; you are not to be deaf to the dangers with which we are surrounded—and I am sure you have felt that upon this question of domestic slavery, sooner or later, is to be fought that battle which is to determine whether this Union is to exist, or not. It is my wish, my earnest desire, that it should be fought by moral force; I wish to keep out of it the physical energies of mankind; to avoid the shedding by brothers of brothers' blood. It is our duty, then, in this State at least, that we may act our part as conservators of the peace of the Union, to let no abolitionist be punished, except upon such evidence as will leave no room for doubt. Once have it understood among our Northern brethren, that to be accused in a slave State is to be convicted, to excite prejudices an invariable result of accusation, and the death-warrant of the Union is from that day signed. For notwithstanding all we may say of it, from the time of our first Union the principle had become very universally admitted, that property in man had no existence except in the laws of man, and while they are acting out this principle, the only moral persuasion which can address itself to our Northern brethren, is to show them that we so far respect their views and sentiments with regard to us, as to assure them that they are in no danger of punishment except on such evidence as can leave no rational doubt in the minds of a jury. Now, gentlemen, let us see if that is the case here.

I am not here to ask you to erase from the statute book any of its enactments, as the learned prosecutor has said you must do, before you can acquit this man. If it were necessary I should be here to maintain it. That enactment is relative to an institution peculiar to our State; it is a matter of our domestic concern; it is placed beyond the reach of any exterior power. I am not here, then, to question either its legality or sanctity, if I may so express myself.

Gentlemen, in the verdict which you will pronounce in relation to this man, you will not, I am sure, desire to go beyond the letter and the provisions of this act, under which he is indicted. It is an act of 1827, ch. 15, and the first section. Now

what does it say? "If any free person shall entice, persuade or assist any slave or servant, knowing him or her to be such, to run away from his or her lawful owner, or shall harbor, etc., then such person shall be indicted in the county court of such county in which the offence shall be committed, or in Baltimore city court"—now mark, gentlemen—"if such offence shall be committed in Baltimore city."

Now what becomes of the case? Now what is the use of all the evidence we have relative to the Harford road? What if Mr. Torrey is enticing, persuading and assisting these negroes to run away at Peachbottom, at Deer creek, or anywhere else up there; you may indict him if you like in Harford county, but convict him in Baltimore city court you can't, for an offence committed at Deer creek, under this act, and with this indictment.

Mr. Johnson then proceeded to speak of the two witnesses on whose testimony the State must rest to prove the offence within the limits of the city of Baltimore, Charles Heckrotte and Thomas Southmayd. Previously, however, he reviewed, at considerable length, the other evidence in the case, illustrating the fact that, although Mr. Heckrotte's negroes disappeared on the evening of the 4th of June, between eight and nine o'clock, Torrey is seen, on the morning of the 5th, above Deer creek, driving a one-horse carriage, in which is a negro woman, confessedly not one of Heckrotte's. He asked, where were Heckrotte's negroes then? Torrey a day's journey from Baltimore, the next morning after they leave their master's protection, travelling with another woman. If they left the city and met him in Harford county, he certainly is not guilty of having persuaded, enticed or assisted them in the city, and unless you believe this you cannot convict him. Mr. Johnson thoroughly argued this portion of the evidence; visited Deer creek, took up the crackers and Bologna sausages, the description of the negroes given by Samuel Rigdon, exhibited in connection with the fact that he had seen the full description published in the Sun by Mr. Heckrotte. He followed the witnesses through their varying descriptions of Torrey, and quoted from the letter of Robert Rigdon to Mr. Heckrotte, in which he describes the driver of the carriage as a "dark complexioned man, high nose, small round whiskers, forbidding appearance, and a Yankee-looking fellow." Mr. Johnson proceeded to the identity of the negroes, contending that it was vague and indefinite, and not entitled to credit; one witness only professing to discover a tooth gone, and in that particular to a fault, designat-

ing it as an eye-tooth, after the mere glance of the party passing him. The whole testimony was elaborately reviewed, fact by fact, and finally that of Charles Heckrotte and Southmayd assailed with a degree of energy and analytical skill that seemed resolved to destroy. The gentleman concluded after having spoken two hours and three quarters.

The court adjourned until Monday morning at ten o'clock.*

Monday, Dec. 2, 1844.

The hall of the court house was quite thronged this morning previous to the opening of the doors of the court room, so intense had become the popular desire to hear the closing argument of the distinguished gentleman who represents the State in this prosecution. Within two minutes after the doors were opened, the court room was thronged in every part. A glance at the multitude was sufficient to satisfy the eye that it was composed of the most respectable of our fellow citizens. We observed a number of the clergymen of our city, many of the merchants and gentlemen of every profession, and the interest which they felt in the case was emphatically expressed in the unbroken silence which was observed throughout the period of nearly two hours, which was occupied by Mr. Richardson in his address to the jury.

Among other distinguished gentlemen present, we observed upon the bench, somewhat excluded by others in front, the Hon. Mr. Pratt, Governor elect of Maryland.

As soon as the Chief Judge had taken his seat, at about ten minutes after ten o'clock, Mr. Richardson rose and spoke to the following purport:

Gentlemen of the Jury, the argument which I propose to submit to you this morning, will be confined entirely to the case which is presented by the evidence and the law relating thereto. It is no part of my intention to travel out of the line of argument to which these limits restrict me. I shall not pretend to discuss the subject of slavery as it exists in the South, or the peculiar views and sentiments of an adverse character entertained by the people of the North. All that I have to do in the performance of my duty here, is to speak of the laws of the State of Maryland

* One thing is worthy of remark in this report of the trial. Mr. Richardson's speech is reported in *full*, while nothing scarcely of Mr. Johnson's is reported save his exordium. Why not follow him as he *examined the testimony?* It will ever be believed by many, that this omission was intended, in order that no impression should be made upon the mind of the community in favor of Mr. Torrey's innocence.—Ed.

as we find them—it is by these laws that the prisoner is to be tried, and by the same laws you are sworn as his jurors. You will therefore try this case as you would any other—upon the law and the facts—and therefore it differs from no other. You will look only to the solemn obligation which you have assumed, and the responsibilities associated therewith. It is not for you to consider the relations of private life which may exist with regard to this prisoner; nor are you to investigate those feelings which may actuate him, as supposed to emanate from God; or any other principle of action or consideration, that may have been interposed between you and your duty. You sit there bound by the oaths which you have taken, and the solemnity of the responsibilities imposed on you, responsibilities which nothing can sever, and from which nothing can release you. It is required of you that you deal impartially with this traverser, between him and the State of Maryland. Even though civil broil ensue, though servile war shall be the consequence, aye, though the disunion of this confederacy be the result of your verdict, you cannot sever your self from the obligations which you have respectively assumed. Coming then to the deliberation of this question, severed and segregated as you are from the community, in the particular duty to which you have been called; you will come with me to the calm, unbiassed, and I am sure unprejudiced consideration of the facts of the case.

The question which engages our attention is then, what are the points which are to be presented in this case, and which are to tend to the conviction of this prisoner? It is necessary for the State to establish first, that the traverser was the individual who drove the carriage which was seen passing up the Harford road on the morning of the 7th June, as referred to by the witnesses; and secondly, that the negroes with him in that carriage were the property of Mr. Heckrotte. This proved, the corollary of charges are established that he enticed, persuaded and assisted them to run away. Now is there a man in that jury box, who having heard all the evidence, doubts that that carriage was driven by the prisoner at the bar? I do not remember that the learned counsel who last addressed you on Saturday, attempted to controvert the fact. It is certain that on the 4th June he hired the carriage and horses of Mr. Woodward; that he went up the road with that carriage and horses on the morning of the 5th, and returned the same day. It is equally certain that the individual now on trial, drove the carriage. The witnesses tell you positively that the prisoner is the person whom they saw so engaged.

George Rigdon tells you that he saw him at Deer creek bridge, and looked at him there for ten minutes.

Mr. Richardson now proceeded successively to the testimony of each of the witnesses, arraying the facts first with reference to the identity of Torrey, and next those having their application for the identification of the witnesses. As this testimony has already been before the reader, it will be unnecessary to refer more particularly to it. In concluding that portion directed towards the identity of Torrey, the learned attorney exclaimed, with emphasis, if evidence could be demanded for the conviction of any man, stronger than this, I am unable to determine what the strength of testimony is.

The next question is, said Mr. R., whether the negroes were the property of Mr. Heckrotte? To this point the testimony of Mr. H. was first advanced in proof that he lost them on the evening of the 4th June. There were mother, daughter and son, all stout and well proportioned—the first about forty years of age, the second, nineteen, and the last seventeen. On the morning of the 7th, three negroes, corresponding in every particular, are seen as had been described by witnesses. Mr. Richardson referred to the dress, appearance, &c., agreeing in every particular. He thought he could not be taxing the credulity of the jury too much to ask them to believe that they were the same. Mr. R. then referred to the finding of the fragments of sausages, and the entire cracker at Deer creek bridge, the latter marked 'H. H.' He would not pretend to refer to so apparently unimportant a fact as worthy of a moment's consideration in itself; but, contended Mr. R., facts and circumstances in such a position as those in the present case, do not have their individual weight alone. Their importance increases in geometrical progression, not fact by fact, but 1—4—16, etc., weaving, as it were, a ligament about the accused beyond the power of moral strength to destroy. Thus a withe that a mere child might break, when bound together with others, no stronger than itself, may become too strong for a giant to sunder. So with a single fact which has no power in itself, when followed and associated and surrounded by others, becomes too strong for human credulity to resist.

Mr. R. then proceeded to speak of the fact of the tooth being out, as observed by Samuel Rigdon and Amos, though not by Robert Rigdon, and contended that in all cases one positive testimony was worth a dozen negative, but here were two positive to one negative.

Were this all on which the State had to rest, said Mr. R., were this all to which I have now alluded, I could confidently declare that the State had made out a case which was sufficient in itself. But there is yet behind that which, if I may so express myself, puts a cap upon the pillar of evidence which no man can throw down. Here is the ribbon, gentlemen. Mr. R. then spoke to this branch of the testimony, and especially to the fact that the color had faded. Now, said Mr. R., every man knows that green is made by the admixture of yellow and blue; and any man who has but a superficial acquaintance with chemistry, knows also that if you extract the blue, the yellow remains. Now I have, to make assurance doubly sure, taken the blue from a portion of this ribbon gradually less and less from a certain point down to the end, where I have pinned the piece found at Deer creek. (This Mr. R. handed to the jury for their examination.) That ribbon, gentlemen, speaks more conclusively than the oath of any man upon earth.

Mr. R. now referred to the letter written by Samuel Rigdon to Mr. Heckrotte, at the instance of George, and defended the witnesses from the charge of variation in their statements, as hinted from the other side, and claimed for them though humble in life, a character for veracity and integrity second to that of neither judge, counsel, jury, or spectator.

But, say the counsel on the other side, it is true, if you please, that Torrey was seen in the carriage, and they were the negroes of Mr. Heckrotte. The act of Assembly confines you to the city of Baltimore. He was seen in Harford county, and you cannot punish him in Baltimore city court. Gentlemen of the jury, look at the position in which their client is placed by the very point raised by his counsel. Although he is the guilty man, you cannot declare that he is so, because he is not before the right tribunal. So then, under the high obligations of the oath you have taken, you are to let him go free, in the effort to grope about for the right tribunal. I apprehend that he will have to raise a higher principle of defence than this, before he asks you to trifle with your oaths. He is here, where he ought to be. This is the court in which he is and must be tried. The circumstances are on oath before us, and I ask you to go with me to their investigation. If he is not guilty here, he is not guilty in Harford. Mr. Heckrotte loses three kind, obedient, affectionate servants; affectionate, I say, for at their own desire, on the death of their mistress, they are put into mourning for her. According to the theory of the counsel for the defence, he might have taken them up in the

road, without any previous understanding. We are to believe that Torrey is driving down the road to Baltimore, and meets these three negroes accidentally, without previous concert, or knowledge of them, takes them into his carriage, turns about and drives them into Pennsylvania. Now I say, that if they were informed that if they left their master, a carriage would be at a given place to carry them off, though without the limits of direct taxation, and the driver of that carriage knew that they were runaway slaves, he is guilty here. If Mr. Torrey was that man, though they had never seen Mr. Torrey, he is guilty, here, within the meaning of the act of Assembly.

Mr. R. then referred briefly to the testimony of Charles Heckrotte, contending that there was some reason why the individual who was conversing with the girl at the gate, walked away when Charles approached. And if so, why should it not be Mr. Torrey as well as any other man, although the counsel argues that had it been him he would have turned the other way. Charles tells you, when he sees Mr. Torrey, that he believes he is the man. Mr. Richardson now came, "last though not least," he observed, to the testimony of Southmayd. The counsel says that the State has not made out its case without Southmayd, or it would never have introduced his testimony. Such is not the case. The State could safely leave the case here; but I care not how black may be the character of the witness, there are circumstances which prove his truth, and over which his character can have no influence or control. He is there in the room with Torrey; they with some of their fellow-prisoners have made an atfort to escape, and first it is necessary to aid the escape of one of their number. This is done by means of bail, which this court understands; a man, Klein I mean, who will perjure himself for a price, is security for Holmes, and Holmes—the fact is uncontradicted—goes to Philadelphia and obtains instruments for the work of escape, which are introduced into the jail to Torrey, by his landlady. At the time of this joint attempt to escape, Southmayd becomes the confidant of Torrey, and subsequently, when he thinks proper to communicate with Mr. Heckrotte, he states facts which have never been published in any newspaper in the city of Baltimore; facts that he could have had from no one but Torrey, or by special revelation; but according to the counsel on the other side, he is not the man to whom a mysterious revelation is at all likely to be made. Therefore I say, though he is black as Erebus, some good may come out of Nazareth, and the devil himself may speak the truth. Mr. Richardson read South-

mayd's letter to Mr. Heckrotte; referred to the statements therein contained, relative to the old negro at the back of the cemetery, the washing the horse in Deer creek, the arrest of Torrey and the taking away of his pistols, and called upon the defence to show that these things were not so. He contended that they came from Torrey, and that Southmayd could have had them from no other source. He spoke of the persuasion necessary to get the old woman away from her master, corresponding with the account given by Mr. Heckrotte, of the agreeable relations in which they lived, until the peace and harmony of the family was invaded by the evil day in which the prisoner introduced himself. And he would venture to say that they are far less happy at their present abode than they were under the roof of a kind and indulgent master.

A word more and I have done, said Mr. R. I am not here to speak of the private relations of the prisoner with any other individual. It is unhappily too frequently the case that in the administration of wholesome justice, the innocent must suffer with the guilty. Admit that the pangs to be inflicted on another are agonizing, if you will, but if this consideration is to produce any effect upon you adverse to your convictions of justice, the guilty hereafter have nothing to do but to plead that in their punishment the pangs of anguish are to be inflicted upon the partners of their lives, to escape the penalty of their crimes. You can sympathize with her, gentlemen, you must; with all the anxiety of your minds you may feel and dwell upon the intense anguish which your verdict may inflict upon the wife, but you must render that verdict in conformity with the obligations of your oath.

Mr. Johnson has told you that Torrey is no ordinary culprit, that he is a graduate of one of our first universities, and was in early life and for many years a distinguished minister of the gospel in the glorious old State of Massachusetts. Devoted to the study of God's law. Has he done so? And has he not learned that that law binds him equally to God and the community in which he lives? One of the counsel has said that for the violation of the law of man he will stand justified before God. Let me tell him that he knows of no law that separates the citizen from the Christian. If I know anything of God's law, it requires every man to perform well all the relations of life. What has the chief apostle of them all instructed us?—Wives, obey your husbands; husbands, love your wives; children, reverence your parents; parents, teach your children; servants, obey your masters, not rendering them eye-service—I speak not the letter, but the

spirit of the sentiment—but obedience in all things. Here, then, all the relations of life are inculcated and commended. Further says the apostle:—Obey your rulers; the powers that be are ordained of God. Thus, then, if you disobey your rulers, you violate the ordinance of God. Are not the laws of the land, and the magistrates by whom they are administered, to be respected? Am I to be told that the man who lives in the constant violation of the laws of the land, is doing his duty! Vain man! who told you that God's ordinances are higher than the laws of man? Who made you the judge of your fellows? In this country, from the Supreme court down to the lowest tribunal, the institution in question has had sanction and protection. And can he reconcile it to his conscience to live in open or in secret violation of the acknowledged law? But peradventure, he may think the law of God is higher than the law of man; and it was said that he will stand justified before the bar of God. And moreover, peradventure, it is said he thought he was doing God service! Ah! did he so? In the book from which he learned God's law, he will find that bright and glorious intellect which illuminated the mind of Saul of Tarsus, deceived by the same vain imagining. Saul of Tarsus, who was afterwards the chiefest of the apostles, was on his way to Damascus, to persecute the lowly followers of Jesus; but suddenly he saw a light from heaven, a light that illuminated at once his intellect and reason; he heard the accompanying words, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?" and looking up he saw in that bright light the lowly Nazarene, exhibiting himself to his enraptured gaze, the Savior of mankind! The honest Jew saw, by the mysterious illumination of his mind, the error of his ways—he, too, thought he was doing God service. That bright and glorious intellect, which afterwards irradiated the whole Christian world, was mistaken in its zeal. Let no vain man think that he is doing God service, when he comes in conflict with man's laws ordained by his own people.

Gentlemen of the jury, if you can acquit the traverser, in the name of God, do it! But let me caution you that you allow no excitement, either here or elsewhere, to operate upon your verdict.

Mr. Richardson handed the indictment to the jury, when the foreman asked if they were to find the offence committed in the city of Baltimore. Mr. Richardson told them they must, and handed them the act of Assembly.

They then retired to their room, it being about twelve o'clock. The jury returned into court about twenty minutes before two

o'clock, having agreed upon a verdict finding the prisoner guilty, on every indictment.

Mr. Cox, of counsel for the defence, immediately rose and submitted a motion in arrest of judgment and for a new trial.

Counsel for the State, George R. Richardson, Esq., for the defence, Reverdy Johnson, Nathaniel Cox and Francis Gallagher, Esqs.

The evening after his conviction, Mr. Torrey addressed the following letter to the editor of the Morning Chronicle.

Baltimore Jail, Dec. 8, 1844.

"Well, I am *convicted;* and, of course, liable, on each indictment, to six years' imprisonment in the penitentiary.

"My counsel gave immediate notice of a motion for arrest of judgment, on the ground of a legal defect in the indictment. But I do not believe *that* will be of any service, though I have little doubt that the grounds of the motion are *legally* correct. It is, that the indictment fails to state that, in the words of the statute, I am a '*free person.*' In States where the quibbles of the old common law practice and 'special pleading' prevail, I have no doubt the objection is a good one. Massachusetts, most wisely and justly, set aside all such proceedings, by that measure of legal reform which Robert Rantoul, Jr. carried through the legislature.

"Even should the motion result in my *discharge*, it will not change my settled opinion as to the bad and corrupting tendency of such proceedings. I submit to having the motion made with the greatest reluctance; albeit, I do not believe the court will yield to it, plain as I am told the matter is, where such legal technics have not been abolished by statute.

"Notice was given of a motion for a new trial. But this my family, and other friends, urge me not to press.

"I say, without hesitation, that, as a mere *criminal proceeding*, I should have given the same verdict, had I been a juror, on the *unimpeached* evidence of those reprobate Rigdons. Still, I *know* that the entire evidence they gave, so

far as it related to the *charge*, was perjured, as was the whole of the wretched Hatch's testimony and that of young Heckrotte, so far as it refers to me. Some part of their perjuries could *easily* be proved—as, for example, all that Samuel F. Rigdon said of seeing me 'with whole loads of negroes' in *April, May, and November*, 1843, when 10,000 people of New York and New England, know just as well as they know the existence of the *sun* in heaven, that I was not within two hundred miles of Maryland.

"The jury did *not believe* the evidence of young Heckrotte or Hatch; but relied on the identity of the *horses* and *carriage*, the *ribbon* matter, and the Rigdons' testimony, which, as I before said, is perjured in regard to all that refers to having seen me with *three negroes;* or their having seen Heckrotte's *boy* at all; which none of them ever did, or any man resembling him in dress, color, stature, features or age; or in regard to the *tooth* of the 'old woman,' or the dress of either mother or daughter.

"In all these items I *know* they swore falsely. As to a considerable portion of the *other* items, I do *not* know whether or not the witnesses swore truly, as they are strangers to me. The entire *ribbon* business, I am deeply persuaded, was a shrewd trick, concocted in this city on the first visit of the Rigdons.

"My counsel, as convinced of the falsehood of the testimony of these men as I am, deem it hardly probable that it can be so entirely destroyed as to prevent a second conviction. The credibility of *two* of the Rigdons, the old man, Sam, and Robert, could be easily destroyed.—*George* has more persons of reputation, who, from the character he *formerly deserved*, still believe his *legal veracity* good. So, on the whole, they advise submission to the verdict, in case their motion in arrest of judgment fails.

"Richardson's plea was able, and, on the whole, very fair and manly. The only exception I would make to this is,

that he persisted in sustaining the testimony of the reprobate Hatch. I do not think he *really* put any confidence in it. He only undertook to sustain it on this ground, viz., that some of Hatch's statements *must* have been derived from *me*. The particular items he referred to, were nearly the same that were contained in the testimony of the two Rigdons on my arrest, and of which I had often spoken, to *forty* people, so they were already public matters. The only exceptions to this were *three*. 1. A certain 'old Nick,' a colored blacksmith, was referred to. I know not where he got *this*; for I never heard of such a man myself, till Sam Davis named him, in confessing to me the scoundrelism Hatch and he, and Heckrotte, and others, had planned for the purpose of securing my conviction. I set a man to work to find if there *was* such a person, but he could find no such man!

"The next particular related to my alleged meeting negroes in a graveyard back of Greenmount cemetery. I never was there but once, and that in the day time, and *alone*. When we were planning the attempt to escape, I remembered that solitary place, and fixed on it as the place we would run for first, if we got out. I subsequently spoke of it to many persons, to two of the board of visitors, and others. Hatch got the idea of *locating* my pretended 'confession' there from that source.

"The third item is in regard to his knowing how Heckrotte was in the habit of calling Hannah Gooseberry his 'old woman." Heckrotte himself called her so, in conversation with him, *before* the letter was written—*I* never did. There was no other item of his confession, his knowledge of which could not be accounted for, without any reference to his false 'confessions.'—This poor creature was mad with me because, in an effort to *benefit* him, I indirectly gave others a clue to his real name, though I *then* supposed him to be *Davis* Hatch, his very respectable and excellent brother. It was only so late as Nov. 14, that I learned from Horace Dresser,

Esq., his *true name* and character. His only object in proposing or agreeing to swear falsely against me, was manifestly to save his own neck, by aiding what he supposed was *popular* feeling against an imprisoned abolitionist. In his testimony, he unintentionally admitted his own *identity* with 'James Wilson,' under which name he stands indicted here for stealing a horse and sleigh. His counsel had previously got *another* theft of a horse and gig settled by arbitration.

"Why am I thus minute? It is that none of my friends may ever, from any *unexplained* items, deem me guilty of the stupid folly of putting myself in the power of this man, by any such 'confession' as he falsely swore to.

"He also speaks of Patterson's negroes. Such a man came to the window one day and *charged* me with aiding some of his slaves to escape. This Hatch knew. Patterson *saw* Hatch before the trial. But I was not within 450 miles of Maryland (being in Western New York), when Patterson's *first* slaves left, according to his advertisement in the Sun. Indeed, I think on that very day I was in the house of Henry Bradley, of Penn Yan, Yates county. He had another run off last spring or winter, when I was in Philadelphia. When I came to Baltimore, April 15th, or 17th, his advertisements for her were still in the prints. But I never saw her, or any of the others.

"Do you want to know how I *feel* towards these perjured beings and others, to whom I owe my imprisonment? I reply, I feel *kindly, forgivingly.* Some of them I deeply commiserate for their awful guilt, before God. I cannot help pitying poor Hatch, very much. I tried, by several hints, to give him warning of what an exposure awaited him; but it only seemed to make him more *brazen* in crime. Who but must pity such a man! Could I be freed to-night, by taking upon my soul one tithe of his guilt and future remorse, I would not do it; no, not for *more* than all *life* itself ever had or could have to induce me. And so I feel towards young

Heckrotte and those Rigdons. The latter, professional slave-catchers by occupation, belong to the most degraded class of southern society. You have no *corresponding class* in the North—only here and there *individuals*, who might rank with these border blood-hounds, and with what Wirt so justly called the 'feculum of the creation,' viz., plantation overseers.

"No, thank God! freedom has no *use*, no *occupations* to call into existence *classes* of such beings, within her domains. May Maryland soon cease to have such creatures within her borders! Slavery done away, this would soon become a glorious State; though, no doubt, a generation would pass away before the dreadful social immoralities that follow in the train of slavery would disappear.

"Do you ask, 'Have you any thing to *regret*, in what you have done, whether for individual slaves, or the *cause* of freedom?' *No*, from the bottom of my heart, NO! According to the light given me, and the degree of physical and mental powers I possessed, I have labored faithfully, and as wisely as I knew how. If others have been *wiser*, it is because God made them so. If they have done *more*, it is because he gave them higher powers and ampler opportunities for action.

"On another topic I wish to say a few words. This wretched Hatch, among other fictions, coined pretended 'threats' against the lives of Heckrotte and the keepers, etc. Those who have known my life, and opinions, and actions, from infancy, will readily class this with the 'six 5-barrelled pistols' story, which appeared in a Philadelphia paper, I am told, after my attempt to escape. I was thinking of it yesterday, as a *singular* fact, that one with so large an organ of *combativeness* as I possess, and as enthusiastically as I loved the driest details of *military* science, from my earliest remembrance till I was twenty years old, (nay, I do *still* think such books *far* more *amusing* than novels!)—I say, that in all my life, I never had a *quarrel* with any one. No one, I believe, ever suspected me of any want of physical or moral *courage*,

to do any act whatever, dangerous or not. Yet I solemnly declare, that from my infancy to this hour, I never raised my hand or finger, or used any weapon or instrument whatever, in violence against any human being! (Unless the correction of my children and pupils in school be so deemed;) I am of *Solomon's* creed on these topics!) I never even *threatened* violence to any one. In my boyhood, I avoided the rude sports of my playmates. In one instance only in my life, did I ever *wrestle* with any one. That was with my friend and school-fellow, a good abolitionist, Wm. P. Briggs, of Scituate. Has he forgotten the wrestling bout, in the ploughed field, in the young orchard north of his father's house, at Scituate, or how he whipped me? Happy boys were we then; little dreaming of the future that might await us; what opinions of morals, politics, religion, we should cherish; what labors and toils for ourselves or others we should perform or endure; what our social relations might be, or our destiny, freedom to him or a prison to me. For years, those bright days of boyhood had almost passed from memory, till my lonely hours in prison revived them. How many of all the dear companions we loved are already in their graves!—How many more we shall never meet again! 'Meet again?' *I* am in prison. Years will probably elapse before *I* shall again see cheerful faces, and hear any of the happy voices of infancy, or the tones of my own dear children. Even *they*, if I *live*, will have forgotten their father's features, even if love preserves his memory. How have I wandered away! I began with referring to my *habitual* and uniform avoidance of both violence and *threats* of it, both because I was falsely accused and because a friend told me the reports equally false and idle, at the time of my attempted escape, had wounded some friends whose regard I highly cherish, and I ended with dreams of my early youth!

"Whether my *future business* will be *silk* weaving or *jeans*, I know not. Of one thing I am sure, these wiseacres

of Maryland have subjected me, in prospect, to what to me is the severest possible torture, mental inaction.

"Did you ever think of the real nature of the *really improved* system of prison discipline? Of its forced silence for years? Of its utter deprivation of any considerable degree of knowledge, or any other source of activity of mind? Of the stopping of all progress in the knowledge of the world's history, literature, arts, social improvements, and religious events? How certainly a prisoner, by the violation of nearly every great law of his moral, mental and social nature, is *forced down* towards mental imbecility? Do you know how many of the 'reformed' prisoners leaving our *better* classes of prisons, commit no crime, indeed, because they have no longer energy either for good or evil? How many, *very* many, are pardoned merely to diminish the per centum of actual deaths in prison?

"Do you know, either from conversing with discharged prisoners or from other sources, the secret horrors of the 'cat' and 'shower bath', and solitary cells without food? And do you know how many years of bodily labor, cheered by no *sympathy, no hope, no reward,* break down the physical nature of a man?

"Do not suppose I suggest these queries because such is to be *my own* doom. That I can meet, and live or die, as God pleases. I have been gradually gathering up facts and ideas, for some years, which I had hoped this summer to throw into the form of an Essay on Crime and Punishment, to show that the 'Auburn' or 'Philadelphia' systems of prison discipline, in removing some of the more obvious evils of the old system, and adding some good things, had only *substituted,* for the most part, one evil for another; and that its violations of the higher laws of man's nature were even more disastrous, because less obvious to the unreflecting. Just as the miasma that caused the cholera is more to be dreaded than the fetor of a stagnant pond. Obvious evils may be

readily corrected. To *reform* men, *labor* must be the *incidental* duty; moral, social, and mental cultivation and instruction, the *great business* of the prison. Now it is just the reverse. Our excellent friend, Louis Dwight, deems it the great defect of the 'Auburn' system, that no provision is made for *reformed* and *discharged* convicts. For a time I was much taken with his views. There *would* be a further removal of a few *more glaring evils*, by such measures as he suggests. But reflection, many facts, carefully weighed, and, since, *reviewed*, in almost six months of life *inside* of a prison, have slowly produced a conviction not to be easily shaken, that the system *itself* contains, after all, the seeds of the destruction of every thing good and noble in man's nature.—Man is there subjected to, virtually, despotic power; cut off from all possible ways of *acting out* one right, good, or pure social feeling or moral or spiritual impulse; his intellect fettered far more than his body; and both mind and body made the mere *laboring machines* to grind out profit to the State; to toil unpaid, without adding by labor to one's own, or the happiness of one human being; without sympathy or words of cheer, but simply as a *penalty*. No, the *penalty is not the labor*, but the other circumstances under which it is performed.

"Think over these topics—look into them; not for *my* sake, but for humanity's and God's. Restraint and reform are the mottoes of the Auburn system. *Pity*, not *penalty*, is deemed its chief element. It supposes, in theory, that 'vengeance'—the penalty for sin—belongs to God. Its practice is only a refinement of the tortures of the inquisition.

"'Do you forget the Sabbath and its rest, and religious institutions?' No, I forget not the almost *mockery* of them all, in our prisons. It *is* a transient gleam of *right and light*, shining over a dark and evil system. Nor do I forget that this, with the other parts of the system, produces that quiescence of passion, and submissive imbecility and *dreariness*, that the

chaplains sometimes, and the prisoners oftener mistake for *reform and concession.* That some of the 'reforms' are sound, I deny not. That *some* physical and mental constitutions are not impaired seriously by the system, I know. So too, I know that Donald McDonald died one day, at Lynn, aged 121 years, 100 of which he had been a *common drunkard.* And I know, too, that most of our wise and good men, are so persuaded of the *almost perfection* of the 'Auburn' system, that they will hardly be *patient* at suggestions like mine, at first. I have been surprised to see how *facile* good men were in closing their eyes to such atrocities as leaked out in connection with the removal of Elam Lynds from Auburn, and afterwards from Sing Sing. And how blind they have been to all the *demonstrated results* of the system which the 'Mechanics' Associations' have spread before the world, in their efforts to relieve *their trades—not* from a mere business competition with ex-prisoners, but the debasement of prison morals! I know a bad spirit, an unmerciful spirit, has often appeared in their papers. Their plans of reform, as developed in the new Clinton Co. prison, involve no *change in the system,* but only the transfer of its evils to *other classes* of men, carry out their views, and 'sinner' and 'felon' will be synonymous in twenty years. But enough of this. Some years hence, if I live, and am not so broken down as I have seen *strong* men, by *two* years of 'reformed' discipline, in both body and mind, as to prevent my doing it, I may be able to record the results of a personal experience of a system, the evil nature of which I am deeply convinced of.

"To my many, many friends, who, by letters of sympathy, contributions of money, personal visits, and messages of kindness, have made my long imprisonment in this old jail less grievous, nay, often the source of the highest gratification, I can only express my heartfelt gratitude for their kindness and affection. May God do so to them, in the hour of their need! And may that Savior who has not forgotten me in my

prison, be the source of light, peace and loving *activity* to them, in their freedom. I hope (though I expect to pass from most minds as a 'nine days' talk') that *some* of those with whom I have often taken sweet counsel, will continue to remember their brother in bonds, when they visit the mercy seat. I cannot write, individually, again to my numerous correspondents, or to any, save my relatives, or on such business as my little remnant of freedom shall make needful. Sometimes I am anxious about my own dear wife and children. But I leave them in God's hands, confident that he will be better than father and husband to them. To-night my wife parted from me—not to meet again, perhaps—I say, *probably*, while we live. God bless her! Had *crime* parted us, she would, no doubt, have wept bitter tears. Help her, 'true yoke-fellows,' in those literary exertions on which she must probably rely, for the future support of herself and our little ones.

"I want still to say one word of *cheer* to my fellow-laborers. The intense and universal excitement in this city connected with my trial, will, I trust, do some good. Anti-slavery, for once, has been made the topic of eager debate in every bar-room and eating-house, and its most radical principles have not wanted defenders, in all circles; not to mention the more influential classes, in which similar excitement and divided feelings have been manifested. So that, notwithstanding my case has been dealt with as one of mere ordinary criminal jurisprudence, the issues involved have not been forgotten, and I believe God will not suffer them to be so, till in 1850, the LAW OF LIBERTY shall be proclaimed from the capitol of Maryland. If God has 'ten faithful men' in all this State, that year will see Maryland free, her slave-prisons demolished, her slave-jails empty, her overseers and blood-hound Rigdons and their likes, if not *penitent*, yet *starved* into better business; her slave-traders banished, the blight on her prosperity, the bane of her morals, removed, and *equal laws* ex-

tended over all her citizens. Mark it well! 1850 is the *set time!* I write in the same old jail where, in the heart of that noble man,—whom, with all his faults, we love and honor still, —Wm. L. Garrison, God commenced the present abolition movement.—The final battle-ground may yet be round this same old jail! From this jail, I *entreat* the different classes of abolitionists to lay aside 'all wrath, clamor, and evil speaking' of each other; to '*love* as brethren,' if their differing judgments will not always allow them to *labor* together. Let each in his own way, work for the slave, without finding fault with each other's plans, or suspecting each other's spirit or faithfulness. As to the 'old' and 'new' organizations, the Liberty party and the non-voting party, I solemnly declare my conviction that *one heart, one spirit, one object, one purpose* animates, not only the 'leaders', but the entire mass of both parties, with no more individual exceptions than we find wherever human infirmity is connected with, and striving for, any good and noble end. We all differ on a thousand *other* topics, and, when we come together to act for the slave, we *cannot leave* our coats at home! We cannot cast off our own individuality of character, opinion, and habit. But we *can* be 'forbearing, kind, gentle, easy to be entreated.' That God has overruled our *past* strifes for the furtherance of the cause, does not justify the many, *many* exhibitions of a bad spirit that accompanied those strifes, as much in one as in the other 'organization;' and which made division and evil—otherwise it is none; it merely multiplies laborers and forms of activity. 'Suffer the word of exhortation,' brethren, to *peace. cordiality,* co-operation, where it can be, and an imitation of Abraham and Lot, where union of action is not possible.—The day of jubilee will come the sooner. O, if I had never known aught of the effects of slavery on the morals, happiness and welfare of man, but what my eyes have seen and my ears heard in *this jail,* I would vow to it, and make my children vow *undying, active* enmity, without an hour's rest,

till not a slave cursed the land with his tears, or blasted its fields with his blood. 'Tis the slave's blood and sweat that cover the South with 'old fields,' 'barrens', and decayed and log houses, where *comfort* is never known, where ignorance reigns, where misery dwells; where even religion consists in dreams, ecstasies, shoutings, and idle meeting-going, rather than in *doing the will of God from the heart.*

"One thing I beg my brethren to do. Wait not for political ascendency in the North, or for the reform or overturn of all our pro-slavery ecclesiastical bodies, before resuming the most *direct, and active, and universal* efforts to diffuse our views and principles, by means of the press and otherwise, in the SLAVE STATES. Now, the public mind, all over the South, is *prepared* to receive the truth with infinitely more calmness and intelligence than it was in 1832–8, when such a flood of publications was issued. Let that flood of books, pamphlets, tracts and essays flow forth again. Get 5000 prominent names in every State—it can be easily done—and visit them *monthly* with the truth. Every thing anti-slavery is now eagerly read in the South. The *desire to read is far ahead of the supply of proper reading* on the subject. 'Consider what I say.' Where are the idle stereotype plates of liberty?

"I did intend to reply to the voices of sympathy that came to my cell from across the water, from the land whence my puritan soldier-ancestor, 'Lieutenant James Torrey,' fled, in 1629, to find *religious* freedom, in the wild woods of what is now my native Scituate. Now, the once tyrant mother-land teaches the daughter lessons in the science of personal freedom and equal laws, to guard the poor in the quiet possession of it. But I cannot even reply to that document which bears, written in tremulous characters, the *prae clarum et venerabile nomen* of THOMAS CLARKSON, and the kind note from JOHN SCOBLE, which accompanied it. But *your paper* will tell that honored brother, and the venerable

father of the anti-slavery cause, that I shall leave it with my children to teach them that a felon's prison, for the slave's sake, does not deprive their father of the respect of those whose approval is honor.

Farewell! CHARLES T. TORREY,
31 years old, Nov. 21, 1844.

CHAPTER XII.

LETTERS FROM THE PENITENTIARY.

The sentence upon Mr. Torrey was suspended for nearly one month. During a fortnight of this time, he wrote that wonderful little book, called "Home," or "The Pilgrim's Faith revived." It was a wonder to many that he could write such a book at all. It will be a matter of astonishment to all who read a book of two hundred and fifty-five pages, that it should have been written by a prisoner in twelve days. He was finally sentenced to six years hard labor in the State Penitentiary, and removed there to suffer and finally to die, upon the 30th day of December, 1844. Cut off from the world—cut off from his family for helping others out of bondage into the world of freedom—for uniting a happy family, cut off from his own.

"Nor wife nor children ever more shall see!"

He was treated in all respects as humanely as the rules of the prison would allow; and was permitted to write to his family and friends.

The following letters will show how he fared and how he felt:—

Baltimore Penitentiary, Jan. 19, 1845.

"My dear wife,—Your very welcome letter, without date, was received last week. It has given me many hours of happiness. Our blessings are the more valuable when we are deprived of them. So your affection and that of my dear little children, never seemed so precious to me as now, when, perhaps, for years, I may not see you or hear your voices again. But, whether it be so or not, Mizpah, Gen. 31: 49. I suppose my feelings and condition as a prisoner will most interest you. The last Monday in 1844, I was conducted over here, by Hoey and Mc'Kinley. The first was as brutal as ever, and took occasion to insult me that morning. Dr. Snodgrass was kind enough to come with me, after sitting an hour with me in my cell, and cheering me by various considerations. The change of *place* was like a reprieve to a dying man! The officers *here* are *gentlemen*, not brutes and tyrants, in comparison with the jailors. I was received and have been treated with kindness and sympathy, and my condition made as pleasant as the Penitentiary system will allow. Of that, everything I have yet seen and heard confirms the views I expressed in my letter to the Chronicle, in December last. Its tendency is *only* to harden and brutalize all who are the subjects of it, and to fit them to spend their entire *after* life in the commission of crime. Some of the items you wished for, you will have received ere this, in a letter forwarded by Mr. Mason, with the daguerreotype, and my *defence*. I will just say, all restrictions on the printing of the latter are hereby removed. Let it make a part of the book you are editing, if it is deemed best. Say so to Alden. As to letters, the *general rule* is, that a prisoner is allowed to write to his friends once in three months. If *business* requires, he can write more frequently. So you see I can write to *you only*. You must say to my other friends, that, glad as I should be to do so, I cannot reply to their letters. The new officers, to be

appointed next month, however, may establish different rules, more or less severe. There is no restriction on the number of letters *to* me. But as to topics, they must contain *no news of the day*, (as it is one object of the system to make the prisoners as *ignorant* as possible, and as unfit for life's duties, when they leave the prison). They must contain no remarks on *slavery*, or my imprisonment, unless, *perdie!* some of my friends take a fancy to exhort me to *repent* of hating slavery so much! I came near losing a precious letter from Bro. Leavitt, and even *yours*, because you do not address me as a *criminal*, but sympathize with me as a *man*, lawlessly deprived of his freedom! I suppose on your letters less practical restriction will be laid as to topics. But you had better avoid allusions to slavery. You must not forget that you are writing to *one of the slaves of the State of Maryland!* You had better apprize my friends of the nature of these restrictions, by a note in the *Emancipator*. Tell them to *pay their postage always*, or I shall not get their letters. Let them be directed 'Care of Asa Child, Esq., Baltimore, Md.," and they will reach me, after being read by the warden, *if* in his judgment they contain nothing improper for a convict to read. The warden is absolute monarch within these walls, subject to the advice of the Board of Inspectors. There is no *practical* responsibility to law. But of all these matters, God helping me, I shall one day write, when I am free, if that happy day shall ever come. When a prisoner is introduced here, his name, age, height, marks, cause of commitment, etc., are registered in a book. He is divested of his clothing, washed in a tub, and clad in prison garb. This consists of a skull-cap of cotton cloth, of different colors; a shirt of coarse cotton cloth, with a wide collar of the same; coarse flannels, if ordered by the physician, which is generally granted when desired; a short jacket, pants and vest of kersey, about suitable for horse-blankets in winter; striped cotton in summer. The vest and jacket are lined with white cotton. They are comfortable,

though made in a slovenly manner. Their color is *grey* or *dirt* color. They are washed once a year. The under garments are changed every Sabbath day. The prisoners can wash their hands and faces in their work rooms; but no other provision is made for cleanliness. I have managed to keep clean, so far. The convicts suffer much from this cause. Their cells are eight feet by four, brick on every side, sufficiently cool. They are arranged on the walls of a large building, in five stories, reached by galleries; heated by furnaces in the centre of the basement story. The temperature is about forty-five or fifty degrees in my cell; just so as to keep my eyes, nose and lungs *irritated*, in cold days. The winter, here, has been very mild, so far. No snow has remained on the ground thirty hours; and the ice has seldom remained all day. In another month a southern winter is nearly over. The bed consists of a sack, truckle, with a sufficient number of coarse cotton and woollen coverlets or blankets. There is *no furniture* in the cell, save a water-can and bucket. The food is like that in the Charlestown prison, nearly, though not so well prepared. My fare is water, *good*, (thank God for cold water), a Taunton herring or two, and a plenty of excellent wheat bread; this is the breakfast. Bread and water form my supper. Those who wish it, as most do, have tea or coffee. The dinner consists of a bowl of soup, some meat or bacon, with either potatoes or turnips; salt enough; pepper three times a week, and molasses on Sunday; all coarse, but good, or *meant* to be. You know that I care very little for the luxuries of life, though I *enjoy* them as much as any one; so that these matters all concern me very little. At first I was employed in weaving; but the labor being very obviously too severe for my health and strength, I am *now* set at *warping*. When a little boy, I used to see aunt Fanny do all these things, and loved to help (or *hinder*) her! I did not expect either would ever be my business for years! But the labor I care not for. I am neither afraid nor ashamed of working,

so far as God gives me strength. I am rather better in health than I was when you left, and a good deal stronger. The Sunday is the only holiday for the prisoner. We have worship, i. e. *preaching*, once. No music is allowed; a great deprivation to me. I have found time to read the Bible daily, and to read that charming book, Silvio Pellico's, 'My Prisons.' Get the book and read it, if you would know all a prisoner's changeful feelings, when he has *no remorse* in his bosom. It is one of the most charming books I ever read. In regard to the prospect of my release, I can say very little, only that the matter is said to be going on as well as could be expected. But my friends all exhort me to *patience*. So I conclude that the result may not be so speedy as we were led to hope. Thank God for the liberal spirit of our dear friends in Providence. It deeply affected my heart. God and *his* friends will watch over you and our little ones, and provide for you. Trust in him with *all the heart*, and do good, and 'verily ye shall be fed.'

"I think only *one* of your recent letters has miscarried. The others came *after* my own were sent. I presume you have not yet seen the manuscript of my 'HOME,' as you do not refer to it. I presume I should be allowed to correct the proof-sheets, if it is needful, when it is printed. Hasten on with the other book, and God give you prosperity in both these and your own literary efforts. In regard to my own feelings, I cannot write much. From dark to day-light, say twelve or thirteen hours, we are in the cells, without any lights. I lie hours thinking of and praying for you, our children, and our friends. I shall try to adopt some plan of *topics* of thought, to relieve the dreary monotony of this slave's life. If I could have lights and writing materials, and books enough, I should be quite a happy prisoner. Perhaps God will provide them all ere long, if I am to be continued here. Meantime, I am generally happy, though with all those racing, changeful feelings, which Pellico so naturally describes. My mind is generally stayed on God. The Bible, which I have begun to study in

course, with all the references, never seemed *so rich* and so sweet, in my life, as it does now. I have now got to the thirty-fifth chapter of Genesis. Let us read it *together*. We meet together, morning and evening, at the mercy-seat. So we are not quite separated. My cell window, four inches wide, gives me a glimpse of Howard's grove, and now and then of a glorious sunset. That is my time for devotional reading of the New Testament, and prayer, and *walking* my poor tomb-like cell. Then, the window by which I work commands a fine view of the valley towards the water-works, with several houses and a piece of road. So I can have a *glimpse*, now and then, of God's beautiful things, and of *free* man's handi-works. And I try to find all the pleasant things I can around me, and to *learn* something daily. If I can have strength of mind to cherish these habits, I shall not fall into the semi-insane stupidity which is written on the faces of a majority of the poor men around me. I find myself daily exclaiming, 'Oh that I could preach Christ to these poor sinners.' The kind Methodist men who come to preach here, know nothing *of the heart of a prisoner*. And their well-meant efforts are very little adapted to do good. There is no resident chaplain, a great defect, which I hope will not always exist. Tell my dear children not to weep for father, but to pray for him, that God would give him health and a heart always filled with his Holy Spirit and love. And you, my dear wife, know well where the Fountain of life and peace flows forth from the dying love of our Lord. Or rather from his LIVING affection: 'Because I LIVE, *ye* shall LIVE also,' applies to our life *here*, as well as to the glory that shall follow. Let us keep our 'life *hid* with Christ, in God; so that when he who is our life shall *appear* (be manifested in his glory), we also may' both be with him and be like him. I find a crowd of thoughts *pressing* upon me, which I long to write, but I cannot. And am I *not* to write to you again till April! God grant me patience! *that* seems the hardest thing of all! But there is *no prison* that

has power to bind our thoughts or our hearts. Let us thank God for that, and take courage. This letter is *not* for publication, as you will judge. You will write a note *yourself*, stating the facts my friends need to know about *letters* to me and minor matters. The present gentlemanly officers, I suppose, will soon be removed. May their whig successors be as kind; but I doubt it. But God lives. So let us hope on, hope ever; assured that, in the end, we shall be '*more* than conquerors, through him that loved us,' aye, *loves* us *now*, with an everlasting love. God bless you, and our children, and fill you with His peace and joy. Write me often. It will be a consolation to me, next to the Bible, to read your letters and hear of your welfare. Love to all friends. I am your affectionate husband,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

"*Baltimore Penitentiary, March* 2, 1845.

"My Dear Wife,—All *my* letters, as you will have occasion to notice, bear date on the holy Sabbath. The poor State of Maryland *can't afford* us time to write, in the six of our days *she* claims; so she seizes a part of GOD'S TIME for the purpose, and we must write then, or not at all. However, I trust it is no sin, though, to a certain extent, it *is* 'finding our own pleasure on His holy day.' And for several Sabbaths past, I have written letters for the ignorant class of prisoners, after dinner. I can, then, without violating rules, while their feelings are softened by the recollections of home and friends, say a word, at least, of Christ and salvation. Some appear very much hardened. Some are exceedingly embittered against the truth, and against society and its most wholesome laws. I think old and habitual thieves seem to be more filled with evil, than any others. Their perverted consciences lead them to feel that it will be right to 'have their revenge' upon society for their years of thankless toil and seclusion. Alas! there is very little in the prison, or its

influences, to lead them to better things. The preaching—once on the Sabbath, and, chiefly, by good, but illiterate laymen, is poorly adapted to benefit such men. To-day, we had a Scotchman, who had travelled in Russia, visited Palestine, Idumea, Egypt, etc., and who gave us a regular exhibit of 'Scotch' theology—a phrase your father well understands. However, there was Christ in it, and set forth with affectionate plainness. And where that is done, I can forgive almost anything else. There are some few pious souls even in this dark prison. It is idle to talk of reforming hardened men, here. Those who are benefited by imprisonment, are men who come here, little corrupted, for a first fault, caused by intemperance, or hasty passion; at least, the exceptions are rare. If we meet again, I shall give you some queer samples of prison Christians! One died some time ago. He worked in our room. I was not aware of his death and dissection, till weeks after. There are no funeral solemnities. A man dies, and the doctor takes his body; and, after a time, perhaps weeks, his death is whispered around the prison. Well, if God has his 'hidden ones' here, He does not forget them; and ANGELS do not disregard their death, or entrance into the spirit world, whither we are all hastening. Our new warden, Mr. William Johnson, just appointed to his office, handed me your last letter, a day or two since, and I could not forbear writing, at once, though I am not exactly ready to say all I wish, not having seen Dr. Breckenridge, who called a fortnight ago, but did not get admission, having Mr M. in his company, or for some other reason. Your letter refers to another; in which you say you spoke of dear Mary's illness. *That* letter I have not received. I presume it was written on the reception of mine. Please address the person to whose care it was enclosed, and see what became of it. It has not been received. I have had *two* letters from you, that in January, and the one last week;—direct them hereafter, 'Asa Child, Esq., for C. T. T,' simply, and I

think there will be no more losses. They are losses, greater than you can well know. I was thinking to-day of my *treasures*, counting my little store of letters one of the choicest. I often read them over. I had a most affectionate and brotherly letter a few weeks since, from Gerrit Smith, full of consolation and instruction, as his letters always are. Singular enough, he earnestly pressed on me, the perusal of Silvio Pellico's 'My Prisons,' which, you will remember, was the first book I read, after I came here. *It is* a most admirable volume. There is a wonderful charm in its entire *honesty* of confession of one's feelings and failings. Why should he be so ashamed of frank confession? I know I have taken almost as much satisfaction in the candid confession of an error I regretted, as in the doing of right actions Nothing else brings a *sinner* near to God. And, though our *fellow sinners* sometimes sneer at it, that does not detract from our consequent peace of mind. I miss that absent letter very much; for I presume it contained something about your book, and my 'Home' also, of which your two letters, which I have received, give me no information—as well as about your plans, doings and prospects—all of which are not among the articles of the 'Index Expurgatoria' of the prison. Perhaps I value my Ms. of 'Home' more highly than the booksellers will be likely to do, though I am confident it is, *by far*, the best thing I ever wrote for the press; and you know I have written some things that other people, good judges, pronounced good. But the vanity of authorship is poor comfort, inside of prison walls. You will, if you have not, soon receive an important letter from our friend, A. C. One of his proposals, respecting my liberation, viz., a *purchase* of it, by a compromise with certain persons, he will doubtless inform you, does not meet my approbation, though it would certainly succeed at a very early day. I am *not poor* enough yet, though a penniless prisoner, to sell my cherished principles for liberty. The other proposal, which invokes certain

movements on *your* part, and that of my prominent WHIG friends, both in New England and New York, and perhaps, Ohio, I approve of, and hope it will be used effectually, when the proper time arrives. But do not suppose I am in *haste* about it. Much as I value freedom, and the many, many and rich blessings God has so wisely connected with it, I shall be very patient; and wish my friends to act at the best time, and in the wisest way. I am not without hopes that the new directors, two of whom at least, are Christians, will allow the introduction of more decided religious influences into the prison. If we could have a Sabbath School, and a judicious, faithful chaplain, such as they have in Charlestown, under the care of brother Curtis, it would be a great blessing to many. The most hardened men in prison, have their hours of sorrow, when the faithful chaplain, constantly present, could gain access to their softened spirits. It is one of *my* trials of spirit, that when I see men so softened, and ready to receive, if ever, the seed of the gospel, I cannot speak a word to them. I can pray, and for a long time my heart has not been so much drawn out in prayer for any blessing, as it has for the outpouring of God's spirit on these poor men.

"My health remains *good*, compared with what it was in the jail; though for two or three weeks I have been struggling with acute pains, and febrile symptoms. But God helping me, I do not mean to be sick. It is no place to be sick, *in prison*, as I am well satisfied by *bitter* experience; though even there, God gave me peace in my spirit, when *reason* was nearly dethroned, and I had little hope of life, and *less* desire for it. The *neuralgia* gives me rather more pain than when you was here. But 'I am well,' in prison dialect, so do not concern yourself about it—my 'peace flows as a river,' most of the time, and I am able to be *cheerful*, which is perhaps the hardest thing for a prisoner, cut off from all the ordinary motives to human action. Like the servant, one must *work for Christ*, to perform thankless labor well and con-

stantly. I suppose I may be called a 'good warper' now, an attainment in science I little dreamed of a year ago! As a matter of convenience, I have adopted *your* hour for evening devotion; so we can more literally 'meet together,' when we plead for the mercies we need, at the day's close. I try to think of you, and dear Charles and Mary, as kneeling with me, and pray to our Father as the God of the family covenant. I find little time to read, as yet. The long hours of the evening we pass in darkness. This is the source of more sin, of more suffering and evil than almost all things else in prison. But I find time to read His Word daily. I am *studying* the Old Testament, in course, by the help of the references of the small Polyglot. I have reached Exodus xxvi. The New Testament I began, for devotional reading, and have reached Luke xviii. I know you will be interested in these trifles, so will our dear children.

"When you write G. Smith, tell him how much I thank him for his letter, and especially for his *reproofs*. I love him very much as a faithful Christian. I wish I could reply to his letter, but I cannot.' I am very happy to hear of our dear little ones. May God preserve their health, and fill them with his love, and lead them early to seek his face.—Their conversion to Christ now, in childhood, has been much on my heart, for weeks past. Tell me more of your literary avocations. Enable me to *look into* your little house, and see what you are about from day to day. I wish I could help you in your pursuits; but of this there is very little prospect. Mark it: I am *not at all* sanguine of the success of any plan for my liberation, not involving disgraceful denial of principles, which cannot be submitted to. I have reason to think that the same clan of evil men, who so nearly destroyed my good name among the Christian people of the city, are still busy at their work. You know the proverb—'to justify one lie requires twenty!' And I know that the feeling, in certain quarters, is *exceedingly* bitter against me. I

think the publication of my review of the trial, will do much to set candid and decent men here, right on various points.—But I may still be doomed to live and die here. That I shall *live* here, six years, or three, is too much to hope. The seeds of disease sown in my feeble frame, in that horrible jail, are not very likely to be rooted out here, where seventy-three per cent. of the convicts died, the very last year—one in eight. The causes of ill health in this prison are, chiefly, such as may easily be removed; but it is hardly probable they will be, till *public* feeling is cleansed of the feeling the words 'good enough for prisoners' express. I do not dwell on these matters—do not care for them. Whether you or I go to Heaven *first*, will be of no great moment; and whether we go from prison or a palace will make no difference in our joy in the world of light, where Christ is, and where we shall 'be satisfied with his likeness.' I have read a volume of Wm. Jay's sermons, most of Meikle's 'Solitude Sweetened,' and some other choice books, since January 1st. Even a few minutes a day will enable us to read much. And when I feel my mind *half starved* for profitable reading, I resort to the Book of books. How *rich* it is! The new officers of the prison, except some Inspectors and the Warden, are not yet appointed. I can only hope they will be *Christians*, as well as vigilant officers; men who will never forget the *man and the brother* in the prisoner, and often, the very guilty man. I want very much an Italian Bible. None can be had in Baltimore. Can you get me one from the Am. B. S. in New York, and have it sent to Mr. Child, by Express or private hand? It will cost about $1,25; my friend, C. Stockton Halstead, merchant in New York city, if you write him, will gladly send me one. G. Smith renews the assurances that my many friends will not suffer you and our children to want. In these days of war and public agitation, individual interests are easily forgotten. But God will provide, if we cheerfully put our trust in Him; 'all things are ours,'

because they are His, and He controls them at His pleasure for our good. Remember, Mr. L. is no longer at W., so direct your letters to *this* city hereafter, post paid, as before.

"Winter is broken here, and we are beginning to have green grass, while snow and ice are all around *you*. Soon I shall see 'sweet fields' of 'living green' from my window, daily. May they ever remind us of the fields *beyond* the ken of sense, where we shall soon 'walk in white,' if we are found worthy. I have still *very* much to say, but darkness has come—and long weeks must pass before I again am allowed to give you a word of cheer. But if we are near to God, we shall be near to each other. God bless you, and our dear children, and our many kind friends who have not forgotten us in the day of our need.

"I am your affectionate husband,

CHARLES T. TORREY.

"*Baltimore Penitentiary, March* 9, 1845.

"My Dear Wife,—Your *missing* letter was handed me by our kind Warden, on Monday or Tuesday last. I had been *repining* about it, for a prisoner repines about matters that a *freeman* will be very submissive under; but when I read it, I sat down to weep tears, both of gratitude to God, and of self-reproach at my murmuring. God bless you and our dear children for all your love, and your prayers. *He answers them*, by giving me peace and joy in Christ Jesus. The past week there was an administration of the sacraments of baptism, the supper, and the rite of confirmation, by the Episcopal Bishop. Several prisoners received these ordinances. It is to be hoped that the hearts of many were truly filled with the grace of God. But *inside* of prison walls, it is perhaps harder to 'discern between the righteous and the wicked,' than it is in freedom.

"Our old friend, James N. Buffum, formerly of Lynn, called to see me this week, but too early in the morning to

be admitted. He left a kind note. Any of my friends who may chance to be in Baltimore, can get a permit from one of the directors to see me. God be with you! I have a *whole heart full* to write, of the goodness of the Lord to me. This week has been a constant spiritual feast to my spirit. I joy in the God of my salvation. May His Holy Spirit so fill *your* heart and mind! and may our dear little ones learn to praise Him! Tell them that our Saviour comes every day to visit their father, in his prison, and fill his heart with peace. And He will make them children of His love, if they ask Him with all their heart. I meant to refer our dear friend, G. S., to some sweet thoughts in Burder's 'Sermons for the Aged,' on losing one's sight. He writes me that it is fast failing him. By the way, I wish you to regard it as a *general rule*, not to publish my letters, while I remain here. Any thing my friends wish to know, from time to time, *you* can publish. But any other course will restrict the freedom of *our* intercourse, and besides, is not necessary for any important end. If this is regarded, the Warden will lay no other, unnecessary, restriction upon it. I believe he is very kindly disposed towards me, though I have had very little intercourse with him. My best love to all my friends, in and out of our family circle—tell them to *pray for prisoners*. Christ did not despise them. He came to 'open the prison doors,' by imparting salvation to them. Those whom *men* despise, Jesus pities and weeps over. I think the Holy Spirit is manifestly at work in this prison, on some hearts. What is he not able to do? I need not say how near my heart you and our children are, at all times, especially in my prayers before our Father.

I am yours with affection,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

"*Baltimore Penitentiary, April* 29, 1845.

My dear wife,—You will naturally think that I have taken

a long time to *consider* whether I should make the pledge required of me, in your letter of April 1. But Mr. Child did not *deliver* it till day before yesterday, having detained it to consult certain gentlemen here, on the topics to which you refer. I commence my reply in such a state of bodily weakness and pain as to make it pretty certain I shall not be able to finish it to-day. I am suffering from a severe attack of my old foe, the *neuralgia*. The *disease and the remedies*, such as bleeding, blisters, etc., have, in two or three weeks, made me much more feeble than I was when you first came to Baltimore, last fall. And, though Dr. Gibson, the new physician of the penitentiary is reputed, and I think justly, somewhat eminent in his profession, I do not consider the prospect of recovering my health at all cheering. However, do not be alarmed or disheartened. The same kind and glorious Savior, who has 'filled me with all joy and peace in believing,' since my imprisonment here, to a degree without precedent in my life, will do all things well. If He has any *use* for me, both my bodily and mental powers will be restored and preserved. If not, let us say, 'It is the Lord: let him do what seemeth good in His sight.' I need not say, that whatever consists with the discipline of the prison will be done for my comfort and restoration, little as prison life is adapted to meet the wants of a neuralgic patient. If it shall please God to call me home from this place, I shall not complain. And sometimes I do long to be free from the body, and to be present with the Lord. This week, I am not able to read; and my mind begins to act upon itself, as it did before; so that I long to stop *thinking*. Still I am not unhappy, on the whole; and when my mind can fix itself on Christ, I find my heart is there. You will see that I am not in the best condition to consider anew, and decide on the various questions connected with my possible release. So far as my return to the South, with reference to aiding slaves to escape, I have no hesitation in saying, that I have no purpose, plan, wish or intention to

do so, in case of my release from that imprisonment to which perjury consigned me. It would be highly unjust to you, to my children, to my friends who have dealt so generously with me and mine, for me to expose myself, in any way, a second time, to such results, and you to such sufferings. If it pleases God to open my prison doors, it is due to *your* tried affection that I should give you all the assurance you can derive from what you know of my naturally inflexible character, that no such hazards to you and our children shall be incurred. Had you asked such a pledge, when here, without the remotest reference to my freedom, it should have been freely given, though I am perfectly aware that in making it I destroy a large portion of my *public* influence. And, I must frankly add, I do *not* believe it will be of any avail. It may satisfy the scruples of certain gentlemen in Massachusetts, whose influence is desirable. But men like Linus Child and Gov. Lincoln, who know my character well, must be perfectly aware, that I would do anything consistent with straight forward honesty, to save you from the trials incident to my condition. But the demand for concessions *here*, is much more serious. My former influence I am ready to resign. My future life, if freed, will be one of toil and, to me, of much suffering, more so than *you*, my dear wife, will ever know. I do not know that my imprisonment has lost me any friends, for whom I cared; it has gained me many, in all lands. But if you recall one of our last conversations, you will know to what *class* of sufferings I refer. But God will give me strength for what may be before me, if life is continued. But the demand for a sacrifice of my *integrity*, is renewed *here*, in the most offensive form, though with an abundance of kind words, and very evident kind feelings towards me. It is the same demand made in the jail, as a condition of release, the rejection of which I apprized you, at the time. How can I assent to doctrines to which my heart, my conscience, and my matured judgment, based on careful examination, when no possible motive of self-

interest could bias me, led me to reject, as opposed to the Bible and to right reason? I may be very erroneous in my views, for I am a public man. But *this* is no place, nor am I in a condition to review my settled views respecting the relations of Christianity to those civil laws which are *contrary* to natural justice and the law of God? What is required of me *here*, goes, in fact, the whole length of admitting the *rightfulness* of the views of the religious bodies, calling themselves 'churches,' which have so far departed from the simplicity of the gospel as to tolerate slavery in their bosom. To be sure, it is not presented in exactly *that form;* it is clothed in *terms* not offensive; but what are *mere words?* Shall I, for the sake of escaping a prison for the short remnant of my life, do an act so basely selfish as to sign what I believe Christ abhors? When in jail, some Christian men, of pretty high standing, endeavored to persuade me that I might sign a document so equivocal that it might bear *two* constructions, a Southern and a Northern one, like a politician's letter before an election. Our worthy friend Child will not urge such duplicity, nor do I suppose he thinks me capable of it. I would not write all this, my dear wife, but I feel it is necessary to prepare you for a very *probable* disappointment of all his very wise plans for my release; 'very wise,' provided I was not troubled with a conscience, an understanding, and a heart of my own, but could become a nose of wax to be moulded by circumstances, selfish interests, and other men's opinions. You may be sure that I will refuse nothing which I can possibly assent to, with honesty; but my *present* opinion is, that *more* than this is demanded of me. It is better to die in prison, with the peace of God in our hearts, than to live in freedom, with a polluted conscience. I find Mr. C. still goes on with the plan of compromising with H. and B. T., in spite of my abhorrence of it. It is a severe trial to me not to *forbid* it, altogether. *Coöperate* in it, I will not. I trust *your* hands will be kept pure, and your father's also. Released in

such a way, I must feel a slave so long as *such* a pecuniary obligation rests on me. But for your sake, I had rather die here than suffer it. I told Mr. C. that all I could promise was not to forbid those who could do such a thing, with a good conscience. But it burdens my spirit. That I feel deeply grateful for all the kindness of our friends, my daily prayers bear witness, I hope they will be guided so as to do nothing for my release which God cannot approve; and that they will pray that *I* may be kept from sacrificing a good conscience to obtain freedom from temporal sufferings.

"*April* 30. You will see by the ink, where weakness compelled me to stop yesterday. To-day I *feel* somewhat better, though the disease is not affected. I take pretty strong doses of tincture of digitalis, a remedy which is always *gradual* in its effects. But I expect no more from it than I received in 1835, viz. *nothing*. However, the Lord will order all things well. I have a *great deal* to write, far more than my paper will hold. Thank you very much for the Bible, (which Mr. C. has not sent over yet). I will try to make no more calls on you, at present. Ever since I read Sismondi's Literature of the South of Europe, I have had a strong desire to be familiar with the Italian. *Now* I can hardly *enjoy* Italian poetry. But two perusals of the *Bible* will give me an entire command of the language. This was Elihu Burritt's plan. If I am here, living and well, I mean to acquire at least *one* new language a year, taking German next. Dr. Snodgrass made me a very kind call some days since, and offered to supply me with books, regularly. I trust 'Home' will do good. I have no doubt it will be very widely read, on both sides of the 'big pond,' as well as in dear Scituate. How many hours, in my prison, have I spent in recalling the incidents, scenes, and friends of my childhood! Many incidents of my childhood, connected with aunt Fanny, grandmother, cousin Deborah, my school-mates, the old houses and families of S.; things forgotten for twenty-five years, have affected me very

the effect on most of them is very happy. Some of them wonder, and say, 'it is too good to last.' Others ascribe it to the *politics* of the officers. But others have sense enough to see it is the result of Christian principle. You will be glad to know that Mr. Winne, the jail gate keeper, who was so kind to you and to me, is one of the new officers. He is a man of prayer. Several others of the subordinate officers seem to be decided Christians. I think several prisoners have been awakened, and, I hope, led to the Savior, since January. But *prison piety* is a feeble, sickly plant at best; and much of it feigned. Even when it is *real*, it presents strange contrasts. You cannot conceive of minds so low-lived, ignorant and debased, that even sincere penitence does not show them the evil of vulgar ribaldry! and even of things worse than that! Had my avocations and journeyings not brought me in contact with the same low life, the *better shades* of which Dickens loves to depict, I could not believe such things existed in *our* land. A few of the prisoners belong to a higher class, and only a few. I thank my dear little Charles and Mary for their kind messages to father. May our heavenly Father bless them with his Holy Spirit, that they may love Him, and love to do good to all men. May He graciously keep them from all evil, from sin and suffering. I want to hear that they are both *very* good children, and that they try, every day, to *please God*. Sin will kindle a fire which *cannot* be put out, like the fire in Mrs. H.'s barn, if Charles does not get the love of sin out of his heart. But our Savior will help him, if he prays to him. I hope they both try to make mother happy, by obedience, and kindness to her and to every one. You do not refer to pecuniary matters at all. I can only hope that, in accordance with the assurances others have made me, God has provided amply for your present need. Still *trust Him*, and 'do good, and verily thou shalt be fed.' God chooses *his own way* to provide for us; but his promises will not fail to secure to us all that is really for our welfare. Why should we wish for

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much. Pray send the pamphlets you speak of about Scituate affairs. There will be no trouble about them. Send directly to the care of the warden, Mr. Wm. Johnson, post-paid, of course. I am very glad you read the manuscript of 'Home' to grandmother, and (I suppose) to the rest of the family circle. I should be glad to write to them and to aunt Fanny. But you must assure her and them all that I remember them often, and with affection, grateful for all their love and their prayers for me. Nothing has made me feel so humble as the fact that so many, not our relations only, or the many *poor* who bless me, but all over our land prayed for me. What am I? How do I deserve their love? But God will bless *them* according to all that is in their hearts towards me. Our dear friends, John P. Jewett and his wife, with their little child which I baptized, and a *troop* of *her* Baltimore relatives, made me a very kind visit, some time since. He afterwards sent me some very acceptable books; Howitt's Rural and Domestic Life in Germany, is one. John promised to see you and write me. He is somewhat feeble still. But you have probably seen them, so I am writing *old* news. I have read another book, with great satisfaction. You *must* read it: Henrich Stilling's Autobiography. Translations of some choice gems of his poetry you have read. But this gives the single hearted *Christian*, ever full of trust in God and active usefulness. You can buy it for twenty-five cents. It has all the charm of the Pilgrim's Progress to a Christian mind. My old friend, Benjamin O. Bacon, called two weeks ago, and brought me an affectionate letter from that *good* man, Henry Grew, together with kind remembrances from all my Philadelphia friends. Some others have called on me, but none whom you ever saw, or know much about. So I will not speak of them in detail. I am one of seventeen in a large room, about forty feet square, in the old prison. Two or three poor men are evidently very near to death, though very little conscious of it, or, I fear, prepared

to meet its issues. The death of a sinner is fearful always. But for such an one to die in prison, deprived of *human* sympathy, is even more shocking. Others are the subjects of various kinds and degrees of illness. But all feeling that *if they were free* they might soon recover. How natural! No doubt, in many cases, it might be so. But we are reluctant to learn the lesson of our mortality. Mr. Child and Mr. Gallagher will write you respecting their interviews with me, with various matters of interest. You might have spared the trouble of your letter to G., as Mr. Cox perused and corrected my manuscript before it was sent; and, indeed, before the final copy of it was made, in which all points he deemed even *doubtful* were omitted. The signatures of any number of prominent men can be obtained by our Boston friends, by a simple circular to such men as Jas. G. Carter, Wm. Reed, Wm. Jackson, etc. Nor have I any doubt that they can have the names of all the members of both houses of the legislature by similar means. Mr. C. is rather disposed to mystify me in regard to the source of the means of compromising with H. and B. T. I care not to know it at present. But TAKE CARE to whom you make me a bondman, if I *must* come under a bondage so hateful. If I may live to return to every human being all the obligations I have received, I shall be ready to die. Nor do I think it pride that leads me to such feelings, though it may be. I *would* 'owe no man anything but to love one another,' if possible. My foes here, finding their old slanders losing their power, have recently sent out a *new edition*; to meet which it may become necessary to send to Canada. But if these were met, they would coin new ones. 'The devil,' in this State, 'is come down in great wrath, knowing that his time is short.' And some of the *good* people are much frightened at his raging, and are very sorry that his wrath was provoked. You understand me. The last two months have witnessed many improvements, completed or in progress, in the treatment and condition of the prisoners. And

the effect on most of them is very happy. Some of them wonder, and say, 'it is too good to last.' Others ascribe it to the *politics* of the officers. But others have sense enough to see it is the result of Christian principle. You will be glad to know that Mr. Winne, the jail gate keeper, who was so kind to you and to me, is one of the new officers. He is a man of prayer. Several others of the subordinate officers seem to be decided Christians. I think several prisoners have been awakened, and, I hope, led to the Savior, since January. But *prison piety* is a feeble, sickly plant at best; and much of it feigned. Even when it is *real*, it presents strange contrasts. You cannot conceive of minds so low-lived, ignorant and debased, that even sincere penitence does not show them the evil of vulgar ribaldry! and even of things worse than that! Had my avocations and journeyings not brought me in contact with the same low life, the *better shades* of which Dickens loves to depict, I could not believe such things existed in *our* land. A few of the prisoners belong to a higher class, and only a few. I thank my dear little Charles and Mary for their kind messages to father. May our heavenly Father bless them with his Holy Spirit, that they may love Him, and love to do good to all men. May He graciously keep them from all evil, from sin and suffering. I want to hear that they are both *very* good children, and that they try, every day, to *please God.* Sin will kindle a fire which *cannot* be put out, like the fire in Mrs. H.'s barn, if Charles does not get the love of sin out of his heart. But our Savior will help him, if he prays to him. I hope they both try to make mother happy, by obedience, and kindness to her and to every one. You do not refer to pecuniary matters at all. I can only hope that, in accordance with the assurances others have made me, God has provided amply for your present need. Still *trust Him*, and 'do good, and verily thou shalt be fed.' God chooses *his own way* to provide for us; but his promises will not fail to secure to us all that is really for our welfare. Why should we wish for

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I don't know that I can write you again before July, unless some business item requires it, or my health declines still more. Write as often as it is convenient. My best love to all friends. I cannot name them in detail. If you have a favorable opportunity, I wish you would send me my little Greek New Testament with the small lexicon. It has been my pocket companion many a weary mile, in years past, and I often want it, now, to refer to. Farewell! May our covenant keeping God and Savior give you richly to enjoy all the blessings of his grace and love. When you pray for me, do not forget my poor fellow prisoners also. I am yours, with affection, CHARLES T. TORREY."

"*May* 1, 1845. I must add a few of my rhymes, though I began them in a measure so difficult, that my sick head could not *beat* harmony into them.

"Sweet spring flowers! sweet spring flowers
On the distant hills I see.
And the valley of Belvidere
Is clothed with a carpet of green.
No bounding walls of granite, I ween,
That shut up my body, here,
Can bid the winds stop wafting to me
The sweets of their perfumed bowers.

I may not walk beneath the shade
Of yonder greenwood trees;
I may not twine for Mary's hair
A garland of beauty and love,
And bind it her brows above;
That all the viewless spirits of air
Shall love to linger, like honey bees,
Round the garland I made.

Yet I love their colors, so gay,
And rich perfumes they bring;
I love the sounds of joy
That rise from that brilliant parterre.
My spirit oft wandereth there,

And, freed from each care and alloy,
With *thee* rejoices to sing
A hymn to the sweet bonny May.

Sweet May! the emblem of love!
Her many opening flowers,
Her songs from every tree,
Her gentle breath and sunny smile,
The prisoner of half his woes beguile:
She maketh his spirit free!
He counts no more the weary hours,
He walks in the garden above!

"I can think of no close to my poor rhymes but that sweet verse commencing,

"There everlasting spring abides,
And ever opening flowers, etc.,

which *little* Mary can repeat to her mother. So again, farewell!

C. T. T.

CHAPTER XIII.

LETTERS TO MR. TORREY WHILE IN PRISON.

We have now accompanied Mr. Torrey through nearly one whole year of imprisonment and suffering. How he bears himself, the reader has seen. It will be interesting to know what streams of sympathy and consolation were trickling in through the walls of his prison, to comfort and cheer the lonely sufferer.

From the day it was known that he had been arraigned at Baltimore, a wide and deep interest was felt in his behalf. This feeling manifested itself in furnishing nearly a thousand dollars to be expended in his defence and for his deliverance.

The following letters are published entirely upon the responsibility of the editor. Justice to some of the parties, in

his opinion, would be satisfied with nothing less; and he feels confident they will be read with interest.

"*Washington City, Jan.* 1, 1845.

"Dear Torrey,—I wish you a happy new year! 'Strange salutation,' you say, for a poor prisoner, clad in sackcloth, fed on the coarsest food, cut off from society, and even from literary delights, and bending his feeble frame to *hard labor* in a penitentiary.' But why, my dear Charles, should you not have a happy new year? Let those be unhappy who have committed crime. Let those be unhappy who have no hope in our atoning, and interceding, and present Savior. Let those be unhappy, who know that God is not their God.—What are the coarse garments—call them riches, and say to yourself, that you are dressed in the height of fashion, and they will give you sweeter satisfaction than all the gorgeous apparel I have to-day seen at the White House. And the prison fare, with peace of conscience, will relish sweeter far, than the richest dainties, seasoned with remorse. And furthermore, you are not so reduced, after all, as He, who had not where to lay his head,—so I say again—a happy new year to you. And may each returning new year's day, which brings nearer and nearer the overthrow of slavery, not only in Maryland, but throughout our country, make the remembrance sweeter and sweeter to your soul, that you have done what you could, to bring it about. I am not trifling with you, or making a mock at calamity, therefore, when I do sincerely bid you a happy new year! And I sat down to pen this letter, thinking it might perhaps not be unseasonable or unacceptable, and I pray you to accept it as a token of my brotherly kindness, and a pledge that I shall leave nothing untried, which is within my power, to hasten the period when the prison doors shall open again to let you out into the world, to participate in the destinies of the age, and to enjoy the sweets of friends and home.

"I have received yours of Saturday, and will lose no time in attending to the matter, to the best of my ability. I have received an encouraging letter from Mr. Child—rather so.—But do not be impatient. Do just what is right, and wait like a man for the result. Make everything as pleasant as you can in the prison, both for yourself and all others. It is the way to find favor with God and man. Good night.

Your affectionate brother,

JOSHUA LEAVITT.

"*Baltimore, Jan.* 19, 1845.

"My Dear Leavitt,—I thank you heartily for your new year's salutation! I had like to have been deprived of the privilege of reading it, on account of your allusions to slavery! And now I can write you only on *business* matters; on no other topics can I write to any but my wife; and to her only once in three months. However, I can receive letters of affection, provided they give me no *information* as to what is passing in the living world without.

"I am civilly (most uncivilly I think it) dead to the world, while in these tombs. But I am *happy*, thanks to our merciful Savior, on the whole. I pray you assure our brethren of my hearty gratitude for your kindness. If God protracts my life, and gives me *rational* freedom, I hope to prove it by substantial service."

"You exhort me to be patient in regard to the measures for my deliverance. I *will*, God helping me. I have not yet seen Mr. C., though I am promised an interview next week, when I hope to know something definite in regard to it.

"My health is improved on the whole. The officers are all very kind; as much so as their system allows, probably.

"God bless you, and my friends who are *free* to good.—Aye, there's the hardship of a prison to me; a *useless* life. Farewell! I am afraid I am now trespassing too far on the

limits of a business letter. I am yours, very truly and gratefully, CHARLES T. TORREY."

"*Peterboro', Feb.* 7, 1845.

"REV. CHARLES T. TORREY—

"My Dear Brother,—I am at my house to-day, instead of my office. Together with my family, I am observing this day as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer, with reference to the state and prospects of our country. Others are observing the day in a similar manner.

"You are much in my thoughts, and I was made very happy the other evening, by seeing in the newspapers, that you were allowed to receive letters from your friends, provided such letters were silent on this, that, and the other topic. I regret the restrictions, but even with them, it is a pleasure to write to you—and guarded and constrained as must be my letter, it will doubtless afford you some pleasure to read it.

"I and mine are, through Divine mercy, in good health. My eye sight, which has been seriously affected for several years, has of late failed quite fast. It would not be strange if I should become blind in a few years. Possibly, the shutting up of my outward sight is God's way for opening my inward eye—the eye of the soul, as Baxter (if I recollect) calls the eye of faith.

> 'Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
> And know no will but His.'

That sweetness may you and I know.

"Your own family are I believe in good health. I have sent your dear wife the letters you wrote me from the Baltimore Jail. You need have no concern that your wife and children will not be well provided for. Multitudes of friends are already ministering to them. God will take care of them.

"And now, 'is it well with thee?' I learn that you are in a State Prison, and shut up from seeing wife, children, friends—from preaching the gospel—from your other benevolent labors—from your literary pursuits; nevertheless, I suppose it may be well with thee—hence I ask, 'is it well with thee?'

"If, my dear brother, you are fully and sweetly resigned to all the Lord's will, then it is 'well with you,' and all these things that you are called to suffer are 'light afflictions.' So you have preached—so you have called on others to feel—and so, I trust, you now feel yourself. God is emphatically testing you. He is trying whether you will learn, in your own person, the reduction to practice of your own preaching. God's grace is sufficient to make your cell, your toil, and all your privations, dear and precious to you. This you believed, before your confinement—and this, I hope, you are now experiencing the truth of.

"I am happy to see by the newspapers, that you have been favored in the kind of labor assigned to you. I suppose your food is palatable and healthful, though coarse. I presume that you have a copy of the Bible—and I am not entirely without hope that you are permitted to read other good books. You are not badly off however in respect to reading, if you are allowed to read but one book, so long as that book is the best of books. When I think of the rigid necessity you are under to read and study the Bible, and make all its letter, as well as its spirit and meaning, your own, I almost envy you that necessity, and the confinement which occasions it. I hope that your keepers are kind-hearted—that they love you, and that you love them. If they are not Christians, God grant that your words and ways may be such as to win them to Christ. Give them my love, if you are allowed to do so, and tell them that my fervent prayer to God is, that He would return into their own bosoms a hundred fold for all the kindness which they may show to my dear and afflicted brother Torrey. Tell

the effect on most of them is very happy. Some of them wonder, and say, 'it is too good to last.' Others ascribe it to the *politics* of the officers. But others have sense enough to see it is the result of Christian principle. You will be glad to know that Mr. Winne, the jail gate keeper, who was so kind to you and to me, is one of the new officers. He is a man of prayer. Several others of the subordinate officers seem to be decided Christians. I think several prisoners have been awakened, and, I hope, led to the Savior, since January. But *prison piety* is a feeble, sickly plant at best; and much of it feigned. Even when it is *real*, it presents strange contrasts. You cannot conceive of minds so low-lived, ignorant and debased, that even sincere penitence does not show them the evil of vulgar ribaldry! and even of things worse than that! Had my avocations and journeyings not brought me in contact with the same low life, the *better shades* of which Dickens loves to depict, I could not believe such things existed in *our* land. A few of the prisoners belong to a higher class, and only a few. I thank my dear little Charles and Mary for their kind messages to father. May our heavenly Father bless them with his Holy Spirit, that they may love Him, and love to do good to all men. May He graciously keep them from all evil, from sin and suffering. I want to hear that they are both *very* good children, and that they try, every day, to *please God*. Sin will kindle a fire which *cannot* be put out, like the fire in Mrs. H.'s barn, if Charles does not get the love of sin out of his heart. But our Savior will help him, if he prays to him. I hope they both try to make mother happy, by obedience, and kindness to her and to every one. You do not refer to pecuniary matters at all. I can only hope that, in accordance with the assurances others have made me, God has provided amply for your present need. Still *trust Him*, and 'do good, and verily thou shalt be fed.' God chooses *his own way* to provide for us; but his promises will not fail to secure to us all that is really for our welfare. Why should we wish for

more? Give my respects to Mrs. H. I am sorry for her loss; if she was poor, I should pity her. As it is, it is only a gentle warning to use her ample means more singly for God. We all need such *hints*. I have been much humbled by reviewing my life, and discovering, not merely so much sin, but so many selfish and low motives connected even with the acts and plans for the good of others which I thought most in accordance with God's will. Ah! those who praise us, see very little of our hearts, as they appear in God's holy eyes! 'Cleanse thou me from secret faults.' Mr. Cain, one of the pious officers, some time ago loaned me a very *searching* volume, written by Solomon Stoddard: 'The Safety of appearing in the Righteousness of Christ at the Day of Judgment.' Like the other writings of that great man, it is tinctured with his errors and those of his time. But it is very instructive; and the closing portions are fitted to test one's hopes for eternity, as much as Edwards on the Affections, if not more so. In one of uncle Wm. T. T.'s letters, you will find the same feelings expressed by him, and also by one of the best men in western New York, that uncle T. showed. May God bless and accept it from them.

"Whenever 'Home' is printed, I wish you would send me two or three copies of it. And I have *half* a mind to say that I will not be glad to see any friend who does not bring some book with him! But I am not quite so badly off as that. Some of the prisoners have a supply of books, though nearly half are unable to read. There are about 265 here, male and female.

"I am glad to learn Charles is industrious. It is the road to honor; but idleness brings shame. Now a *hint*. Your letters *improve* in adaptation to *my* wants, in variety of items such as I wish and need to know. But the writing grows *nearly* as illegible as mine! and puzzles our kind warden to decipher it. My writing, of course, is beyond reforming!

ry to editing that book, and be assured I will do the best I can.

"I wish to repeat it, be as cheerful as you can, in this trying time, and 'in patience possess your soul.' This is the Lord's doing, we both believe, though man be not guiltless in placing you here, and let us both be apt scholars in learning the lesson which God in this providence would teach. In the light of eternity, I think we shall wonder that we did not see here, what a rich boon our afflictions are, inasmuch as we practically learn by them, that all things below are vanity, and that God is the only true fountain and source of bliss.—With the presence of this heavenly guest, your prison may become a palace. I tremble, when I think of the striking providences in which God has dealt with us! And He means something by them! Let us in some measure understand the counsels of the Almighty in this respect, as far, I mean, as is proper, and improve by them as He intended we should; for, tremendous are the responsibilities of those who have had great opportunities for learning their duty, and the vanity of the world! whether these opportunities be merciful or afflictive. Alexis's health is better than when I wrote you last, and the doctor has given him some hopes of recovery. When the doctor said this, Alexis looked disappointed. He had made up his mind to die, and the world looked to him as a bubble, and he desired not to remain in it any longer. Now, he seems pleased somewhat with a prospect of life, but says, he has nothing to say, but leaves the matter entirely with God.

"By the way, in several of your letters you speak of not hearing from me; and I strongly suspect that my letter has not reached you. Well, let those who would intercept my letters to you, have it, if they will. I wrote nothing, as I can recollect, that would be objectionable to any one. But do not think I shall neglect you. I will write as often as I can be allowed to, and shall never cease to speak of you to the children, or remember you in my supplications at the throne of

grace; we can meet there, notwithstanding the distance there is between us, and the thickness of the prison wall.

"Remember that your health depends upon your spirits, and unless you can keep them up, you will not be so likely to endure your captivity. Let then, the determination not to be sacrificed upon the altar of Slavery, keep up your spirits till the joyful day shall come, when the term for which you are imprisoned shall be at an end. *In God*, you can do all things; then trust in Him to sustain you till the end. Write to me, if the Warden will permit you to do so, and as often as possible. But let me entreat you *again* in *patience to possess* your soul.

Your affectionate wife,

MARY I. TORREY.

"*West Medway, Feb.*, 1845.

"My Dear Husband,—I received your very welcome letter about a fortnight since, and I thought when it came, that it would have been answered before this; but I have been so busy, *book-making*, and attending to our dear children, that I have delayed it day after day, until the present time. I will try and observe the restrictions that you mentioned in your letter, but it will be hard work to write to you without telling you any news. Indeed, I do not think it is intended to exclude any information respecting your family and friends which I may communicate.

"Brother Alexis, we hope, will live, but his physicians say it is still a very doubtful case, though there may be hope. Father's health is improving, and the rest of the family are in usual health. Perhaps you are in a hurry to hear about the children. I thought I would speak of them—and of myself *last*, because of the most *importance* in your estimation. Charles is in fine health, and generally in good spirits, save when he is talking about his father, and how long it will be before you will return. Then, his patience almost forsakes

him; but he says he will try to be a good boy and obey his mother, 'because it will please father.' He improves quite rapidly in his studies, and exhibits quite a fondness for reading. Mary is not as well as usual to-night, but you need not be alarmed, for I think it will prove to be nothing but a severe cold. She seems to be rather feverish, but I have applied remedies that I think will be successful in relieving it. I wish sometimes that you could look into our room, and see Charles and Mary with your miniature. They take it and talk to it, carry it about, and really seem sometimes as though they thought you had returned. It is a great comfort, I assure you, to have it, and especially as it is such a good one.

"My own health is quite good, considering my feeble constitution. If I had not been sitting up too late, for several nights past, I should feel quite well. But I am not accustomed to such things, and it affects me very much, so much so that I can hardly write a decent letter. I forgot to mention, that it is *now* 'time all honest folks were in bed,' but I have determined, if I can keep my eyes open, that another day shall not pass, before I have written to you. O! there is one thing I will mention here, lest I forget it: uncle Samuel A. Turner wrote me that he was going to Baltimore in a few weeks, and he will call and see you, if he can be admitted. In the same letter, he mentions that your grandfather and aunt Fanny were in usual health.

"I have been thinking since I mentioned Mary's illness, that it might make you unhappy, thinking I had not written to you as bad as it was; but be assured I have. If we are truly submissive to God, we shall not indulge our fears to any great extent, because, we know that 'all things shall work together for good to them that love God.' I hope you will be enabled to bear your imprisonment with patience, and I pray God you *may do good while you are in prison.* Try to remember, when you are severely tried, and I presume that will of necessity be quite often, *whose ambassador* you

are! God has, in his providence, called you *to represent* Him, in prison!—try to do it *faithfully!*

Your affectionate wife,

MARY I. TORREY.

"*West Medway, April* 1, 1845.

"My dear husband,—I should have answered your two letters before this, but I have been waiting, to know what to write you about your manuscript of Home, which I carried to the printer some time since. But not hearing from him as I expected to do, I have concluded to write, and wait till another opportunity to inform you of its fate and progress.

"I have procured you an Italian Bible, from the Bible Society. It cost $2,37½; rather more expensive than I supposed it would have been; but it is a good one.

"I received a letter, a short time since, from Mr. Asa Child, giving me some encouragement to hope that ere long, by patient effort, the governor might be induced to liberate you. He said that he wished the coöperation of your *friends*. Father has consulted some of the senate, particularly Linus Child, the brother of Mr. Asa Child. He has taken time to think of it, and has written to father, that if you will say to *me*, or *father, that if you get out you will never go into those States* FOR THAT PURPOSE AGAIN, he thinks the most influential members of the senate will petition for your pardon. Mr. Child says, that unless you will give us that assurance, the senators will not do anything about it. If you will do that, they will *all*, he thinks, petition the governor to pardon you. And the governor of Massachusetts, he also thinks, will use all his influence with the governors of Maryland and Virginia. He says it is never customary for one governor to petition to another, but he thinks Gov. Briggs will do as much as that in another way.

"Now if you will say that you will not go into those States

again, for the purposes for which you are now imprisoned, then *you must write immediately and say so.* Now I think you *can* say that, but I have ever felt doubtful about making those concessions, which would imply any duplicity on your part. When you come out, I want to feel that it is an honorable acquittal; and as dearly as you love liberty, I do not believe you love it better than you do *integrity.* But what the senators wish you to say, *is not* inconsistent with integrity. I have been to Scituate, to read your manuscript of Home to your grandmother. She likes it very much, though she thinks, in one or two places, you were mistaken about the facts, and those I have corrected.

"Charles says, tell pa that he braids four yards of straw every day, and almost every day gets it done quick; that he loves you very much; that he went to a *fire* the other night, and helped put it out by throwing on sand; that he is a pretty good boy, but not very. Mary sends her love to pa, and says, tell him I wish the men would not keep you any longer, but let you come home quick; that she should be happy to come and see you, if she dared. Your aunt Fanny wants you to write a few lines to *her*, in my letter. Grandmother sends a great deal of love, and prays for you continually. Uncle Theodore says, tell Charles, if there was anything I could do for him, I would do it with pleasure. I am pretty sure he said he would be willing to suffer for you a part of the time, if it could do you any good.

"We had something quite remarkable for us, *a fire*, the other night. Mrs. Hastings had been absent about a fortnight, when her barn was discovered, one night, to be on fire. You know a fire there would render father's buildings in danger, if the wind was the right way; but fortunately the wind was north-east, and thus not only father's buildings, but Mrs. Hastings' house and wood-shed were saved. Father says the senators, this year, are very influential men, and that the gov-

ernor will certify to their standing. When I write you again, I hope to be able to tell you more *news*.

Your affectionate wife,

MARY I. TORREY."

"*West Medway, May* 2, 1845.

"My dear husband,—I wrote you several weeks since, asking you to answer it immediately, and tell me if you would be willing to say to me, that you would not go into the States of Maryland and Virginia for the purpose of enticing or assisting slaves away from their masters, if you were liberated. You have not answered the question, and I do not know whether you have not received the letter, or whether you have not been permitted to write.

"Mr. Webster will bring this letter to you, and perhaps they will allow you to answer it through him, if you cannot write. I have quite a headache to-day; otherwise, my health is good, and so is that of the children. They pray every day for father, and you may rest assured that you are not forgotten by their mother. Your books are not published yet. The delay of Home is occasioned by the unwillingness of the printers to assume the responsibility. I believe many who have examined it, think it very interesting and well written. The 'Letters' are not quite finished yet, but I am expecting every day to complete them. I am aware that this is sad news to a prisoner, but you must not be discouraged, but 'hope on, hope ever.' You know I always write very slowly; and now, when so many cares and duties devolve upon me, it seems as though I was *necessarily* slower than ever.

"School does not keep now; and it is almost impossible for me to write, when the children are in the room with me. I am trying to teach them to be useful; but never did I feel my inefficiency as I do now. I throw my cares and my burden upon God, and it is a relief. O! that He would enable us all, both parents and children, to live in such a manner as

will please him. If we could but keep eternity in view, and live in reference to our preparation for it, then we should begin to be rational. I feel that my Christian course is so irregular and inconsistent, that I am not fit to bring up our dear children; and I sometimes, yes often, fear that God will think it necessary to remove me from them, if he has designs of mercy toward them.

"I know you do not forget them; but let us pray *more* earnestly, not only for *their* conversion and sanctification, but for *our own*. Perhaps when we are more holy, God will again restore us to each other. He can incline the hearts of those who keep you imprisoned to release you; and he can and will do all his pleasure. I have not seen your grandmother since I wrote you before. Aunt Amanda has been very dangerously sick, but is now recovering. If you have never received my last letter, of course you have not received your Italian Bible, which I sent at the same time and in the same way. If you have not received them, I hope you will inform me, in some way or other. Your cousin, Horace James, often inquires after you, as also almost every one else does. You may be assured you are not forgotten. I have several items of news, which I should like to communicate, but they are such as are not proper to mention here, where everything is read by others. It is quite a trial to sit down and write to one whom you have not seen so long, and be obliged to omit almost all you want to say. However, we ought to be thankful, that we have this means of communication. But we did not understand our privileges when we could write letters and *seal* them.

"It is getting quite late to-night, and I must close this letter; but if I could say all I wished, I should not much mind the lateness of the hour. Good night.

Your affectionate wife,

MARY I. TORREY."

"*West Medway, June*, 1845.

"My dearest husband,—Your welcome letter, dated April 29th, was duly received. Since then, I presume you have received one from me by Mr. Webster.

"I have intended to answer your last every day since I received it; but my cares never seemed to press heavier than they have lately; and I have postponed it, in the vain hope that the succeeding day would afford me more leisure. When I allude to cares, you need not afflict yourself because you think I have too much to do. It is not that I have so much to do, but because I have so little faculty to accomplish what I undertake.

"But I could write to *you* often, notwithstanding all these obstacles, could I but sit down and write as I wish. But this constrained correspondence is one of the greatest of my trials. I suppose my letters are a comfort to you, as poor and meagre as they are, because you are glad of any token of remembrance. It is *this thought* only that gives me pleasure when I write. But it is no relief to me. I cannot speak of my joys and sorrows; for my letter must pass through other hands than yours. I do not wish to complain, but I do feel tried. We did not know how to appreciate our privileges when you were in the jail, for then we might be allowed to hold communion by letters, if we could not see each other face to face.

"Perhaps it is wrong to write, in this melancholy strain, to one who cannot relieve me; and I will try to make the remainder of my letter more cheerful. One thing I am sure will make you laugh. It is this; I have tried to write so bad that no one but you could spell it out; and it seems, from a remark you made in your last, that I almost succeeded. Your answer to the question proposed by Linus Child, is to *me* perfectly satisfactory. It seems to me, that if you had gone any farther, you would have sacrificed your integrity. If you had not said as much as you did, that you would have erred upon

the other side. Whether Mr. Child and the other senators are satisfied with your answer, I have not yet learned.

"It is well sometimes to remember the fable of the old man who tried to please every body; and then if we do what in our judgment is right, we shall feel willing to waive the opinions of men, and trust our cause in the hands of the Lord, who is able to do more for us than his feeble creatures, and even make their wrath praise him. You mentioned you had not received your Italian Bible. I hope Mr. Child will not withhold it any longer. You must need it by this time.

"I attended the Anniversaries in Boston—saw many old friends, every one of whom inquired after you with much interest. Mr. Phelps has removed to New York, as editor of the American and Foreign — Reporter. He was in Boston, however, at the Anniversaries, and assisted me in revising my book. Of that last mentioned article I do not like to say much. I have labored under many disadvantages in writing it, owing to the difficulty of writing while my children were in the room, and necessarily requiring a good deal of attention.

"Mr. Phelps thinks it barely possible that he may visit you this fall. He spoke of you affectionately, and takes a lively interest in your case. Brother Alexis wished me to leave a space in this letter for him to write to you. But I think I must occupy it nearly all myself this time. Isabella wished me to be sure and give her love; and all of father's family wish me to assure you of their sympathy and remembrance.

"Father has just returned from Mr. Homer's funeral. He died on Saturday, of a paralytic shock. His funeral was attended in Park Street church, and Mr. Aiken, Mr. Rogers, and one other minister, whose name I have forgotten, officiated.

"Mr. Webster, I understand, has returned, but I have not seen him. I have expected he would come and see me, and give me many particulars respecting his interview with you. Some one mentioned the other day, with how much truth I

cannot tell, that he had not returned to Hopkinton, but simply to Boston; and finding his wife was not as well, he has taken her another journey. This I very much doubt, but it may be true.

"It is very late at night. All in the house have been quietly sleeping for some time, and I must bid you good night. I fully believe that we shall not long thus be separated. Trust in God, and he can dispose those who imprison you to release you. Our dear little children! I had almost forgotten to add their messages of love. But they send much love, and wish father to know that they mean to be good, and that they pray for you every day. Charles is trying to learn to write his father a letter. Again, good night.

Your affectionate wife,

MARY L. TORREY."

"*West Medway, July*, 1845.

"My Dear Husband,—Do not reproach me for not writing to you before. I know that it *looks* unkind to leave you so long without hearing from me; but when you hear my reasons, perhaps you will not think it was so in fact.

"Ever since I wrote you last, I have been quite unwell, not sick enough to dignify it with that name; but so *weak*, that much of the time I felt unable to sit up, or if I did, to do anything but sleep, unless it was absolutely necessary. In this time, I have performed considerable labor, but it has been the performance of duties from which I could not shrink. But this *alone*, did not prevent my writing. My head has felt so strangely that it pained me to think. Making no calculations for being sick, I had previously accepted proposals from the publishers of the 'Youth's Cabinet', to become one of the regular contributors to that paper. I engaged to send them a communication at a given time, and I felt my honor was depending upon the fulfilment of the engagement promptly. But my head was in such a state, that *you* could have no

letter, and they could have no article. At length, by perseverance, writing a *little* while, and lying down a *great* while, I have succeeded in sending them the communication, though it was not in season for publication in the No. I intended. — The publisher was very kind, though I disappointed him, and wrote me he liked the article, and forwarded the money in the letter. This was quite unexpected. I did not expect to receive my pay till the end of the year. Now, my dear husband, is not this a long apology? I have thought of you often, though you have had no evidence of it for such a long time. It is a comforting thought, that man can do nothing to us which is not seen and known by our heavenly Father; therefore let us 'hope on, hope ever.' God will avenge those who suffer wrongfully, in his *own time*. Gov. Lincoln will sign a petition for your release, accompanied by other members of the Senate, and several Judges.

"Last week I received a proposal to write for the Literary Emporium, published in New York city. I do not think I shall be able to furnish anything for a work of that character. It is not denominational, but rather too literary for one whose head is in such a state as mine has been lately, not to say anything of my incompetency when I am well.

"Charles and Mary do not forget their father. Charles, I think, improves some; but it is a great responsibility to bring him up as he should be, and I sometimes shrink from the task, as entirely incompetent. But I endeavor to rely upon the promises, that wisdom shall be given to those who seek it. I find the children are anxious to talk as other children do at school, using by-words; they do not use 'wicked words,' but *large words*, thinking it makes them great. I have studied some time how I should prevent them from *wishing* to do so. I have at length adopted this expedient. I am teaching them to speak in French. It seems thus far to be a good substitute. But Charles is absent-minded. He will drop his knife and fork while eating, and apparently forget there is any food

before him till he is reminded of it. He loves to think, but what shall I do with him to make him think at proper times?

"Your cousin, Horace James, with his wife and several ladies, who were visiting them, came over and spent the afternoon last week. Mr. Dowse, of Sherburne, Mr. Smalley, of Worcester, your cousin Horace, and Mr. Phelps wish to be particularly remembered to you. Mr. Phelps is very kind to me, and so in fact is every body. Your manuscript of 'Home' is not yet published. I shall try to press the publication of 'Home,' but I very much doubt whether it is wise to issue the Letters, if we attempt to get you pardoned. Therefore I shall watch the movements of Providence. If it would be the means of prolonging your imprisonment, I would not have them published; the Committee think it will not be best. I shall abide by their judgment, unless Providence points another way. Meanwhile, remember, when you are entreated to be recreant to your honest convictions for the sake of release—of which, after all, you are not certain—the charge in Revelation: 'Be thou *faithful* unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life!' Yes, if you do *right*, you will not need to wait till *death*, to receive your reward. I believe it is at hand.

"Please say to Mr. Child, that I received his kind letter some time since, but have not been able to answer it; and tell him also, that I cannot obtain any information respecting Heckrotte's slaves. I do not believe they have ever been in Massachusetts.

Your affectionate wife,

MARY I. TORREY."

"*West Medway, Sept.* 13, 1845.

"My dearest husband,—I have been looking in vain these many months for a letter from you, but none has been received. I wish you would write me *one* letter and tell me *why* you do not write. Do you receive all my letters?

"In your former letters, you wrote that you could be permitted to write to me once in three months; but it is now nearly four months since I have received a line from you. I hope you have not forgotten your wife and children. If I may not plead for a letter for myself, let me at least ask one for my children.

"Charles and Mary both have severe colds, but neither of them are *sick*. Father has just returned from New York, where he has been to attend the meeting of the American Board. He started with the intention of going to Baltimore before he returned, for the express purpose of seeing you, and trying to see what could be done to effect your liberation. The first night he was there, he was taken violently sick with what he supposes was the cholera. As soon as he dared attempt it, he set out for home. He looks quite worn out. It seems Providence was not quite ready for him to come, for the same day that he started for home, he received a line stating that deacon Wiley was failing very fast, and requesting him to hurry home. I should not be surprised if you should see him before winter yet. But one thing is certain, he will stay at home until he gets better and stronger. But do not despair; brother Phelps will be there in the course of two or three weeks, and you know he is an efficient man. If anything can be done, he can do it. He has been very kind to me in procuring employment for my pen. You see it will hardly write now; but the fault is not so much with my pen as with my *ink*. I am afraid I shall not be able to finish this letter; it is late, Saturday night, and I cannot get any more till Monday. Upon looking at my writing, I find that it does not look much worse than common, so I am afraid you will not appreciate my trials in regard to it. I cannot tell you any good news. My mind looks upon the dark side of human life. All our good folks seem to be dying off in Medway, and scarcely any rising up to fill their places. I do not mean that there are not inhabitants enough, but we have so

few conversions, in proportion to the deaths among the members of the church.

"To-morrow is the Sabbath. Let us spend it together, though we are so far apart. It is a pleasant thought, when I am praying, that I have one who is probably uttering similar petitions at the same time. O, how great a privilege it is to be allowed to pray. Let us use this weapon against our enemies faithfully. They cannot prevent us, no! Nor can they prevent the blessing with which God may crown our faith. Remember, Apollyon was vanquished, when Christian bethought himself of his weapon 'All-Prayer.' Try this weapon, my dear husband. I will try it, though our enemies laugh, and say, 'Aha, so would we have it;' they may yet see our strength is in God, and we shall prevail; as the inhabitants of Jericho derided the 'rams' horns and pitchers,' but to their shame found them filled with the wrath of God which was poured upon their heads, and trumpets to proclaim their defeat, so may our enemies find our God is a *great* God, and can work deliverance where *man* cannot, and where the beholders, our enemies, would cry, 'there is no help.' I am looking forward to the day, and believe it will come, but how it will be accomplished I know not, when you will be restored to your family. So do not despair. I know it will be so. 'Hope thou in God.'

Your affectionate wife,

MARY I. TORREY."

"*Sept.* 1845.

"Dear Torrey,—I scarcely know whether I have an existence in your memory or not; but well do I know that I have not forgotten you. I have not forgotten the hours when my comrades and myself used to listen for hours to your entertaining conversation; or the times when you combatted, before the people, what you believed to be falsehood, and maintained what you believed to be the truth.

"Though not united with you, in many things, you always excited a special interest in my mind for you personally; and since your imprisonment, I have thought long and often about you: would that my *thinking* had been of some service to you.

"I have been under the impression, from some newspaper item, that none but your relatives were allowed to correspond with you, and that only at stated intervals; and was surprised when, a few days since, my friend Dillwyn Jones called and informed me that he had visited you, and that you were privileged to receive letters from any one if they were of the right stamp; and also that you would be glad to receive books.

"It even delighted me to know that these privileges were not withheld by those who have you in their power; and I trust that they may preserve you from despondency and grief. Indeed I know that although stone walls surround you, excluding from your gaze the green beauty of earth, and from your cheek the balm of heaven's free air, yet the 'eternal spirit of the chainless mind' within you, is more untrammelled than is that of many a one who suffers no immurement. I never ponder on your situation, but I think of Byron's Prisoner at Chillon; and the horror and helplessness of his condition, makes even your lot, in comparison, a happy one. 'In the lowest deep, there is a deep still more profound;' and I think there is no more effectual way of solacing ourselves than to advert to those who are able to bear privations more cruel than our own.

"As I am not permitted to write to you on those subjects which would probably interest you most, I trust you will excuse the want of spirit in my letter. How it cramps a free spirit to be circumscribed and restricted in its desire to roam whithersoever it will, and to gather and fling to a kindred being such flowers and pebbles as it listeth.

"My young friend, Caroline French, having determined to visit Baltimore and to call upon you, notifies me of her wil-

lingness to be the bearer of anything which I may desire to send you; and by her kindness I am enabled to forward a few books, not knowing whether they are suitable or not.

"If it suits your convenience and hers, I should be glad to receive a letter from you when she returns; but if not, write immediately by mail. Tell me what character of books you would like to have; give me your reflections, your hopes, your griefs, and all the particulars of your treatment and situation.

"If anything but my young friend's face were needed to recommend her, I would give you most heart-felt testimonials in her favor. If genuine goodness and perfect loveliness are desirable, then you will be pleased with her. May her visit be like that of a stray sunbeam from paradise. Her uncle, John Atkinson, accompanies her.

"Accept my warmest desires for your peace, comfort, and welfare; and believe me your unchanging friend,

E. H. Coggins.

"Write without delay."

"*Philadelphia*, 8*mo.* 24, 1845.

"My friend Torrey,—Until to-day, I have hardly thought of a resolve I made when visiting thee a few weeks ago. Indeed, I don't know but my *promise* was given to write soon; and now the impelling motive is given by hearing an inquiry made on behalf of thy aged friend Esther Moore, whether she would be allowed to correspond with thee.

"The reply sent her was, that *she* might write what she was willing should be examined by the inspectors of the penitentiary. From her taking the trouble to send from her home (at present in Salem, N. J.) to Philadelphia for information, I take it that she will not be long in sending thee a line.

"To some of thy friends I mentioned the scarcity of books at your house. Have any sent a supply? Ere this I should have done it, but I have been absent from home considerably,

and when at home, business has required my strict attention. If I send any, and there be such among them as will not pass as books proper to be read, (for I can scarce tell what would be admitted,) such directions will accompany them as will prevent their being lost.

"Yesterday and the day previous, the rain came down as if for a second deluge. Our city has not, for months, passed through such a cleansing baptism.

"The streams have been low, and the season more bereft of rain than usual; yet wheat and other crops are excellent, making a most generous return for the husbandman's labor.

"Fruits, particularly melons, cantelopes, peaches, etc., such as our Jersey neighbors are famous for raising, come to us in abundance, and at a price within reach of all.

"With such a variety and excellence of the fruits of the earth, no self-denial is required in the practice of Graham's theory, a plan I've been trying for a few months past. It works admirably; can perform as much labor as the *cannibals;* sleep sweet o'nights; and in every respect feel as well as when patronising the flesh pots.

"The day is far spent, and as I have another letter to write, must close soon. Much that I would like to write, *may* be precluded by the regulations of the house; and lest I might say something inconsistent with the rules, and thus condemn the whole letter, my cautiousness has been so exercised, that the letter must seem irksome. At some day, not very distant, I may again write. One of my friends in Baltimore expressed a desire to see thee, and he may be the bearer of some books and a letter from me; Jacob Fassel is his name, one of the Dr.'s nephews; perhaps he has called on thee ere this. Farewell.

From thy sympathizing brother,

G. DILLWYN JONES.

"I think I was informed your rules do not permit thy writing to friends promiscuously; but if thee can communicate with

those who are in the world, should be glad to receive a letter at any time thy inclination might dictate.

"If thee writes, address it to 62 So. 4th St., Phila."

"*Philadelphia, Oct.* 14, 1845.

"My dear brother,—My heart is grieved to hear of your indisposition and depression of spirits. O that I may now be directed by the divine Spirit to write something for your consolation. May God himself comfort your stricken heart. Now, beloved, you are called by your heavenly Father to endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ. I know of no exhortation more appropriate to your present lamented case, than the blessed one, 'Looking unto Jesus.' O consider the contradiction of sinners which he endured against himself, lest you be wearied and faint in your mind. Was there any sorrow like unto his sorrow, which his agonized soul suffered so willingly for us? He was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities, the chastisement of our peace was upon him, and with his stripes we are healed. O what agony he endured in the garden, when, in that most affecting hour of temptation, he sweat, as it were, great drops of blood. O did the holy Son of God take this bitter cup which his Father gave him, and shall we, sinful creatures, refuse the chastisements our Father's wisdom and love appoint as means necessary to make us meet to partake of the inheritance of the saints in light?

"But we are to look unto Jesus, not only as an exemplar of patient suffering, of unparalleled affliction, but as our sympathizing high-priest, who is touched with a feeling of our infirmities. Whoever may forget you in your grievous incarceration, he does not. He sits by you as a refiner. He will regulate the degree, the circumstances of every trial which his children endure, that his own design of infinite love towards them may be consummated. He gives us the sweet privilege of coming to him by faith, of reposing on his own bosom of

love, and casting all our care and sorrow there. O my brother, avail yourself of this high and blessed privilege, and say, 'though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.' O hear his voice of consoling love: 'My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, give I unto you: let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.' Read the mighty achievements of the faithful, recorded in Heb. xi. chap., who 'had trials of cruel mockings and scourgings; yea, moreover, of bonds and *imprisonments;* they were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword; they wandered about in sheep skins and goat skins; being destitute, afflicted, tormented.' Think it not strange, beloved, as though some strange thing had happened unto you. It is through much tribulation that the chosen of the Lord must enter the kingdom. If the present peculiar affliction tends to humble you before God; to wean your heart from every other object, and fix it upon Him who alone is worthy of our supreme affection; if it leads you to strict and impartial examination of your heart and state of mind in respect to your relation to God and your hope for eternity; if it is, by divine grace, the means of assimilating you to Jesus Christ; it shall work out for you a *far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;* and you will praise God that you have been shut out from the world, in the prison of Maryland.

"'Looking unto Jesus,' implies looking for his personal coming and reign, and a blessed participation in his kingdom. '*Unto them that look for him,* will he appear the second time,' etc. O how soon shall your present scene of darkness pass away! A little while and he that will come shall come, and will not tarry. 'The Lord my God shall come, and all the saints with him.' Believe, brother, and *now* in patience possess your soul, honoring God, and he will honor you. You may pass from the prison to the palace of the New Jerusalem, which cometh down from God out of heaven unto earth, when the tabernacle of God shall be with men, and the Lord God

shall dwell among us, 'the Lamb shall lead us to fountains of living water, and God shall wipe away all tears from our eyes.' 'When Christ who is our life shall appear, then shall we also appear with him in glory.'

"And now, my dear suffering brother, lift up the eye of faith and anticipate this glory. 'Behold he cometh,' etc. I commend you to God and the word of his grace. O that the precious promise of eternal love may sustain and comfort your stricken heart. O that the eye of faith may penetrate the dark clouds which now darken your horizon. Remember, the bright throne beyond, changes not. It will be one part of heaven's blessedness to trace the wisdom and love of our Father, in the dark way through which he has led us. What thou knowest not now, thou shalt know hereafter. Look, then, unto Jesus, casting all your care and sorrow upon him, for he careth for you.

Your affectionate brother and sympathizing friend,

HENRY GREW."

"*Harwich, Dec.* 19, 1845.

"Dear Friend Torrey,—A correspondent of the Boston Traveller, whose communication was copied into the Liberator, describing thy condition, suggested a desire to write to thee. My dearly beloved friend Torrey, there is a secret in Christianity that will save thee from all trouble, let thy condition be what it may. When I saw thee on the Cape, with Luther Lee and Cummings, and at Boston, at the conventions, I had no doubt that you was destitute of the religion of the New Covenant: which is this—'I will put my laws in their minds, and write them in their hearts; I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people.' Now, dear brother, what can you ask for more than this? Is not God all-sufficient? Again—'If you abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask whatsoever ye will, and it shall be done unto you.' Is not this legacy enough? Again—'Now we know

that all things work together for good, to them that love God, to them that are the called according to his purpose.' Once more—'Whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas, or the world, or life, or death, or things to come, or things present, all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's. Now I soberly ask, do not these declarations and promises bequeath to us all that we can justly desire? Is there anything left out? Now the great secret is this; the condition on our part is this: we must render to God the things that are God's; and if we do, I ask if there is anything left? Our trouble is, we call God's things ours. God justly and righteously claims all to be His; and he justly claims a right to govern his own. If we really give anything to God, our anxiety about that thing will be gone; the devil himself, cannot trouble us about that thing; let it be thy wife, thy children. When this is done, you behold a God, all-sufficient for them, able and willing to do infinitely more than poor man can possibly do. And if you could only present thy body a living sacrifice to God, you would have no more trouble about thy body. To be short, when there is an entire consecration of all to God, then we have an undoubted right to all the promises of God; then we are the sons of God, the called according to his purpose, the elect of God, the beloved of God, the chosen of God, heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ Jesus: and can we rationally conclude that he will withhold any good thing from such a character? Now the way to come into this state, is to cease to look at the things that are seen, or desire them—but look at the things that are not seen; die, be crucified to all sensible objects, then thy happiness will be hid with Christ in God; then thou canst rejoice evermore; pray without ceasing, and in every thing give thanks. May this be thy happy lot—so prays

Thy affectionate brother,

ELKANAH NICKERSON."

CHAPTER XIV.

LAST LETTERS TO AND FROM MR. TORREY.

We have but few more letters to present the reader from the pen of Mr. Torrey; these were evidently written with a feeble and trembling hand. In the summer of 1845, his health began very decidedly to be affected by his imprisonment. This induced his friends to make a vigorous effort to obtain his pardon and release from prison. His waning health, the generous exertions of Messrs. Phelps and Cleaveland, in his behalf, the cheering light that shone around him in his last hours, are all distinctly exhibited in the following letters, and the account of the efforts for his release by Rev. Mr. Phelps.

The first letter is without date, and it is not known precisely when it was written.

"My dearest wife,—It is now nearly or quite midnight, and my poor rheumatic body aches so severely that I *cannot* write, either in prose or rhyme, such a note as I *fancied* I could write, to give with the only lock of hair I ever gave you, that I remember. It looks *so like* taking a memorial of a *departed* friend, or of one we never expect to see again. The *mother* 'of all the faithful' was adorned with bracelets, though the Scripture does not say whether or not a love-lock of her husband's hair was entwined among the gold-work. Doubtless a *lover*, of Isaac's good taste, would not have neglected such a point, especially as he had to do his courting by proxy!—Well, my dear Mary, to-day *may* open the way for our union again; or it may separate us for many, many years. If the latter, I trust we shall not *need* memorials, so frail as a lock of hair, to recall each to the other. Yet the hair is the most *enduring* portion of our bodily system. Long after the flesh and bones become small, impalpable dust, the hair, the 'glory

of the head,' retains its color and strength. Nay, it even *grows*, while the rest of the body is decaying; thus seeming to possess an almost independent vitality of its own. So may it be with our affection, when 'flesh shall fail' us, and our bodies decay, and every memorial of them perish. So may it be with us when '*heart*,' too, shall fail us, and all our earthly relations cease. May God, then, be the strength of our heart, and our portion forever. If, in another world, those undying elements of our spiritual nature are controlled, as I doubt not they are, by the same principles that regulate all *holy* intercourse here, while we may have no *locks of hair*, for a bracelet, we shall not want many a sweet remembrance, in every word and deed of kindness, every mutual prayer, every act of service to our Lord, in which we engaged together; and, above all, in the children He has given us to train up for Him. Whether He *frees* me, or not, to help you, may He bless you richly; and may you be a bracelet on His hands, in the day He shall appear 'to be glorified *in his saints*.'

Your affectionate husband,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

"*Baltimore Penitentiary, Sept.* 28, 1845.

"My Dearest Wife,—Do not for a moment think that I have either wilfully or willingly neglected you. Your four kind letters, dated in June, July, August and Sept. 13th, all came safe, though not always very promptly, to hand. My last letter to you, dated May 1st, was written at intervals of pain and weakness, in the hospital, on a sick bed. From that day to this, I have not been, for two days at a time, free from excruciating pain in the head, with occasional severe pains in the heart, accompanied by general weakness in the system. You will not think it very strange therefore, that I have not been able to write a connected letter for many weeks past, at least, for five or six. Other causes, before that, delayed my doing so. My mental energy, and sanity, have

been much affected by such long continued pain in the brain; so that very often, for three months past, I have been obliged to struggle to repress the impulse to utter insane ravings, and even wicked follies which my whole soul abhors. Most of the time I have very little control over my thoughts. If a painful idea takes possession of the mind, it is as if a rough iron was drawn over the brain, for whole hours, and even days at a time. These forms of mental suffering depend wholly on the degree of bodily pain I endure. When my brain is easy enough to let me *think* at all, I am cheerful, happy, find delight in drawing near to God, and in all holy things. Nay, then *pleasantry* is agreeable to me. At other times, no jest would make me smile. When I received two of your letters, with several from kind friends in Philadelphia, I read them with entire want of feeling, merely from pain. Afterwards, taking advantage of an interval of less suffering, I re-read them with much delight, and wept over and thanked our Savior for every expression and mark of love they contained. So in reading books, anything that asks for much thinking, generally confuses my mind, and causes intense pain. For several weeks I could pray but little, and read the Bible less, on that account. Do you ask, why such suffering? The answer is, the little labor required of me, acting on a shattered system, is the chief cause. Through the kindness of God to us, I have not, as you know, had very many of the *usual* sources of a prisoner's suffering. To know that you and our children were protected and cared for by friends, able and pledged to provide for every want you would make known to them; to know that no dishonor attached to my name, in the minds of the great and good, in this and other countries, but that I was *honored* the more in consequence of the wrath of our foes; and to have *peace with God*, through our Lord Jesus Christ. Surely, these were things to fill our hearts with humble gratitude to God, in all our trials. Like all prisoners, I suffer many deprivations, and have un-

happy hours on account of them. I should be more or less than human, if it were otherwise. But aside from the effects of bodily pain and weakness, I can truly say, 'my prison hours have been happy.' But from these I cannot escape; they are rapidly hastening me into the gulf of insanity. Of this, I have a horror I cannot describe. Death has no terror; he is Christ's blessed Messenger of peace and love; how eagerly I should welcome him to-day! 'O, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.' It is '*far better*' to depart and be with Him. Last Sabbath I tried to write, but my efforts produced bad English and nonsense. To-day, a state of nervous excitement *only* short of absolute insanity, enables me to write easier, so far, though, for the week past, my mind has been generally more crazed and unsettled than before. I know at times, I exhibit a pitiable degree of weakness and imbecility to those around me. And when I feel better, it troubles me to think that the cause of Christ will be dishonored in the eyes of the unreflecting and stupid about me. But my only comfort is, that God leads us by the hand in the midst of all our foes; and though they rage and blaspheme on account of weaknesses, the Lord will order all things well. Sometimes, my feelings, I fear, when weighed down with pain, are not submissive to God; it is hard to *see His* hand in the sufferings we endure at the hands of wicked men. It is only reflection, in health, that can make us feel that the wicked are only 'the rod of His indignation,' and the staff in His hand. I am deeply afflicted to be obliged to give you so sad an account of my mental and physical state; especially so, because you write that you have been, and still are, far from well. But I must tell you the truth, as far as I am allowed to do so; and perhaps, to the few private friends who will see this letter, it will be some additional stimulus to action in my behalf. If dear brother Phelps comes on, next week, I can tell him more freely than I can write, what it is to 'be sick *and* in prison.' I never understood the force of that awful

climax of our Saviour's sentence in the day of judgment, till I was myself in prison. Now, I see, that no combination of possible evils could bring greater sufferings on human beings; though no doubt, prisons, in our Savior's time, were worse than they are now.

"I will try to add various things by way of remark on your letters. I thank you again, for every one of them. They have been balm to me, in some very dark hours. I was very happy to hear of your literary engagements. As to the 'Emporium,' I never have seen it. It has been established since I was imprisoned. But I see, on the cover of a book, it is classed with the 'New World' and others, for which our best writers are paid contributors. Do be persuaded, by the voice of your literary friends, as well as by mine, to know your own strength. You know it was no fool, but a competent judge, that declared you to be second to no female writer of our country, in *prose;* and, if you would fling your fears to the winds, your poetic powers would soon cause as high and as just praise. *Don't try so hard*, and your attainment of the highest celebrity and usefulness will be very easy. It has been one of the dearest hopes of my life, that I might place you in a situation to devote your time freely to literary pursuits. It was a cherished hope connected with my removal to this city. Little did I think *my prison* would be your only aid in your career! But God orders all things well. Go on, and God bless you, and guide your pen and mind by his Holy Spirit. Attempt *all* the forms of easy graceful writing, such as are common in our literary papers. You will soon learn what you can most *certainly* and rapidly succeed in.

"Our dear children are daily in my heart, and on my lips, before God, the Father of the fatherless, and the Judge of the oppressed. Tell them, that when father is too weak to utter the whole of the Lord's Prayer, (as it has often been the case,) he never forgets to pray for them, 'Lord, bless them, and make them holy.' Don't reprove or ridicule

Charles for 'absent mindedness.' It is no fault, though an evil, that reasoning minds are apt to fall into. Teaching him to be polite in attentions to those around him, talking with him, and above all, encouraging habits of observation, are thorough remedies. Get 'Mundie's Guide to the Observation of External Nature,' the 'Natural History of Insects,' and 'White's History of Shelbourne,' all cheap books, and they will furnish you and the children a *fund* of amusement and instruction, this winter; and when spring enables you to go into the fields again, will add very much to your stores of easily gained knowledge; especially if you can gain self-possession enough to examine all sorts of *bugs*, toads, *spiders*, etc.: God's most *beautiful* and *harmless* creatures, viewed through a magnifying glass that costs fifty cents. Childhood is the time to *teach* and *enjoy* all the branches of Natural History. Let *Grammar* go, to be learned by reading and talking, and *studied* at maturer years. So with similar studies, common in our schools.

"As to 'Home,' I believe I had special *divine* help in writing it. But I have given it wholly up to Him. If God chooses to make it a blessing to others, and a benefit to you, I shall praise his holy name. As to the compilation of my letters, I am only astonished at the long delay to follow the *common sense* advice of D. and L. and A., not to mention the literary gentleman of *this* city, who first suggested and urged their publication, as a means of *personal* benefit to *me*, *here*, and as a heavy blow at the corrupt Police system in this and other cities. However, I cannot direct, nor is *my* judgment now worth a straw, on any point where I had not made up my mind in health and vigor. As to its hindering my release, it is all folly. *The cash* and *the petitions* together will secure that, if I was '*born and bred a demon.*' I am very grateful for all the kind remembrances from your family and my dear friends that your several letters contain. Assure them, individually, of my love and grateful regard, especially your fa-

ther. I am much afraid that his toils and expenditures will prove in vain, for lack of *the cash*. However, if brother P. has determined to raise it, it will be done in time. Much as I feel averse to that part of Mr. C.'s plans, I found, when he stated the probable failure of it, that my hopes had rested on it more than I was conscious of. If these, or any other means, release me before winter, I *may* save reason and life. If not, I am *utterly hopeless* of doing either. And I write now, feeling that, unless in *freedom*, this is, in all likelihood, the last time I shall ever write to you. I am far more broken down, in mind and body, than those around me are aware of. For myself, I care little for it. When, this morning (Tuesday, 30th), I learned the death of a fellow-prisoner, who, a week ago, was well, I could not help praying God for leave to follow him soon. Yet I wish to be quiet as a little child, in His hands, and 'bide His time, whether for freedom on earth, or to join those who are 'free among the dead.' It has always been my conviction that I should never see you again, and that I should die here. It has never caused me regret, any farther than it might be a source of suffering to *you* and a few persons to whom I would fain *owe* nothing but love and good will. I *know*, whatever becomes of me, the Lord will provide for you and for our children, far better than I could, were the world's resources at my word. Our children were solemnly devoted to that Savior who gave them. They are HIS OWN. Much as I love them, I have never felt, especially in regard to Charles, that he was MINE. He is solemnly devoted to Christ, if our Lord will accept the offering. You speak of the joy and the power of prayer. I have had numerous occasions, since my imprisonment, to thank God for almost *visible* answers to my cry. Much as my foes have exulted, and hated, and threatened, they have been restrained from many things by which they intended to injure me; and several times in such a way that nothing but the direct agency of God, in the hearts and minds of men, could

account for. And, in not a few cases, the 'violent dealing' of the wicked has already been visited on their heads. You may have heard that poor Hatch has gone to *Sing Sing* for ten years. The discovery and punishment of his crimes, was the *direct result* of the indignation his perjuries against *me* excited in the bosom of a man of poor repute, who was an utter stranger to me! Still, our God is a GREAT God. His ways are in the deep. The wicked are not generally punished, here, nor the pious freed from suffering. 'Shall we receive good at His hands, and not evil?' I have no fear for the cause of Christ in West Medway nor anywhere else. God may want deacon W. in a higher sphere of duty and joy. So of others. But he will find servants enough to do all His will. How often have I seen the bitterest of His foes melted by the simplest means! I shall not forget, soon, the effect of the *first* and (as a composition perhaps) the *poorest* sermon I ever wrote. The Memoir of Miss Lawrence, by Rev. M. Moore, exhibits it, *in part* only. So our 'weakness is made strong;' and our strength, weakness. My best regard and sympathy for Dr. B. and his family. Tell him to try the power of *mercy* and *love* upon the guilty man who has injured him. Punishment *hardens the heart.* If I did not constantly struggle and pray against the daily influences of the 'reformed' system, on the mind and heart, two years of imprisonment would make me a villain, as it does most of those whose intellects are not stupified by it. God bless and keep and comfort you and our dear little ones, and all who are dear to us. I should be glad to write to my dear and now aged grandmother, and aunt Fanny; the *mothers* who watched over my infancy and youth; but I cannot. You must show them my letters to you. So of my other near friends. Since I wrote, Wm. Jackson, Mr. Lincoln of Hallowell, G. W. F. Mellen of Boston, and several other friends, some of whom you do not personally know, have called to see me; brother Barlow, among others. And I have letters from G. W. Jonson, the Earles, and others, which I should an-

swer eagerly, if I was not in prison. I have not ceased to love them, and all who have shown both kindness to us, and characters worthy of our love. But I cannot reply to them. I should be very glad if you would send me a copy, each, of 'Ornament,' 'Saxton's Memoir,' 'Harriet Fisher,' and 'the Infidel Son,' together with my Greek Testament, and as many other books as my friends in Boston or elsewhere will favor me with; especially such as are *new*, or less than two years' old, and therefore new to *me*. Many friends, I know, will be very happy to add a few books to your little package. My Philadelphia friends propose to send me a package from that city. So that the little time and sense I have to read will, between both, be fully cared for. I feel (when I can think at all) as if I was growing *ignorant* by reading so little. However, I have read God's word the more, and, I hope, made some progress in spiritual knowledge, in spite of pain and weariness and a prison. I know you will pray much for me. I try, at YOUR hour for evening worship, oftentimes, to think that we and our little ones are kneeling together at one family altar, as we were wont, and calling on OUR *Father;* and it is very sweet to me. I feel deeply grateful to brother Phelps, and to all who have shown kindness to you, either for my sake or your own, in this day of our trial. If I am never able to express my gratitude to them, individually, God sees and will abundantly reward them for it. There are still many topics, on which I would gladly add something; but I am in too much pain. Do not fear, so much, the *gaze* of the people. It is not the impudent stare of rude curiosity you meet with here; but looks coming from hearts of cordial sympathy and respect. Living near to God, and followed by many prayers, I trust you will yet be happier than you ever was in my society. I am deeply grateful to God for the prayers of our Salem and other friends. If I am ever restored to health, freedom, and usefulness, it will be because many of God's people have prayed for me, especially among

the poor, whom He has made me the means of benefiting. Nothing ever so affected my feelings, as the knowledge of *their* prayers, though I have not undervalued the love of the educated, the refined and wealthy of our friends and associates. Write *freely* on all personal topics. Whatever feelings exist towards me, nothing of that nature will be abused. If I live, and am able, I shall write again, God willing, at the regular time. But if I do not write, do not ascribe it to a want of *will*, but to some providence which is not in my power to control. With much love to our children and to all our families and friends, I am yours, with affection,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

"*Baltimore Penitentiary, Dec.* 30, 1845.

"My dear wife,—Your very welcome letter, dated Nov. 24th, was handed to me Dec. 14th. I have delayed replying, in hope that I might give as cheerful an answer. But lest the long delay should make you anxious, I obtained leave to send a *note*, to-day, just to wish you a 'happy new year,' and let you know how matters stand. The preliminary arrangements for my release have all been made as successfully as could be desired; and I *have not* been obliged to make any compromise of principle, though urged to sign what *looked* very strongly like one. Mr. Child has been absent at Richmond and Annapolis, to bring the matter to a final issue. He has not yet returned, though I am daily expecting it. There is no very great reason to doubt a favorable result, though there has been considerable opposition, and some not very honorable to those who made it, as, at a future time, you will learn. Still, so long as the matter remains undecided, I cannot help feeling some anxiety. We may be disappointed. But God will provide for us better than we can ask. The package of books, including 'Home' and your letter, (except the Tract Soc. Rep. and the other pamphlet,) have not been received by me, though they are in the city, beyond doubt.

I first learned the publication of 'Home' *Dec.* 12, from father Spofford, with whom I had a very pleasant interview. But patience! these petty vexations, please God, will have an end. My health is *not*, on the whole, improving. Now and then, for a few days, I gain a little; and then, in half the time, lose all I gained. I have been obliged to keep my bed, most of the time, for the past month. Should I be released, I think a resort to a warm climate will give me the only fair chance of restoration to health. However, God will order it all right. Death has fewer terrors for me than life. I am almost uniformly cheerful, and enabled to rejoice in the Lord, who is become my salvation. If released, I shall be compelled to travel slowly; at least, to rest a couple of days each, in Philadelphia, New York, and New Haven, or Albany. But I have business, chiefly legal, in each place, with which, if not freed, I should be obliged to trouble you at an early day. So the delay will not be useless. Now that there seems to be a rational prospect of release, I begin to long to see you and dear little Charles and Mary. It would be *so sweet* to sing and pray together once more, at our fireside! By the way, I have sung some of my dear Clarke's sweet songs in queer places! I remember singing,

> 'What mean ye, that ye bruise and bind
> My people, saith the Lord,' etc.,

under the shade of an oak forest, draped with the misletoe, far down in the dark land. Has he inserted *my* song, written at Niagara, as he promised? But I am making a letter instead of a note. I *cannot* sing now, my voice is so much gone. I could not do as I did two years ago last September, make eight thousand people hear without an effort, or sensibly raising my voice. No matter. If God has *any use* for my voice, he will restore it again. My best love to our dear children, and to all relatives and friends. I will write you as soon as the result of the petitions is made known to me. And I *hope*,

with God's favor, to be able to write *freely* all that is in my heart to say to my dear and much tried wife. God bless you! In bondage or in freedom, your affectionate husband,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

"*Maryland Penitentiary, Feb.* 2, 1846.

"My dear wife,—By the kindness of the warden, I am allowed to ask Mr. Child to act as my amanuensis, being unable to write myself. Since my September letter, the bilious fever, of which I then spoke, with intervals of disease, have reduced me to a state of great weakness, without the aid of the nervous pain in my head. For a few weeks, these diseases have acted together, as if they were one disease; the result is, I am not able to sit up, or get up alone, from my bed. I think that my case, in this respect, is beyond the reach of medical skill. I am now in the same condition as in 1826, when my life was rescued, with such difficulty, by Dr. Townsend, by salivation, only with the disadvantage of having less strength to endure medical treatment. My cough, for four months, has expectorated from the lungs, daily, considerably; and for the last ten days, has greatly increased. My opinion is, that there is no immediate danger from that cause, though I think it will result in ultimate death. I speak to you plainly in regard to these matters, my dear wife, because I wish you to feel that even if God should, by any means, open my prison doors, it is hardly probable that it will be for the purpose of giving to us the enjoyment of each other's society for more than a few weeks. Do you ask, Are you happy? The agitations respecting my release have caused some disturbance of my peace for some six weeks past, but I feel submissive to our Father's will, whatever it may be. With a sense of the evil of sin deeper than I ever felt before, God has given me more of the spirit of adoption, and I think more humility, certainly more peace. As for my imprisonment, neither you nor I can withhold the most grateful acknowledgments of

His rich bounty for the year past. I was thinking them over the other night, while all were sleeping about me, and it seemed to me that *liberty*, added to so many tokens of the divine care and love, as we had received, would be too much to dare to hope for; a cup running over with blessings. So let us rejoice and be glad in Him, whatever may be before us. Those books sent me, mentioned in your letter of the 23d or 24th of September, were not received. Please write to Mr. Child any information you may have respecting them. Did we ever know one half so much of the kindness of our friends towards us as during the last year? Even in prison, I have had many proofs of it. I have received twenty-nine letters, including yours; have had about thirty friends come to see me, bringing messages of love from perhaps two hundred and fifty persons, in many different States; not to speak of acts of kindness from individuals,—that, among the prisoners has been remarkable. Hard as the lot of a prisoner is, I do not believe, if one is disposed to count up the sum of God's mercies, he will fail to see the great balance in favor of happiness. I do not believe it is ever otherwise, out of the world of despair; and taking into view the vast disproportion of punishment in accordance with differences of character, I doubt if it is so with vast numbers even there. A 'few stripes' will be laid on those who have not known the Lord's will. Hope thou in God, for we shall yet praise him in songs of everlasting joy—though we may not unite in his praises in this world; as indeed I do not think we ever shall! My best regards to the various members of your father's family, and to my own dear family circle, and to all others, whose love I do not forget, though I cannot name them all, or write to any. May God's blessing rest upon you and our little ones. I am your affectionate husband,

CHARLES T. TORREY."

"Dear Mrs. Torrey,—The above letter was written in the

Penitentiary, upon a book, without the convenience of a table, which will explain in part the writing. It is, *verbatim*, the letter of your husband, taken down as dictated by him. He is confined to his bed, and is severely sick, but I hope not so dangerously as he supposes, though the physician says his lungs are some affected. His mind is calm and composed at the present time, though he has suffered some in that respect. I am not without fears respecting him, but hope for the best. The warden and officers are very kind to him, and do, evidently, all they can for him. Mrs. Child sympathizes with you, and begs me to present to you her kind remembrances. To-morrow some new efforts are to be made in his behalf.

I am, sincerely, yours, A. CHILD."

Feb. 2, 1846.

This is all we can give from the active hand and the fruitful mind of the immortal Torrey! A few more to him, and some from his friends in Baltimore, we are sure will be quite acceptable.

" *West Medway, March*, 1846.

"My Dearest Husband,—I have just finished writing another petition to the governor in your behalf, and father is sitting by me, doing the same. So you see, if we are discouraged, we mean to keep *trying* to help you. I have been sick about a week, and if the circumstances of the case had been otherwise than what they are, I should not have thought I was able to write anything. But *trying* is every thing. I have tried, and have accomplished it, but I am now very tired, and should go to bed, if I did not feel desirous to write a few words to you. Father returned day before yesterday, with his feelings deeply injured at the conduct of the governor and of Heckrotte. He said he knew but of one thing more that he could do for you, and that was to write another petition to the governor, which

he is now doing. We are all deeply afflicted at your trying state. When I am in such pain nights that I cannot sleep, I think of and pray for you. Do not think I never do it at any other time. Let one thought comfort and animate you. It is this: hundreds and thousands remember you in their prayers at their fireside and their meetings. That is a comfort which every one does not possess. In your afflictions they are afflicted. It is sweet to think we are remembered, but sweeter still, to know that multitudes are daily pleading for us, with that God, who has said, 'the effectual fervent prayer of the righteous man availeth much.' Mother says she means to write to you a letter of consolation, but I am almost afraid she will put so much —— in it, that it will hardly be allowed. She undoubtedly would try to avoid it, but she has so much of it in her heart, that it would be out of the abundance of that, she would write. Alexis too, says he intends to write you. Charles and Mary express a great desire to see their father, and I cannot but hope they *will* yet see you.

"Last week a paper was sent to me with a piece of your poetry which you wrote in 1843, commencing

'My country, my country—the land of my pride!'

I cannot go any farther in my quotation, for the sentiment contained in it would be obnoxious. You undoubtedly recollect it. At any rate, it is full of poetry as well as good sense, and will do you credit. Your 'Home' is well received every where. Ministers circulate it among their people, because they feel that it exerts an excellent influence.

"Isabella sends much love to you—she says I must tell you she feels much for you, and wishes she could minister to you.

"You will hear again from some of us soon. If I had not been too sick, I should have written to you before. May

the Lord be with you, comfort, sustain, and bless you. Though your prospect looks dark, you may yet see a brighter day. Hope thou in God. I can write no more at present.

Your affectionate wife,

MARY I. TORREY."

"*West Medway, April* 1, 1846.

"My Dear Son,—Though she that bore you, and called you by that endearing appellation is now slumbering in the grave, yet there is one who now lives, and who sustains the relation of mother to your wife, and through her to you: it is she, who now addresses you, and comes to your couch to sympathize with you, and share your sorrows.

"When I think of your lonely and desolate condition, my heart yearns over you, and longs to impart some comfort and consolation. But debarred as we are from ministering to your wants, I think with pleasure of Him to whom no bolts or bars are a hindrance to his watchful eye, and who can bestow those purer joys which delight the soul. These, in all your trials you may share, if you but lift your heart to Him in humble and fervent supplication.

"Never have I enjoyed more true pleasure than when commending you to our covenant God, and committing to Him your mortal and immortal interest. I feel that God will bring much good to —— from your sufferings. If you have truly made your peace with God, death must be to you the gate of glory. To be freed from sin, and partake of the joys of the ransomed in Heaven is a thought that may afford pleasure to the greatest sufferer. My fervent prayer is that you may be enabled to glorify your heavenly father in this hour of trial, and in the end come forth like gold seven times purified. Your nurse, (though I know not who he is,) shares in my supplications for his spiritual welfare; may he come forth a decided and devoted Christian.

"Mrs. Bennett, of Woburn, whom I believe you knew, died a few weeks since, a most triumphant death. I wish I could convey to you some of those precious tokens she gave of a Savior's presence as she entered the dark valley. There is now a pleasing work of divine grace begun at Woburn, and many other places in our land are sharing the same blessings; particularly Amherst and New Haven Colleges. I had a letter from Jacob last week, speaking of the revival at Amherst, and begging an interest in our prayers for him.

"To-morrow, is with us, a day of fasting and prayer. I hope many a knee will be bowed before God, and many a heart truly humbled, will seek the pardon of an offended God, and find acceptance with him.

"Mr. Ide has been quite unwell since his return from Baltimore. He is gone this evening to meet a Bible class. The seed he is now sowing, I trust will yet spring up, 'and bear, some sixty, some an hundred fold.'

"May our hearts unite in offering the memorable prayer of our Savior on the cross, for those who refuse to grant you the boon of a pardon—'Father, forgive them—they know not what they do.' We all remember you with feelings of tenderest sympathy, and none more so than

Your affectionate mother,

MARY E. IDE."

"P. S. Your wife was in here to-day—your father thinks she looks quite feeble. She does not know I am writing you, or she would send her love. The children are well, and speak of father in terms that show he is not forgotten; they, with their mother, remember you daily in their prayers. I have written in haste, as you will perceive by the frequent omissions I have made. I hope some one will make us soon acquainted with the state of your health. If you can dictate to me an answer to this letter, do, and let me know how you are, etc."

"My Dear Son,—I have not written to you, as I intended when I first returned, on account of my feeble health and the numerous cares which have pressed upon me. But you have heard from Mary, and my wife now sends you a line. When I parted with Mr. Phelps in New York, he told me he would write you soon, and let you know what he could respecting his doings in your behalf. I wish very much to hear what the decision of the governor is in your case. The time is at hand when he intimated to me he should act upon the case. Mary and I have renewed our petitions; but what will be the effect I cannot tell. May the Lord prepare you for whatever may be his will respecting you.

Affectionately yours,

J. IDE."

CHAPTER XV.

EFFORTS FOR THE RELEASE OF MR. TORREY.—HIS SICKNESS AND DEATH.

The following account is from the pen of Rev. A. A. Phelps.

"Mr. Torrey was in due time removed from the jail to the penitentiary. There, we have reason to believe, he was treated by the officers with all the leniency that the rules of the prison would allow. Still, he was, in the eye of the law, a criminal, and was of course treated as such. Mr. Torrey's trial and conviction had not been without its effect on a portion of the better class of citizens in Baltimore. On many accounts, they wished his liberation. As the result, early intimations were given, from influential sources, that his liberation might be effected on very easy conditions. Some of these were made while Mr. Torrey was yet in the jail. In a letter, dated Dec. 21, 1844, Mr. Torrey speaks of the subject as follows:

'It has been both a source of joy and humility to know how much, not only those whom I know and loved, but the poor slaves and colored people, and others whom I never saw, have *prayed* for me. I believe God has already heard them, in the peace I have enjoyed in my own heart; though, as a chastisement for my sins, he may not open my prison doors. But, sinner though I am, and not worthy of their prayers, or His favor, I feel that His cause is subjected to persecution in my person. And, though I may pass, in a measure, from their minds, He will vindicate that cause in the end.

'As to my release, the difficulty is to put *nerve* enough into a Southern governor to bear up against the slaveholding aristocracy, or the violent portion of them. Beyond doubt, the mass of the best men in Baltimore would be glad to have me released to-day. I suppose you have been apprized by brother Alden, of the proposal made me by men of high standing, to secure my release, on condition of some *seeming* concession to the slaveocracy. I hope to have Leavitt and Chaplin here on Monday night, to advise me respecting it. I cannot *afford* to concede any truth or principle, to get out of prison. I am not rich enough!'

"In consequence of such intimations, the Torrey Committee, at Boston, requested the gentleman, who was afterwards employed by Prof. Cleveland and ourself, to see whether anything, and what, could be done to effect a liberation. Owing to the prejudices of the great body of the people in Baltimore and Maryland against abolitionists generally, and Mr. Torrey in particular, he found the case encumbered with great difficulties; but still believed that, by patient and persevering effort, the object might ultimately be effected. Meanwhile, the funds of the Committee, at Boston, were exhausted; and, as the immediate prospect did not seem to warrant a fresh appeal for this particular object, it was concluded by the Committee to do nothing farther at present. We, also, meanwhile,

had removed to New York. Here, on the 22d of August, 1845, when we supposed all effort on Mr. Torrey's behalf had been for some time at an end, we learned, indirectly, from a Baltimore gentleman, that a small sum of money would effect his release. We wrote, at once, to Mr. Child, the counsel already referred to, to know what could or could not be done. He replied fully; and, among other things, said,—

'Yours of the 22d is received, and I am not sure but there is a special providence in it, for it was brought to my office at the moment I took up my pen to write you. I spent two or three hours yesterday with Mr. Torrey; and he spoke of you in such terms, that I determined to write you. The whole case of Mr. Torrey is this:—after his conviction, I was consulted by Messrs. Leavitt and Chaplin, who came from Washington to see me; and I agreed to render such professional aid as was in my power, feeling also personal sympathy and kindness for him and his family. * * I have had free intercourse, and now have, with Mr. T., as his counsel, and have endeavored to prepare the way for an application for his pardon. * * There are reasons, which convince me, that unless the party injured, (I speak of course in the dialect of a slave State, where slaves are by law property,) is satisfied, no application for pardon will be ever entertained. It is my impression, that if that can be done, there is a chance to succeed. I have no authority, however, to say he will be pardoned, but I believe there is a fair prospect. Mr. Torrey complains bitterly of pains in his brain and in his heart; and I was yesterday impressed with the conviction that he is wearing out. He is about, and works when he pleases, and as he pleases, but does but little. * * I communicated to him the decision of his friends in Boston, that they could not aid him at present, and urged him to try to keep up good spirits, assuring him that I should not give up his case. He has, however, now, evidently no hope of release. And I have always

felt, that whenever hope left him, he would break down. If you think the means can be procured, the present is perhaps a favorable time.'

"With this, the efforts of Prof. Cleveland and ourself began. Having satisfied ourselves, by correspondence and by a personal visit to Baltimore, that there was every reason to expect early and complete success, the appeal was made, personally and by circular, for funds. The answer was prompt and generous—amply sufficient, in money and pledges, to meet all the pecuniary demands of the case. Not unfrequently the donations were of such a character, and accompanied with such expressions of sympathy for Mr. Torrey as brought tears to our eyes as we opened and read the letters conveying them. In one instance a worthy friend, learning of the effort, set off, of his own motion, through his county, and sent us as the result of his labors, one hundred dollars. In another case, we wrote to a single individual, asking five dollars, and he sent us ten. In numbers of instances, more was given than was solicited. In several, liberal contributions were made by persons who thoroughly condemned Mr. Torrey's conduct. In one of these, the donor, after condemning Mr. Torrey's proceedings in the strongest terms, concluded by saying that still he did not think it would be doing just as he would be done by, to do nothing for his release, and he therefore enclosed twenty dollars.

"With the fund secured, no labor was spared, by us or the counsel at Baltimore, to secure a favorable result. We made three journeys to Baltimore, and conducted a very extended correspondence in reference to it. We have now over twenty letters on the subject from the counsel alone, each of which required an answer, and some of them a long one. The counsel corresponded extensively also with other persons; and, in fact, devoted most of his time, for more than three months, to the case. The result is known. It disappointed him and us entirely. True, as the Baltimore Patriot stated soon after

the letter of Prof. Cleveland and ourselves to the governor appeared, the governor had never authorized any one to say, in so many words, that he *would* pardon Mr. Torrey on any terms. But some of his intimate personal and political friends had intimated their belief that he *would*, and stated the *terms* on which they believed he would do it, and this after conversation with him in respect to it. The same belief was the result of an informal and direct interview with the governor by our own counsel. The truth, however, in the end, became clear. The governor and his slaveholding masters never meant to release Mr. Torrey, until he was virtually a dead man. When they intimated that in order to his pardon this obstacle must be removed, and then that, and then a third, and so on,—it was only to gain time, and not to release their victim until he was at the grave's mouth, if at all. For three months or more, the governor had the subject virtually before him; for three long weeks he had it before him in form. He knew, all this time, that Mr. Torrey was hastening to the grave—that he could not live long where he was. Yet, when urged, by the venerable Dr. Ide, to a decision, he, the governor of a sovereign State, must needs consult a slaveholding grand jury of his own county to know whether he might exercise the executive prerogative of pardon! Did ever slave cringe more submissively to his master? Was ever vengeance more implacable to its victim? Mr. Torrey at once saw the issue, and, with Christian confidence, resigned himself to it. Friends, as they saw him, bade him a last adieu."

Visit of Dr. Ide to the Governor of Maryland.

"I visited the governor to intercede for his immediate decision in Mr. Torrey's case. But after all I could say, he coolly deferred the whole subject to April, till after the grand jury of Prince George's county should meet and give their opinion in relation to it.

"When I returned and communicated the result of my mission to Mr. Torrey, it was intensely interesting as well as deeply affecting, to witness the working of his mind. Watching with an anxious look every word that was said, at the close of the narrative he instantly replied, 'That is to decide against me; I expected it would be so.' Here he paused a moment, and said again, 'Well, I may as well die here as anywhere. If it is the will of God, I am willing to.' And for some time he laid hold of considerations in the government of God, which seemed to buoy up his spirits. But at length he burst into tears and said, 'This (meaning the decision of the governor) will distress me some time when I am alone.' Here the circumstances of his wife and children, the thought of seeing them no more, quite overcame him for a time. Our parting was an affecting one; I left him, expecting to see him no more."

"*Baltimore, April* 9, 1846.

"Rev. and dear Sir,—Your good letter was read by me yesterday, just after I had returned from a visit to Mr. Torrey. I found him weaker than he was last week, and less able to converse without interruption from coughing and want of breath, but in a most enviable state of mind; as he seems to have cast all his cares on God, and to have received a fulfilment of the precious Scripture promise, 'As thy days, so shall thy strength be.' I do not *know* that he is failing very fast, but I should not be surprised to hear that he had gone to his rest in heaven, any day. Rev. R. B. Hubbard, of Worcester, and Dr. Bellows, of Charlestown, accompanied me to the prison yesterday, both of whom he recognized as his friends. The warden has very kindly allowed me to visit him as often as I could; and I usually pray with him, at his request. I read a long and beautiful letter to Mr. Torrey a few days ago, from brother Phelps, giving him an account of his recent proceedings.

"You inquire concerning the state of feeling towards him in

Maryland, and the prospect of his pardon by the governor. In reply I may say that I think most of the people in the State would be willing that he should be released, if they knew just the state of his health; and many in this city feel very strongly on the subject; but I do not believe that the executive will deem it expedient ever to grant his pardon. I have always thought the same. I see no hope, therefore, for him, and we must all commit his body and soul to the mercy and love of Him who had not where to lay his head, and who died to redeem us from the eternal captivity of sin.

"I was sorry to hear that Mrs. Torrey is yet unwell. May she find her Savior precious at this time of her sore trial, and may her spirit be refined to the purity of angels, by this seven times heated furnace of affliction.

"Mr. Rowe and family wish to be particularly and individually remembered to you and your daughter. They often speak of you, and pray for you, and we all feel towards you as towards a father and sister.

"I design to visit Mr. Torrey again before long, and will write you the result. Perhaps some of his friends will come to Baltimore soon, as I think he cannot live many weeks.

I am, dear sir, very respectfully and very affectionately,
Yours, PORTER H. SNOW."

"*Baltimore, April* 22, 1846.

"Rev. and dear Sir,—As I have just returned from the prison, I know you would like to receive a line from me respecting Mr. Torrey. He is very low indeed. I met Dr. Gibson this morning, just before I saw Mr. Torrey, and he informed me that he could not live more than two weeks, and he might not survive one week longer. He is very weak, perspires profusely at night, and is sinking rapidly to his grave. I conversed with him for about half an hour, and he expressed resignation to his fate. He was less clear and explicit concerning his feelings than when I have seen him be-

fore; owing, I think, to his low state, and perhaps somewhat to the medicine he takes. I told him that he could not live many days, and that I hoped all would be well with him when his spirit took its flight. He replied that he trusted in Christ, and could leave all with him. He wished me to say to you, in answer to an inquiry in a letter, either from yourself or Mrs. Torrey, that he wrote the tale referred to, at Washington, in 1842.

"I have great confidence in Mr. T., and cannot but believe that he will soon be with his Savior and God in heaven. Mr. Kline, one of the officers in the prison, conversed with me about him this morning; and I was happy to hear him express a good opinion of Mr. T., as he has often seen him and talked with him. Mr. Kline believes that he has always acted conscientiously, and that he now manifests Christian resignation in view of death.

"You will not be surprised, dear sir, to hear of Mr. Torrey's death any day. Have you any directions to give respecting his funeral and burial? I will do anything you direct, in the event of his death. May we hope to see you or any of your family in Baltimore soon?

Yours, very respectfully, and in the bonds of Christ,

PORTER H. SNOW."

"*Baltimore, May* 4, 1846.

"Mr. Torrey *is* rapidly failing. It is not *probable* he will last a week longer. His mind is clear, his faith strong, his hope an anchor that binds him in unwavering confidence to his Savior. He is a happy man. Oh that his murderers could but feel one moiety of that love to man that has brought him there, or of that love to God which makes him happy there, in spite of all their deridings and traducings.—But this is not the object of this letter. * * * * *

Yours, truly,

W. C. BRADLEY."

"*Baltimore, May* 8, 1846.

"Dear friend Ide,—I have been to visit Mr. Torrey this morning, and find him just alive. He had a hemorrhage last night, and it was thought that he would not live till morning; but he is yet spared to us. I found him rather delirious and very feeble. His pulse only flutters. He knew me, and said a few precious words of faith and resignation. Dear man! It is hard for him to die in prison. 'Sick and in prison, and ye visited me,' said he. '*How kind was Jesus to combine these two circumstances, and make them a climax in his specifications—he may have thought of me.*' These are our dear brother Torrey's words. It was a trial for me to sit by his cot and notice his pain, his eyes once so bright and sparkling now lustreless, his face pale and ghastly, his whole appearance like that of a man just about to die. He may survive a day or two; but as he expectorated some half a gill of blood last night, and looks so death-like now, I think he will have embraced his Savior in heaven, before this line reaches you. I do not think he can live more than a day or two longer. I cannot write you a long letter now, as I wish I could. I have visited him often since you left, and shall go to the prison to-day again. All things have been arranged as you directed. Mr. Rowe will write you, the hour he hears of his death. Dr. Gibson is not in town; but Dr. Wm. F. Peabody, the gentleman you met at our house, will attend to your requests concerning the preparation of the body to be carried to Boston. Let us look to God for support under our trials, and may we be prepared for our own dissolution. Perhaps you will send this line at once to your father, as I cannot write him to-day. Tender my love to the afflicted friends at Medway, and assure them of my deep love to the sick, imprisoned disciple of Jesus, who is so dear to them.

Yours, in the bonds of Christian affection,

PORTER H. SNOW."

[Letter from Rev. Mr. Smalley, of Worcester.]

THE PRISON SCENE.

"At the request of the officers and other members of my church, I recently visited Baltimore to see the Rev. Charles T. Torrey. I left Worcester May the 4th, and arrived at Baltimore on the morning of the next day. As early as practicable on the following morning, I started for the prison. On being introduced to the Warden of the prison, I stated to him my object, and asked him if he would grant me permission to visit the prisoner. He very cheerfully assented to my request, and in a few moments I was in the hospital of the prison. Mr. T. was prostrate upon his bed, and so much emaciated that, for an instant, I could hardly believe that it was the Mr. T. that I formerly knew. With a smile of recognition, he extended his thin and feverish hand to me, and expressed his grateful emotions that he had not been forgotten by his friends at the North in his trials and afflictions. He seemed to be in a very desirable frame of mind; and spoke of the present and the future with entire resignation of spirit. At his request I administered the Sacrament of the Lord's Supper to him. It was indeed a solemn and impressive scene. He appeared to be lost in devout and grateful contemplation of the Redeemer, and though unable to say much, he obviously felt that the promises of that precious Savior were full of hope and consolation. The emotions of that hour cannot be easily forgotten.

"He is obviously in the last stages of consumption. It has been a cause of wonder to some, that his friends do not make efforts to obtain his pardon and remove him to the North, that he may die in the bosom of his family. It is enough perhaps to say respecting this, that he has not strength to endure one half of the fatigue of a removal. I do not believe, that with the utmost care, he would survive a removal even

as far as Philadelphia. Could he be removed from the prison to the kind attentions of some private family near, he might be rendered more comfortable. Where he is, he has perhaps all the comforts that could reasonably be expected. The wardens and officers seem to be very well disposed towards him; and they were very ready to aid me in ministering to his consolation. But to be sick in prison, with the prisoner's dress suspended over one's head, with no other attendance than can be afforded in the hospital of a prison, with no wife, or mother, or sister, to smooth the pillow, or throw an air of neatness around the room, with none but strangers to call upon for aid:—O the picture need not be filled out in order to show us that it is horrible beyond description."

The first notice of Mr. Torrey's death was by the following letter addressed to Mr. N. E. Ide, of Boston:

"*Baltimore, May* 9, 1846.

"Our Torrey—the slaves' Torrey—the world's Torrey is no more. The God of the oppressed has called him to his reward. His pardon has long been signed and sealed by the King of kings; and this afternoon at three o'clock, a messenger from the Court of Heaven came down and opened the prison doors, and set him free! And he is now the wonder and joy of the heavenly host. Methinks to-night there are new songs in heaven. 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, ye have done it to me. Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

THE DEATH SCENE.

[From the Baltimore Saturday Visitor.]

"Charles T. Torrey is at last gone, freed from prison without the aid of the governor, leaving the funds offered to the owners of the slaves for whom he suffered the heavy penalty

of the law, for his release, in the hands of those who will no doubt properly appropriate it to the wants of his bereaved wife and children, which is well. He died at three o'clock, P. M., on the 9th instant, with that calmness and resignation which became him, and yet hardly to be anticipated in a death watched over only by the prison officials, rather than by the friends of his home and heart, whose soothing voices and careful ministrations are no trifles in the estimation of the departing. Mr. Torrey's disease, as our readers are aware, was pulmonary consumption, to which he was predisposed, both of his parents having died of it, we believe—but which was no doubt developed by the influences of prison life, and would probably have withheld its fatal grasp many a year—if not entirely. His dying symptoms were pretty much those of all consumptive patients. A slight hemorrhage from the lungs was the only marked indication of the solemn crisis. This took place a day or two before his death, and brought away so little blood, that it would have been by no means important, if arising from a less urgent cause than the utter rottenness of the pulmonary vessels from which it came.

"Mr. Torrey's body was put under the control of those who kindly consented to act for his friends, and after being prepared for its journey by arsenous injections into the arteries, was placed in a neat cherry coffin, which was lined with zinc, and in which a pane of glass was arranged in order to avoid the necessity of opening it to the view of the crowd of anxious relatives and friends, who, no doubt, awaited its arrival at the place of destination."

To the above we subjoin the following, from a private note of one of the friends in Baltimore, to whom the care of Mr. Torrey's remains were committed. The writer says:

"During the performance of the melancholy duties of preparing the body of the departed Torrey, I embraced the op-

portunity to enter into conversation with several of the officers relative to his last hours. The deputy warden was with him to the last, and seemed quite attached to him. He said that Torrey was perfectly conscious to the 'last breath,' though unable to speak. He sat four hours by his bed-side, wetting his lips with an acid water, and ministering as far as possible to his comfort; for which he repeatedly expressed his gratitude in signs and looks that much affected him. His exit was perfectly calm and peaceful. He died without a groan or struggle; and with every indication of a happy state of mind. *He* had no doubt as to his piety; nor had any officer in the institution."

CHAPTER XVI.

FUNERAL.—EXTRACTS FROM THE SERMON PREACHED ON THAT OCCASION.

The body of Mr. Torrey had been asked by his friends, of the prison physician for burial. This request was assented to. Immediately, as soon as the news of his death reached Boston, a few of his friends were called together, to make arrangements for his burial. Directions were sent to Baltimore to have the body partially embalmed, and it arrived in a state of almost perfect preservation. The funeral was appointed at the Park-street Church, but for some reason, the full board of directors in that church, withdrew the consent, that had been given by the chairman, and the place was changed to the Tremont Temple. On Monday, the 19th of May, at three o'clock, P. M., this spacious room was filled to its utmost capacity. The colored people thronged in great numbers to pay the last tribute of respect to one who had suffered so much for their kinsmen according to the flesh. The following account of the funeral is taken from the Christian Reflector:

THE FUNERAL.

"We were present on Monday afternoon, at the funeral of the Rev. Charles T. Torrey. The body had been subjected to a temporary embalming, and so hermetically sealed, as not to be in the least offensive. While we looked through the glass upon his pale, but not greatly changed countenance, we thought of the days when we saw it sparkling with life, and beaming with benevolence as he plead for the rights of humanity, and for the poor and down-trodden slave. And while we envied not the abettors of slavery and oppression who had wrung from their victim the last drop of anguish which persevering hate and cruelty could extort, with mingled but no ordinary pleasure, we followed his released spirit up to its joyful welcome among the benevolent, to those scenes of bliss and joy 'where tyrants never come.'

"The Scriptures were read on the occasion by the Rev. Jotham Horton, of the Methodist connection. The first prayer was offered by Rev. N. Colver, and the closing prayer by Rev. J. C. Webster. The sermon, which was thrilling and eloquent, was delivered by Rev. J. C. Lovejoy, brother to the martyr of liberty in the West. His discourse was founded upon Psalm cv. 48: 'Whose feet they hurt with fetters; he was laid in irons.' He vindicated the character and the deeds of the deceased, gave many interesting sketches of his life, detailed at considerable length the circumstances which led to his arrest, the events of his trial, the exercises of his mind while enduring his cruel and unjust imprisonment, gave extracts from some of his letters to his wife and friends (written before and after his conviction,) and described the state of his mind and his firm trust in his Savior in the hour of death. Many parts of the discourse produced a deep impression upon the vast auditory—especially where the speaker quoted the words of the deceased, when, in lan-

guage worthy of the best martyrs of the church, he declared his unalterable determination to die in prison, rather than admit that in the act for which he was condemned, he had violated any precept of the Christian religion.

"There were more than three thousand persons present on the occasion. The spacious temple was full to overflowing, and multitudes could not gain admittance. The entire platform was occupied by ministers of different denominations, and many more seated below for whom there was not room on the platform. Among the auditory, and towards whom all hearts turned with the liveliest sympathy, were seen the widow and children of the lion-hearted Torrey. His father-in-law, the venerable Rev. Dr. Ide, of Medway, was also present. A tender and subdued grief and a deep solemnity pervaded the vast assembly. Well might they weep. Tears were not inappropriate as they regarded the murdered victim of a system of atrocious and unsurpassed iniquity which involves the sin of the nation. Many felt the appropriateness of the apostolic injunction, to 'weep with those that weep,' as they looked upon the stricken, smitten ones, and thought of the cause of that desolation. O, it was that the heart of that husband—of that father, was too full of the gushings of humanity. O, it was that that commended him to the deep admiration and love of his wife and friends, and saints and angels, and Christ, which had made him the early victim of the tyrant's hate.

"Well, it is over! 'Torrey sleeps in his grave!' But, 'though dead, he yet speaketh,' and his martyr death shall yet tell upon the liberty of sighing bondmen for whom he died. The silent tears which fell around the bier of the Rev. Charles T. Torrey, bore witness to the more than *Hannibal vow* of eternal hatred to slavery. Many, we doubt not, in the very spirit of Christ, pledged themselves anew to 'remember those that are in bonds as bound with them.' A collection was taken at the close to erect a monument over his

grave. Its office will merely be to mark the place where his body lies—he will need no such monument to perpetuate the memory of his name; its shrine will be in every benevolent heart, and while humanity flows, it will be held in sweet remembrance. It shall be remembered that one there was who would sooner die himself than betray a friend to the slave into the hand of the tyrants—that one there was who would sympathize with the enslaved, the down-trodden and the despised of men, even unto death, and that one was the Rev. Charles Turner Torrey.

"The following appropriate hymn was prepared by Rev. Mr. Colver, and sung on the occasion.

'Go to the grave, in all thy glorious prime,
In full activity of zeal and power;
A Christian cannot die before his time;
The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

'Go to the grave; at noon from labors cease;
Rest on thy sheaves; thy harvest task is done;
Come from the heat of battle, and in peace;
Soldier, go home; with thee the fight is won.

'Go to the grave—from prison walls released;
Where tyrants bound thee for thy work of love!
Thy sufferings ended, for the poor oppressed,
Go up and rest thee, with thy Lord above.

'Go to the grave: no: take thy seat on high,
Near Mercy's throne, where tyrants never come;
Let thy pure spirit bask in love and joy,
And dwell forever with thy Lord at home.'

"A number of the friends of the deceased followed his remains to Mount Auburn cemetery.

"In the evening, a large meeting, in further commemoration of the many virtues and rare deeds of Mr. Torrey, was held at Faneuil Hall. Gen. Samuel Fessenden, of Maine, presided, assisted by Ellis Gray Loring and Francis Jackson, Esqs. of Boston, as vice presidents, and Messrs J. G. Whit-

tier, Geo. Minot, and Richard Hildreth, as secretaries. Rev. Mr. Hatch, of the Methodist church, opened the meeting with prayer; after which an interesting and eulogistic letter was read, from Hon. Stephen C. Phillips, of Salem, by Rev. Joshua Leavitt. Addresses were made by Gen. Fessenden, Henry B. Stanton, Dr. Walter Channing, and Rev. Mr. Lovejoy. A beautiful poem, from the pen of James Russell Lowell, was read to the meeting by Dr. Channing.

"Thus has the body of our departed brother been consigned to its last resting place. We trust his spirit is now where the slave is free from his master, and the wicked cease from troubling. Thus has another victim to the American Moloch been buried with suitable honors by his sympathizing friends. When the mists of prejudice and error are dissipated by the sun of truth—when slavery is numbered among the things that were, then will posterity do justice to the heroic deeds, the active humanity, the courageous virtue of the Christian martyr, CHARLES TURNER TORREY."

Conclusion, by J. G. Whittier.

"We conclude this affecting detail, with the following touching remarks of J. G. Whittier, in the Essex Transcript:

'Some seven years ago, we saw Charles T. Torrey for the first time. His wife was leaning on his arm—young, loving and beautiful; the heart that saw them blessed them. Since that time, we have known him as a most energetic and zealous advocate of the anti-slavery cause. He had fine talents, improved by learning and observation; a clear, intensely active intellect, and a heart full of sympathy and genial humanity. It was with strange and bitter feelings that we bent over his coffin and looked upon his still face. The pity which we had felt for him in his long sufferings, gave place to indignation against his murderers. Hateful beyond the power of expression seemed the tyranny which had murdered him with the slow torture of the dungeon. May God forgive us, if for the mo-

ment we felt like grasping His dread prerogative of vengeance. As we passed out of the Hall, a friend grasped our hand hard, his eye flashing through its tears, with a stern reflection of our own emotions, while he whispered through his pressed lips: 'It is enough to turn every anti-slavery heart into steel.' Our blood boiled; we longed to see the wicked apologists of slavery—the blasphemous defenders of it in church and State—led up to the coffin of our murdered brother, and there made to feel that their hands had aided in riveting the chain upon those still limbs, and in shutting out from those cold lips the free breath of heaven.

"A long procession followed his remains to their resting place at Mount Auburn. A monument to his memory will be raised in that cemetery, in the midst of the green beauty of the scenery which he loved in life—and side by side with the honored dead of Massachusetts. Thither let the friends of humanity go to gather fresh strength from the memory of the martyr. There let the slaveholder stand, and as he reads the record of the enduring marble, commune with his own heart, and feel that sorrow which worketh repentance.

"The young, the beautiful, the brave!—he is safe now from the malice of his enemies. Nothing can harm him more. His work for the poor and helpless was well and nobly done. In the wild woods of Canada, around many a happy fireside and holy family altar, his name is on the lips of God's poor. He put his soul in their soul's stead; he gave his life for those who had no claim on his love save that of human brotherhood. How poor, how pitiful and paltry seem our own labors! How small and mean our trials and sacrifices! May the spirit of the dead be with us, and infuse into our hearts something of his own deep sympathy, his hatred of injustice, his strong faith and heroic endurance. May that spirit be gladdened in its present sphere, by the increased zeal and faithfulness of the friends he has left behind."

Extracts from the Sermon preached at the Funeral of Mr. Torrey.

Lamentations 3 : 53.—"They have cut off my life in the dungeon."
Psalm 105 : 8.—"Whose feet they hurt with fetters; he was laid in iron."

"Words are powerless to-day. They entirely fail to utter the deep emotions which swell every bosom. A *deed* has been done which covers Maryland with indelible disgrace; a deed which ought to shroud Massachusetts in mourning and the whole land in gloom. Torrey is no more! The cruel murder of a righteous man, for acts of mercy, has been consummated by the slow torture of confinement in the prison of one of the sovereign States of Christian America.

"Slavery enjoys another triumph. Every true-hearted friend of human liberty throughout the world will weep; and with united voice exclaim, 'Wo, wo to the hand that shed this costly blood.' I have said the lamented, early-wept Torrey is no more. His mortal remains lie indeed beneath you; but he has just begun to live. I say this, not only in reference to that happy immortality to which his soaring spirit has been made thrice welcome; but I say it in reference to what he will be and do on the earth. When a single event in the life of an individual stands prominent and alone, as the one thing by which he is chiefly known; when thousands know him by this one act, there arises at once an interest and anxiety to know if all parts of the character shall correspond to what is known; if the admiration excited, will be sustained by an intimate acquaintance with the whole character.

"There is grandeur in a solitary mountain; but the sustained feeling of sublimity can only rest upon the rolling ridges that stretch away far as the eye can reach. We admire a single noble act; but who does not rejoice to see it surrounded by groups of noble principles and lofty achievements?

"With what anxiety, then, do we approach to uncover the face of the illustrious dead; to read the history which we long to know, and yet which we almost dread to trace. It was with something of this feeling, I frankly confess, I began to open the papers of our lamented friend. Thank God, though his life has been taken, his character and reputation are safe. *Truth* will now gush forth from pure fountains, and wash away the spots that the malicious and the thoughtless have attempted to fasten upon his character.

> 'We tell thy doom without a sigh,
> For thou art freedom's now, and fame's;
> One of the few immortal names
> That were not born to die.'

"Those who choose may echo, 'the slaves stolen by Torrey,' but they will never produce the conviction, on the minds of this or any future age, that Mr. Torrey was a thief. You may shut his body out of your sanctuary,* but you cannot exclude his spirit from the upper sanctuary. The impartial verdict of this and future ages will be, 'Mr. Torrey was cruelly murdered for a righteous act, to glut the vengeance of slaveholders and uphold the darling institution of slavery.'

"The sentence of the court of Maryland has already been repealed in that higher and impartial court, where human actions are rightly weighed. Every spot upon his reputation here, for acts of mercy to the oppressed, has become a bright and shining star in his diadem of glory there. Nor will the honor you do him, rest upon the momentary excitement of the present occasion. While genius, energy and courage, robed in the milder virtues of piety and benevolence, shall be admired, the name of Torrey will be honored.

"I never blamed him for the *attempt* to escape from jail, but only that there was not sufficient care to make it success-

* Park Street church was refused after it had once been granted for the funeral!

ful. Let those who censure Mr. Torrey, put themselves in his condition. Conscious of no crime; the recording angel had already written over against the acts of mercy of which he was accused: 'he shall be recompensed at the resurrection of the just.' His enemies were many, and they were strong. He must be tried by a *wicked* law, before a slaveholding court and jury, with parties arrayed against him ready to prove anything necessary for his conviction; was it wrong for him to escape as a bird from the hand of the fowler? Let those who think so, condemn our ancestors, who often escaped from captivity among the Indian tribes; for I do not hesitate to say that the ancient Delawares, that trod the shores of the Chesapeake, were angels of mercy compared to the present generation of slaveholders in Maryland. Let them keep a part of their indignation for the captives who have escaped from Algerine bondage, and for Paul the apostle, who was let down, in a basket, through a window, that he might escape.

"But Mr. Torrey was imprisoned according to *law;* and respect for the laws of the land should have kept him from the unlawful mode of escape. He may have erred; but he had a most illustrious example, in the case of his apostolic type —the bold, the ardent, and, if you insist upon it, the rash Simon Peter was once in prison by command of the *king;* and an angel was sent, all the way from heaven, to slip the bolts, open the doors, and let him out. When the crier calls the court for the trial of Peter and the angel, the friends of Mr. Torrey will be there to answer for him.

"But most bitterly did he atone for this attempt to break jail. For twelve days his 'feet were hurt with fetters; he was laid in iron,' irons that weighed twenty-five pounds. His situation at this time beggars all description. Surrounded by persecutors, bitter and cruel, betrayed by one of the inmates of the prison, sick, heavily ironed, there was but one angel of mercy, save myriads of the unseen, around him. That minister of kindness was John Stewart, an Irishman. 'But for him,'

says Mr. Torrey, 'I should not have survived those twelve days of the reign of terror and cruelty.' It may well be supposed that such facts as I have narrated, known and published abroad, excited no small interest in his behalf. Yet from the point of view we now look at it, we marvel at the cold hearted indifference and want of interest in his fate. To the honor of a few; I believe it is no injustice to say that it was mostly confined to those technically called abolitionists, money was freely contributed, able counsel was employed to do all that might be done, to rescue him from the unjust sufferings to which he was exposed. From the day of his arrest to that of his death, a few friends did all they could for his relief. An effort to bail him out of the loathsome jail in Baltimore, during the long and sultry days of summer, was not successful. The weary months wore round, that brought him before the court of Maryland for trial. False witnesses were not wanting before the jury. They swore in many instances, perhaps, to what was true, but they did not know it to be true. The court, with their prejudices against Mr. Torrey, were perhaps as impartial as you could expect. The prosecuting officer was rather magnanimous than overbearing. But there was the consent of these judges to the execution of a wicked law—the aid of this State's attorney in the conviction and punishment of an innocent man. Rather than partake in such a crime, they should have vacated their seats and offices forever.

"But what shall I say of his own counsel, the Hon. Reverdy Johnson? I thank him for his generosity, but I do not thank him for his fatal admission in the very exordium of his argument. At the close of a touching allusion to his wife, then present in court, he said, 'she has come to witness the probable adverse termination of this trial.' He repeated this admission by an allusion to his imprisonment, and the long years of lonely separation that must follow. This, in my opinion, was a wrong and fatal admission. It was, in fact, giving the whole case over into the hands of the prosecutors.

Mr. Torrey must have felt it as cutting the last straw of hope left him.

"Such a feeble effort for the delivery of an innocent man, contrasts sadly with the almost superhuman efforts of eminent counsel, often, to deliver men whose hands are red with blood. The jury were out only twenty minutes, and brought in a verdict of guilty. * * * *

"Thus lived, and thus died in the thirty-third year of his age, the young, ardent, and self-devoted Torrey. Is not the simple story of his life, the most triumphant vindication of his character?

"'But he was rash—had faults, and great ones,' say his enemies; admitted; what then? Can you put your finger on one bold and fearless man, more governed by his own undoubted convictions than by popular feeling, who has not faults, and great faults too? And yet there will be 'carrion heaths,' as Carlyle would call them—ignorant or hard-hearted men, who will have no other balm for these wounded hearts, than the sneering cry, 'Died Torrey as the fool dieth.' I tell you nay, his life was not thrown away. Estimate the priceless value of personal, social and religious liberty to some *hundreds* of slaves, emancipated by his instrumentality—to them and their posterity, and is it not worth *one* life? I say it here, I say it everywhere, from the side of every martyr's grave-stone, in the old world and the new; I whisper it in the ear of the master, I proclaim it aloud in the ear of the slave,—*the proper price* of one man's *liberty*, is one man's life. No man ought ever to consent to be a slave. No man ought to consent to be the father of a slave; and no woman should ever press a *slave* child to the sacred fountain of life. God gave her an immortal spirit, to be nurtured as from her own life; and will she receive a chattel, a thing, from the hands of a master? And if any of the race of Adam have fallen so low, that they prize *life* more than *liberty*, they need redemption; nothing but vicarious suffering, even to

death—nothing but the groans and grave-stones of martyrs, will awaken such to gird on the armor of their manhood and show themselves men.

" 'Hereby perceive we the love of God, because he laid down his life for us; and we ought to lay down *our lives* for the *brethren*.' *Where*, and *when*, if not for our brethren among the slaves of the South; yea, for the entire mass of the slaves; and the lower their degradation, the louder is the call for redemption. And from the prison-tomb, where Torrey died, an earthquake-voice will go forth, which will shake all the wide domain of slavery; and many of the saints that are in the grave of liberty, will come forth and be free. His death will be the beginning of the Hegira of the slave.

" Already I see them, in scores and by hundreds, crossing the long line of border, and treading with new and wondering emotions, a soil partially free—the transition strata between bondage and freedom. Elastic youth and grey-haired age wake at the first plaintive call of the fugitive—horses of all colors, and vehicles of all descriptions, are harnessed to facilitate their march; when the stars fail, lamps and torches supply their places, and the wondering traveller upon the lake exclaims, as he sees them rushing to its shores, 'who are these that fly as clouds and as doves to their windows?'—all along these hidden ways cast up for the ransomed to return—ways, which the vulture eye of Slavery cannot find! The watchword is, 'Torrey and Liberty!'

" The life and death of Mr. Torrey will convince thousands, simply by drawing attention to the subject and securing its discussion—of the righteousness and expediency of direct efforts to assist the slaves, individually, to their freedom. So far from having gone beyond the limits of a strict morality, in what he did to assist the slave in his escape, he has left a wide margin to be trodden by those made bolder by his example. The truth has yet to be *preached* to the slaves, at the peril of life, if need be, that they do a great wrong every

day they consent to labor without wages—that every slave, properly enlightened, who yields for a moment to have his family ties sundered, is a sinner before God—that the father and husband who will not protect, resisting even to blood, the innocence of his own family, is worthy to be neither a father nor a husband. In short, the duty of the slave to himself and his family, to the nation and posterity, is to be fully proclaimed—and over all the plantations of the south, the slaves should come out from their woods, stand in the highway of the King of kings and Lord of lords, and 'call no man master upon the earth.' There is but one Sovereign of the human will, and He is in Heaven. The Bible abounds with appropriate texts for such preaching, which is according to sound doctrine, and the glorious gospel of the blessed God. '*Fear not them that kill the body, but after that have no more that they can do!*' In our sickly sentimentalism about human life, at the present day, we seem to think that there is but one life—and that of the body—the higher, better, immortal life of the soul, is put out, like lamps, in the death caverns beneath the earth. If it were necessary for every slave father in the south to come forward and offer himself a sacrifice for the redemption of his children and posterity, I know of no higher duty, of no more acceptable sacrifice. Shall a man consent to have the bright image of his God erased from his soul—his volition destroyed—the children of his own body, the wife of his bosom, brutalized before his eyes, rather than *die?* Nay, must he himself consent to the violation of every command in the decalogue, for the sake of life? I hope and trust the life and death of Mr. Torrey will awaken the nation to a reconsideration of these truths—truths once written in the blood of our fathers, and on the gravestones of the early emigrants to Plymouth rock. Mr. Torrey has showed us again, that there is something worth dying for, besides the possibility of gaining wealth in deadly climes, or the vain glare of military glory.

"Yet I would not be too sanguine in estimating the probable influence of his example and death. I remember that South Carolina treads on the necks of your free citizens, imprisons them against the express provision of the Constitution of the United States, and spurns your ambassador from her borders with contempt. Slavery robs a weak and peaceable nation of territory, and then provokes and makes a war, without the action of Congress, to wash out her own crime in the blood of the innocent. Slavery tramples upon the first principle of Protestantism, and denies the word of God to the common people; hurls from her borders, or grinds to powder, the materials of five or six printing presses; murders their peaceful owners; comes into the free states, and captures free white citizens, and drags them to a foreign tribunal for trial —denies the hospitality of the most barbarous nations on earth, and demands that the victims of providence—the wanderers of the Amistad shall be given over to bondage or death; and yet the nation is not aroused; even Massachusetts is not prepared to say—she will seek the *destruction* of slavery.

"Well, slavery has filled the cup of outrage and insult for you, to overflowing. She has taken the priest from the altar —the father and the husband, and after months of slow torture—the most excruciating a mind like his could feel,—his lips sealed during the day—a dark and cheerless cell at night —during the lonely long evening, not an inch of candle to shine upon the page of God's loved word! After months of such torture as this, slavery has *murdered* the young, vigorous, social, talented, and pious Torrey! Now, either shed no tear on that early grave, or write there the vow of Hannibal —*eternal war against slavery!* That decision which shall arrest the tide of oppression, or decide the question whether the free States shall be dragged down into that abyss to which slavery seems determined to plunge us, must be made in Massachusetts. The question is soon to be decided, wheth-

er this shall be a land of *slavery* or a land of *freedom!*—and that question rests in no small degree upon the action of this State. In the language of another: 'As far as the interests of freedom are concerned, the most important of sublunary interests, you stand in no small degree—the federal representatives of the human race. If Liberty, after being extinguished in the old world, is suffered to expire here, whence is it ever to emerge in that thick night that will invest it? It remains then for you to decide, whether that freedom, at whose voice the kingdoms of Europe awake as from the sleep of ages, to run a career of virtuous emulation in every thing great and good; the freedom which dispelled the mists of superstition, and invited the nations to behold their God; whose magic touch kindled the rays of genius, the enthusiasm of poetry, and the flame of eloquence; the freedom which has poured into our lap, opulence and arts, and embelished life with innumerable institutions and improvements, till it became a theatre of wonders;—it is for you to decide, whether this freedom shall *survive*, or be covered with a funeral pall and wrapt in eternal gloom!"

CHAPTER XVII.

SKETCHES OF MR. TORREY. — RESOLUTIONS OF PUBLIC BODIES.—VOICE OF THE PRESS.—POETRY.

Remarks of H. B. Stanton, Esq., at Fanueil Hall, the evening after the Burial of Mr. Torrey.

"Mr. President,—We have met to praise Torrey, not to bury him.

"That manly and elastic form—that glowing eye—those eloquent lips—that lion heart—all that was mortal of our

martyred brother, has been borne to the grave, by those who dwell with melancholy pleasure upon the rare virtues and noble achievements which have made his life useful, and his death calm and glorious.

"And who, it may be asked, was Charles T. Torrey, that we should praise him? Why should this assembly of Christian citizens meet in this hallowed hall, to honor one who was convicted as a felon, and died in the penitentiary?

"Let it be answered, that though he was convicted of having violated the laws of a republican State, he was not found guilty of violating any of the statutes of the Law-giver of the universe. Though he died in a penitentiary, he was not a felon before God. Though the court which convicted him, would not recommend him to mercy, nor the chief magistrate of the State grant him an executive pardon, yet ere this, we cannot doubt, that before the tribunal of Heaven, and in the presence of serried ranks of angels and the spirits of just men made perfect, the Sovereign of worlds has greeted him with 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter into the joy of thy Lord.'

"Then, in honoring him, we honor ourselves. In applauding his deeds, we but render a tribute to the worth of a rare ornament of our common humanity.

"But, am I right? Was the deed for which he was condemned and which cost him his life, approved of Heaven?

"So long as it remains true, that the Savior came to preach deliverance to the captive and the opening of the prison to the bound; to break every yoke and let the oppressed go free; so long will it be true, that Torrey was sacrificed and murdered for following in the footsteps of the Divine Exemplar.

"But the voice of eulogy is attempted to be clamored down, by the cry that he had violated the laws of a sovereign State, and was therefore properly convicted and punished as a felon.

"This cold and cruel cavil deserves a more elaborate answer than the present occasion will allow. A rapid glance will disclose the weakness of its foundation.

"Mr. Torrey was tried and condemned under certain statutes of Maryland, for assisting slaves to escape out of that State and beyond the reach of the laws which enslaved them. The act was done, (if at all,) without violence, and in contravention of no other statute of that State. Now, sir, the laws under which he was condemned, have no binding force, because slavery has no constitutional existnece in Maryland. The bill of rights, and constitution, both of Maryland and Massachusetts, recognize and declare the equality of man, and the inalienability of his right to liberty. Slavery existed in this commonwealth at the time of the adoption of our constitution. Soon after the ratification of that instrument, a slave sued for his freedom in our Supreme Judicial Court. On solemn deliberation, the judges decreed that the clause in our organic law to which I have alluded, abolished slavery; and from that hour slavery ceased to exist in Massachusetts. This is sound law, not only here, but in all places where the equality of mankind and the inherent rights of human nature, are affirmed in any instrument, or recognized in any usage, having the force of law. It is a part of the Common law—the birth-right charter of every member of the Anglo-Saxon family. It is law in Maryland, binding upon its law-givers, its courts, and its people; and by force of its provisions, slavery, with all its concomitants and adjuncts, has no real existence there. Then, in the act for which he was condemned, Torrey broke no law which had not itself previously been shivered to atoms by the weight of superior authority.

"But I assume higher ground. It is impossible to give any binding force to statutes which make one man the property of another. They are null and void from their own inherent injustice. No legislature has a right to enact them,

no court the right to enforce them. Every step taken in their inception is illegal; every attempt to execute their precepts or inflict their penalties, are outrages on justice, and binding upon no man. To this point I cite the opinion of one of the most eminent lawyers and civilians of modern times, Henry Brougham. In 1830, on the floor of the House of Commons, and just previous to his taking the Great Seal, while discussing the rights of the slaveholder and the binding force of slave laws, he uttered the following sentiments, worthy, from their stern justice, lofty humanity and glowing style, to be the epitaph on the tomb of this illustrious friend of human liberty.

'Tell me not of rights,—talk not of the property of the planter in his slaves. I deny the right—I acknowledge not the property. The principles, the feelings of our common nature, rise in rebellion against it. Be the appeal made to the understanding or to the heart, the sentence is the same that rejects it. In vain you tell me of laws that sanction such a claim! There is a law above all the enactments of human codes, the same throughout the world—the same in all times —such as it was before the daring genius of Columbus pierced the night of ages, and opened to one world the sources of power, wealth and knowledge; to another, all unutterable woes;—such as it is at this day—it is the law written by the finger of God on the heart of man, and by that law, unchangeable and eternal, while men despise fraud, and loathe rapine, and abhor blood, they will reject with indignation the wild and guilty phantasy, that man can hold property in man!'

"But I quote infinitely higher authority than this. It was enacted by the divine Legislator, eighteen hundred years ago, that 'whatever we would that men should do unto us, that ought we to do unto them.' And by this law, binding on all men through all time, Torrey stands acquitted and applauded, to-night, before the bar of the Infinite Judge.

"A deed of dreadful note has been done. A minister of the gospel has died under circumstances which have seized and

tenaciously hold the public attention. Large and influential classes of men are in doubt by what name this death should be known; whether it be a personal calamity, a righteous retribution, or a legalized murder; whether the victim should be pitied, abhorred, or reverenced. The reputation of the deceased, no less than that of those who took his life—the reputation of the sovereign State which sacrificed him, and of the nation which looked silently on, demand that these doubts be resolved. This deed was not done in a corner; nor can the parties concerned, escape either the scrutiny or the verdict of mankind.

"What, then, was the act for which Torrey suffered and died? Stated in the simplest form, and stripped of all extrinsic ornament, it was this:—He aided oppressed men peaceably to cast away their chains—he gave liberty to men unjustly held in bondage.

"What act, I ask, is more universally applauded than this? Human nature, from the dawn of creation till the present hour, has acclaimed it. In all ages, and among all nations, the deeds of the liberator have given inspiration to the poet and fervor to the orator, and his memory has been held in peculiar reverence. The refined pagans of Greece and Rome exalted him among their gods; the superstitious nations of the middle ages made him their titular saint—while Christian States, in modern times, have showered wreaths upon him when living, and built monuments to his memory when dead. This unanimous verdict of mankind is recorded on every page of the world's history. It is this which covers with unfading lustre such names as Washington, Wallace, La Fayette, Kosciusco, Bolivar, Howard, and Wilberforce. And if the voice of history utters but one truth, it is this—that all who have become martyrs to principle in great struggles for the rights of man, have been held in undying remembrance by a grateful posterity.

"To this, and this alone, are such men as Russell, Hamp-

den, and Sydney indebted for their immortal fame. It is this which makes the bare mention of such names give a heartier throb through the veins of freedom; and now, as of yore, on every stricken field where the oppressed rise against the oppressor, they are the watchwords of the struggling bondmen, the very synonymes of liberty.

"I need to beg pardon for uttering truths so trite—words so often the mere catch-phrases of the canting demagogue in his partisan harangue, the very froth of our fourth of July orations. But they are truths not the less because they are the common staple of the political hypocrite and the vapid declaimer. And, being truths, they vindicate the deeds and the character of Torrey. He has done something for liberty, and his name deserves a place in the calendar of its martyrs. Now that he is laid quietly and securely in his grave, we may safely publish those acts to the world which, while he lived, could be safely known only to the few. In a letter addressed to me while he was in prison awaiting his trial, he said, '*If I am a guilty man, I am a very guilty one; for I have aided nearly* FOUR HUNDRED *slaves to escape to freedom, the greater part of whom would probably, but for my exertions, have died in slavery.*" (Prolonged and intense applause.)

SKETCH OF MR. TORREY.

The following sketch of the character of Mr. Torrey is from the pen of a clergyman, of great ability, and was originally published in the True American, of Courtland County, New York:

"Mr. Editor,—'Torrey is dead!' I am not telling either you, or your readers any news. The sad intelligence has already reverberated from cell to cell in a southern penitentiary, and been wafted upon the wings of the wind to the palace and the cottage of both the north and the south. But this

annunciation should now be a *motto* for the reflection of every American citizen.

"I knew him well. He pursued his theological course within seven miles of my former residence; and I frequently saw him in the study, and at the table of his wife's father. His then youthful character was without a blemish. Though his judgment was far from being matured; yet, at that early day, he possessed a mind of superior order. Active, vigorous, energetic, his soul could no more be quiet or indolent, than matter can be the efficient cause of its own motion or momentum. He sought and acquired knowledge with facility. His gathering up of facts seems to be as natural, and almost as much a matter of course, as the taking of his daily food; and what he collected, he retained in his mental store-house, there treasured and systematised for subsequent use. This will account for those exquisitely beautiful and accurately graphic narratives, which he sent forth to the public from the cells of his prison, and which must have been compiled chiefly, if not entirely, from his own recollection.

"Mr. Torrey's theological system was thorough and accurate; for he not only possessed a mind to investigate, but was furnished with one of the most adequate instructors in the New England ministry. In his preparatory studies, he became fixed in the fundamental principles of the gospel, by which he was guided in the path of active benevolence. Hence, when he entered the ministry, he not only *believed* but *preached* the doctrine of disinterested love; and the result of his eventful life has proved that he *practised* as well as *preached*. On this great subject, his actions spoke louder than his words; and now he is dead, he continues to speak.

"Such a mind as Torrey's, unrestrained by divine grace, and unrenewed by the Holy Spirit, must have been wayward, fit for 'treason, stratagems and spoils.' But, being brought under the controling influence of the gospel, and having the love of Christ shed abroad in his heart; he was eminently

fitted for energetic and persevering action in the cause of benevolence and humanity. Hence, at almost the commencement of the anti-slavery enterprise in Massachusetts, he was found among its most active and efficient advocates. His zeal and activity in this holy cause, never diminished, but continued to increase with his growing knowledge and observation of human wo. He has proved, in the face of the world, that he loved the slave as a *brother*. For the benefit of the slave, he devoted his time, his energies, and sacrificed both his popularity and fairest worldly prospects. For the benefit of the slave, he relinquished the sweetest and most endearing enjoyments of the domestic circle. For the benefit of the slave he wore out the springs of his physical constitution. For the benefit of the slave, he laid even his life itself upon the altar!

"Such a man, and much more than I have described, was Rev. Charles Turner Torrey. But, '*Torrey is dead!*' For whom did he die? He died for the slave! Of what disease did he die? He died of a disease induced by the iron clog, the murky dungeon, and a subsequent incarceration among felons of a penitentiary. Where did he die? Within the precincts of pirates, man-stealers, and those who are constantly imbruting God's image.

"TORREY is *murdered*, for aiding a fugitive from slavery; and BAKER is *pardoned* for piracy, man-stealing, kidnapping, or reducing a fellow man to the most cruel and helpless thraldom. These infamous and contradictory deeds will forever prove an indelible and damning blot upon Maryland's history and her executive's biography.

"It is scarcely needful to add, that Mr. Torrey had been guilty of no crime. This is *known* to the citizens of Maryland and Gov. Pratt. They *knew* that the victim of their cruelty and vengeance acted only in obedience to the law of God, and our Savior's 'golden rule.' They know, that had their

own children been enslaved by a foreign power, and Mr. Torrey had rendered to them precisely the same assistance that he did to fugitives from their own bloody grasp,—they would have been the first to heap encomiums upon his name and character, and to load him and his family with munificent rewards.

"Our beloved brother who has thus fallen, a martyr to the cause of philanthropy, had ten thousand things to tie him to the circle of his home. I was acquainted with Mrs. Torrey in her earliest childhood. Born, reared and educated, as she was, the daughter and in the family of a clergyman, whose standing, for intelligence, piety and respectability, will not suffer in comparison with any other in New England; possessing a sprightly, active and amiable disposition; and inheriting much of the acumen of her grandfather Emmons;* she could hardly help being worthy of the Christian and philanthropist. His children, too, must not only need a father's care, but must have bound him to his family with the strong cord of a father's love. These things must all be taken into the account, in order to estimate, in any degree, the amount of Torrey's sacrifice and self-denial; as also duly to sympathize with his heart-stricken widow and her fatherless ones. She is, indeed, set free from her late awful suspense, and has the consolation of an unwavering confidence that her husband has entered the 'saints' everlasting rest;' but, the scars of these cruel wounds, which slavery has inflicted, she must carry, till she is called to follow him into the world of spirits. But while her heart swells with grief at her husband's incarceration and death, and with holy indignation at his murderers; it is hoped, that she will console herself with implicit confidence in God, who is rendering his martyrdom the heaviest blow to American despotism that it has yet received.

T. M. V.

* Rev. Dr. Emmons, of Franklin, Massachusetts.

[From the Green Mountain Freeman.]

SKETCH OF CHARLES T. TORREY.

BY A LADY.

"There is a melancholy and touching interest connected with the life, and more especially with the death of this good man, which must cause every heart to feel. During his whole course he manifested by his deeds that his heart was full of sympathy and generous humanity.

"I see him in the days of his boyhood, winning by his amiable and modest manners, by his patient, meek and gentle temper, the love of all who knew him; I see him in his youth, devoting himself with every power of his noble intellect to the cause of the Savior and of humanity. It was at this period that he imbibed those sentiments of Freedom, Equality and Liberty, which gave coloring to his whole future life.

"During his college course he was studious, high minded and generous in every act and feeling; a noble example to all with whom he associated. He had superior talents and a noble intellect. His was a mind of no common order. The studies requiring in others intense intellectual labor, were mere pastimes to him.

"He enters upon the sacred ministry, devoting every energy to the service of his Master; like him, to weep with those who weep, to comfort the oppressed, to preach deliverance to the captive.

"Again I see him—he is prison now. Why is he in that dark, damp dungeon, far away from his home, his heart-broken wife and children? It is to appease the rage of fiends in human shape, who were maddened into fury, because this good man had dared to follow the dictates of conscience, of humanity, and of the holy Bible. It is because he has dared to obey God rather than man, that he is there. The petitions of his friends, the prayers of his afflicted wife, to release him,

were alike unavailing; and still the tyrants held him with a grasp of iron, until, worn down by toil, privation and suffering, death released the noble sufferer. Go to that prison: he is dying now. The hand of death is upon him. In that trying hour, he is away from all he holds most dear—from his sympathizing friends, from his beloved family; strangers minister to his wants and smooth down his dying pillow. But his mind is calm and peaceful. He speaks of the love, the kindness, the compassion of Jesus towards him. He fears no evil as he passes through the dark valley of the shadow of death, because the Sun of righteousness lightens up its gloom with his glorious presence. His hope is fixed upon the rock of ages. He fears not to pass over the swelling Jordan, because he is upheld by the everlasting arm of God. Death has no terror for him. Look at him again; he sleeps; a smile is upon his lips; in his countenance there is unearthly beauty. His face is calm like the face of an angel; but the breath of the sleeper is not there; God himself has loosed the bands of the prisoner, and his free spirit rests in the bosom of his Savior. Oh! who can doubt that the moment he was pronounced dead upon earth, he was welcomed by angels as born, born to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, which passeth not away?"

Royalton, June 8, 1846.

The following are only specimens of the feeling of a portion of the community, upon the death of Torrey, as manifested by the Resolutions which have been passed at numerous public meetings.

VOICE FROM ACROSS THE WATERS.

Resolutions of the British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society.

"At a general meeting of the committee of the Brit. and For. Anti-Slavery Society, held at No. 27 New Broad St., London,

on the 19th of June, 1846, Rev. John H. Hinton in the chair, it was unanimously resolved, that this committee have learned with profound regret the decease of the Rev. C. T. Torrey, in the penitentiary at Baltimore, Maryland, to which he had been sentenced for a period of six years, by the criminal court of that State, for having aided certain fugitive slaves in their escape from bondage.—That they deeply sympathize with his afflicted widow and orphan children, in their irreparable loss, by which they have been made, in common with himself, the victims of the inhuman and infamous slave system of the United States; and would earnestly recommend them to the protection of the Most High, and to the Christian liberality and care of abolitionists, both in this and other countries.—That the committee would assure their oppressed fellow creatures, the slave population of the United States, of their increasing interest in their condition,—of the commiseration they feel for them in their sufferings, and of their determination to use every legitimate means for breaking their fetters, and for restoring them to the possession of that freedom to which they are entitled by right of nature, and as the gift of God.—That they regard the law of slavery as atrocious in principle, a daring usurpation of divine prerogatives, and the greatest wrong that can be inflicted on mankind; and as a law which ought, therefore, to be earnestly, constantly, and zealously resisted, by every friend of justice, humanity and freedom.—That the committee consider the laws incidental to the state of legalized slavery, which render it criminal for free men to counsel and aid slaves in the recovery of their freedom, and in other ways to instruct and befriend them, as utterly disgraceful to a people professing their love to republican institutions, and their reverence for the righteous principles and benign spirit of Christianity.—That they nevertheless rejoice, that in the United States the conviction is spreading and deepening, that slavery is not less a sin against God than an outrage upon man, and ought therefore to be immediately abolished; and

they would encourage and urge all those who are laboring in this department of Christian duty, to the most strenuous exertions, until their great and noble object shall be fully accomplished.—Finally, That the committee would earnestly, yet respectfully, recommend to every section of the professedly Christian church, in the United States, to separate itself from all participation in, or sanction of the system of slavery, by a solemn and decisive act, and thus free itself from the charge of upholding an institution which is entirely at variance with natural justice and the law of Christian love.

Signed, THOMAS CLARKSON, *President.*
JOHN SCOBLE, *Secretary.*

Resolutions of the Franckean Lutheran Synod.

"The ninth annual session of this body was held at Fordsboro, Montgomery Co., N. Y., the 4th of June. It is well known that this body has no ecclesiastical connection or fellowship with slaveholders, and in its proceedings and the labors of its members, for years past, has been active and outspoken in behalf of the Anti Slavery enterprise. In the session lately held, they renew the voice of hostility to the 'hateful,' 'rotten,' and 'guilty' system, and promise renewed exertions for its overthrow. They further *Resolve*, 'That a special committee be appointed, to correspond with other synodical bodies who have taken action on the subject of American slavery, in order to induce them to appoint a committee to draft a protest, jointly, against slavery, and secure the signatures of as many of the clergy of the Lutheran denomination as possible.'

"That is a good move. They likewise speak out as *men* and *christians* should speak, on the martyrdom of Rev. C. T. Torrey:—

'*Resolved*, That the imprisonment of our devoted fellow-laborer and Christian brother, Charles T. Torrey, for merci-

fully and humanely interfering in relieving the oppressed, and helping the trembling fugitive slave to escape from the hands of his relentless oppressor, was an act dictated only by hearts dead alike both to the common principles of humanity and the fear and love of God, and destitute of respect to the divine authority; an act richly meriting the vengeance of God and the hatred and contempt of every wise and good and just man.

'*Resolved*, That governor Pratt, of the State of Maryland, in refusing to exercise the pardoning power in the case of the lamented Torrey, while having a full knowledge of the fact that a pulmonary consumption, hurried on by confinement in a damp, cold cell, had brought him to the very borders of the grave; thus preventing the kind attention which only a loved and loving wife, and kindred friends, could bestow in the solemnities of the dying hour, has given to the civilized and uncivilized world, another striking proof of the accursed influence of the slave system, in blighting every latent principle of humanity, in hushing the voice of conscience, and in hardening the heart against the appeals uttered by the dying groans of suffering innocence, the earnest requests of heart-stricken relatives and friends, and the just demands of the philanthropist and Christian; and above all, against the high claims of God.

'*Resolved*, That the 9th of May, 1846, is a day which will be ever fresh in the memory of all the friends of freedom, as the mournful, yet to him blissful day, on which Charles T. Torrey, another martyr to *liberty*, was called to close his severe suffering, and with his brother martyr, Elijah P. Lovejoy, to participate in the glorious reward of all God's dear and faithful children.

'*Resolved*, That as an ecclesiastical body, and as individuals, we deeply sympathize with the surviving family and friends of the lamented Torrey, in their afflictions; and that, to give expression to such a significant sympathy, we will, by

the grace of God, pursue the hell-born and God-abhorred system of American slavery, to its final and lasting overthrow.'

"The synod likewise utters a Christian protest against the matchlessly guilty war now being waged for the iniquitous purpose of extending slavery.

'*Whereas*, War is wrong, and has its origin in the infernal world, and is carried on by the basest and most selfish passions of men; and

'*Whereas*, The war now existing between the United States and Mexico is wrong, selfish and wicked in the extreme, without mitigation, commenced and carried on for the sole protection, perpetuation and enlargement of the system of American slavery:

'*Resolved*, That we view the present war as wicked, not only intrinsically so in itself, but greatly augmented in criminality in consequence of the circumstances, and being in stern conflict with the genius of liberty.

'*Resolved*, That it is the province of the pulpit to speak out on this subject, and reprobate all its bloody and cruel movements, and that our brethren are bound to bring light and truth before the people on this subject.'"

Resolutions of the Colored People of Oberlin.

"The colored citizens of Oberlin, in accordance with previous notice, assembled in mass meeting on Thursday evening, May 28th, to express their deep sense of the worth of the lamented Torrey, and improve the occasion in a manner suggested by his martyrdom.

"The meeting having been called to order, Sabram B. Cox was called to the chair, and Lawrence W. Minor appointed secretary. After prayer, William H. Day, from the committee to draft resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting, reported the following, which, having been warmly advocated, were unanimously adopted:

'*Whereas*, We, as disfranchised Americans, are identified not only with thousands who with us are disfranchised, but with three millions of our brethren in bonds: and *whereas*, their interest becomes our interest, and their elevation ours; and *whereas*, in the rise or fall of our coadjutors we feel a deep and lasting interest; and *whereas*, Rev. Charles T. Torrey, in obeying the dictates which he believed reason and reason's God had given him, has, by the ruthlessness of southern freebooters, been seized as a captive, on a charge of having assisted some slaves to escape to a land of liberty: and, having by a Maryland process, called *law*, been condemned to remain for six years within the dingy walls of a prison; and *whereas*, within those walls and away from home, he has died, a martyr to our cause—therefore,

'*Resolved*, That by his active and untiring efforts, and subsequent self-sacrifice upon the altar, Rev. Charles T. Torrey has shown his true devotion to the cause of down-trodden humanity, proved himself worthy of the Pilgrim's "home," and of a resting place among the graves of Pilgrim sires.

'*Resolved*, That while we feel the inadequacy of language to express the sentiments that burn in our souls, in their behalf, we offer to the afflicted wife and children of the lamented Torrey, our tenderest sympathy, our deepest feeling, and our most respectful regard, and commend them to the sure protection of the God of the oppressed, and to his care, who is a "father to the fatherless and the widow's God."

'*Resolved*, That while we have sympathized in the sufferings of a Work, a Burr, and a Thompson, incarcerated within the walls of a Missouri prison, and others in a similar situation; and in the noble stand and noble fall of a Lovejoy upon the plains of Alton; with the branded hand of a Walker in the ever-glades of Florida; and in the glorious martyr-death of a Torrey by Maryland law and in a Maryland prison; and while in it we see the legitimate working out, of an-

cient aristocracy and utter disregard of the rights of humanity, we rejoice to see the crisis of our cause approaching, and the dawning of a brighter day which will surely follow.

'*Resolved*, That governor Pratt of Maryland, in spurning the petition of Mrs. Torrey, that her husband might breathe his last among his native hills, when it was evident to all that his life would be ended in a few days and perhaps hours: while the same governor, under less urgent circumstances, could set at liberty a counterfeiter at the request of his wife whom he had before deserted, has shown himself guilty of a base servility to the demon of slavery, and worthy of the just reprobation of every American, whether bond or free.

'*Resolved*, That however discouraging the circumstances of our case may become, how manysoever of us, or others, may fall, we will not despair, but trusting in God, press forward, in the full assurance, that if "hereditary bondmen would be free, themselves must strike the blow."

'*Resolved*, That the spirit which actuated Mr. Torrey and his coadjutors, for the good of our cause, in disregarding illegal enactments and positive lawlessness, in defence of the right and opposition to the wrong, shall not be unimitated; but we, each to each, pledge ourselves anew, to stand firmly in the conflict until death.'

"After discussion of the above, it was voted that a copy of the above resolutions be forwarded to Mrs. Torrey, and also, to Gov. Pratt, of Maryland.

"*Voted*, That the following papers be requested to publish the above: The Oberlin Evangelist, Cleveland American, Pittsburgh Mystery, Cincinnati Herald, Colored Citizen, Anti-Slavery Bugle, Western Citizen, Signal of Liberty, The Liberator, New York Evangelist, and all other papers friendly to the cause. After which the meeting adjourned.

SABRAM B. COX, *Chairman.*

LAWRENCE W. MINOR, *Secretary.*

[From the Western Citizen.]

Resolutions on the Martyrdom of Mr. Torrey.

"At a public meeting of the citizens of Galesburgh, Knox county, held on the 1st of June, 1846, the following resolutions were adopted, and ordered to be published in the Citizen: —

'*Whereas*, The Rev. Charles T. Torrey, late of Massachusetts, has died in the penitentiary of Maryland, where he had been confined more than twelve months for aiding fugitives who desired to escape from slavery; and whereas, the governor of Maryland, who pardoned out a counterfeiter, refused to release Torrey at the petition of his afflicted wife, though her petition was endorsed by many of the first citizens of Massachusetts, Therefore,

1st. '*Resolved*, That while as a community we deeply sympathize with the bereaved family, we rejoice that death, less inexorable than slavery, has released our brother from his cruel oppressors.

2d. 'That when, in the providence of God, Christians fall in with fugitives escaping from slavery, all the precepts of Christ which make it a duty to relieve the sufferings and to succor the distressed, bind them to aid such fugitives in their flight, with such things as they need.

3d. 'That, in the imprisonment and death of Torrey, by the slave power, we behold a plain, practical, and shocking denial of the very first-born of American principles, to wit: "that man has inalienable rights;" for it is for aiding men accused of no crime, to secure such rights which had been wrested from them, that he has suffered imprisonment and death.

4th. 'That the American church is loudly called on by the death of its ministers stricken down by the slave power, to humble itself for the sin of neglecting the poor and oppressed

in this land; and that all citizens, of whatever condition or calling, ought to arise and rescue from the grasp of the slave-holding faction, that doctrine of natural liberty and inalienable rights, by virtue of which they hold their civil immunities, their religious principles, their families, and the very titles to their houses and lands.

H. H. KELLOGG, *Chairman.*

N. WEST, *Secretary.*

Resolutions of the Citizens of Assonet Village, Mass.

"Last Sabbath evening, (17th May, '46) the friends of freedom in Assonet village (Freetown) were called together by the tolling of the bell, to notice this mournful transaction in an appropriate manner. The Convention was large and respectable, and was organized by the choice of Alden Hathaway, Jr., president; Joseph Staples and Benedict Andros, vice presidents; and Curtis C. Nichols, secretary. Rev. Mr. Chamberlin led in prayer; after which the secretary stated the object of the meeting, and gave a short account of Mr. Torrey's arduous labors in the cause of human freedom, his privations and sufferings, and his imprisonment and death; and then presented the following preamble and resolutions, which were ably and eloquently sustained by Rev. Messrs. Maxwell, Burbank, and Chamberlin, and unanimously adopted: —

'*Whereas*, the sad intelligence of the death of Charles Turner Torrey, of Massachusetts, a minister of Christ, who, for an act of mercy, was immured in the penitentiary of Maryland, has at last reached us; and with the deepest feeling of indignation toward those of our fellow men, in our own country, who have for a long series of years assumed the prerogatives of the Almighty over their equal brethren—crushed, blasted, destroyed humanity, and rioted upon the blood of the defenceless; who have scourged, incarcerated, and cruelly

murdered the friends of freedom; and have, at last, with fiendish barbarity, struck down in the prime of life, one of the most gifted, self-denying, and devoted sons of the Pilgrims; and in his death have aimed a blow at every man and woman who feels as he felt and would act as he acted; at the spirit of liberty in our land, and at the best interests of our common country and the principles of the Christian religion; therefore,

'*Resolved*, That the gradual and almost irresistible encroachments of the slave power in this nation, should awaken the friends of liberty to the danger which threatens them, and summon them forth to the great conflict between liberty and slavery, for the protection of their own rights and the rights of enslaved millions, and to a more determined warfare against the supporters of the system of slavery, whether in church or State.

'*Resolved*, That the great principles of the anti-slavery reform are drawn from the word of God—the acting out of which is binding upon all who profess to be the followers of Christ; that the Rev. Charles T. Torrey, for the crime of living in accordance with them, became a martyr. The so-called church of Christ and its ministry, then, as well as the editors of certain religious journals, who have always disregarded the claims of the oppressed, and, in keeping with their general character, have looked upon the sufferings of the martyred Torrey with indifference; or, worse than all, endeavored to injure his reputation, and turn the sympathies of the people against him and against the cause of human liberty,—give no evidence of having passed from death unto life, and are unworthy the Christian name.

'*Resolved*, That the great body of the American people are involved in the awful guilt of dehumanizing immortal beings, —that slavery exists by their action or *in*-action—that it is not Southern Slavery, but AMERICAN SLAVERY, sustained, sanctioned and perpetuated, thus far, by Northern as well as

Southern influence; and that all who have *understandingly* exerted their moral or political power, for the support of a slaveholding administration of government, have by this act become slaveholders *themselves*; and, if not repented of, are chargeable with the abominations of the system.'"

"At a meeting of members of the religious denominations of Salem (Ohio) and its vicinity, held at the Methodist Episcopal House, May 28th, Rev. J. COON, president, the following resolutions were adopted with *but one dissenting voice:*

'*Whereas*, Slavery has laid its ruthless hand on C. T. TORREY, and crushed his physical constitution in its iron grasp, because he dared "do unto others as he would have others do unto him;" therefore,

'*Resolved*, That in the murder of this our lamented brother, we recognize the system of slavery an antagonist of Jehovah, and in league with the emissaries of Satan.

'*Resolved*, That those who take sides with this murder, or with the institution which caused it, whether perceptible to themselves or not, are acting in opposition to God; and whether professors or non-professors, opposing that church, against which it is said "*the gates of hell shall never prevail.*"

'*Resolved*, That while we weep with the bereaved wife and fatherless children, for one they shall never, never behold in time; while we mingle our tears and heartfelt groans with the three million slaves, who imploringly turn their eyes towards heaven and exclaim, "Upon whom shall his mantle fall? Upon whom shall the spirit of Torrey rest?" and while our *shriek* is heard in unison with that of *freedom*, we have the hope that his spirit, snatched from the attempted grasp of man, has gone to the embrace of Christ.

L. T. PARK, Secretary.'"

VOICE OF THE PRESS.

[From the New Jersey Freeman.]

"*Charles T. Torrey.*—The readers of the Freeman are no doubt already apprised of the fact, that Charles T. Torrey is dead. He may be regarded in the fullest sense of the term a martyr to liberty. He had been incarcerated in prison nearly two years, and all that time under circumstances truly aggravating. His friends were almost entirely denied access to him, even during sickness, and cut off from communicating with him and comforting him, except on very few occasions, and then, under the eye of the keenest slaveholding scrutiny. He had been guarded with a vigilance that the security of no guilty criminal required. The authorities of Maryland have acted as if the very existence of slavery demanded the sacrifice of Mr. Torrey. A guilty pirate in the same prison could receive the governor's pardon, but Torrey must die for an act of humanity, notwithstanding the thrilling appeals that were made in his behalf. He had offended against slavery, and this is the highest offence known at the South.

"But they have done their worst to poor Torrey; they have done all they can do; he is out of their reach, but they are not out of *his;* they are done with him, but he is not done with *them;* his funeral knell will ring through the ears of the slaveholders until they will be heartily sick of resorting to such means for preserving an institution that has no parallel in the history of the world.

"Mr. Torrey has gone to rest in peace beyond the reach of his persecutors; but there will be no rest or peace for *them;* though the victim of their rage and malice is dead, yet he speaks, and will continue to speak, in thunder tones, into the ears of slaveholders, until they loose their grasp upon their brother's throat. His martyr spirit will haunt them

by night and by day, in their waking and sleeping hours. It will rouse up the indignant feelings of northern freemen and baptize them with new zeal and vigor, increase their energies, settle the determination to annihilate slaveholding, to give it no resting place on earth, and nerve them for the battle.

"And now, we would say to all abolitionists, think of Torrey! When you begin to feel weary in the cause of the slave, think of Torrey! When you think you have done your part of the labor, think of Torrey! When you think you have labored long enough, given money enough, sacrificed enough, endured privations enough, think of Torrey! When you feel discouraged, depressed, weighed down, think of Torrey! When you think of him, you will think of the source of his persecutions, you will think of the slave, of your country's deep degradation, and you will not *think* of sitting down in idleness.

"The sympathies of every true man will be deeply drawn out in favor of outraged humanity, whenever the trials of this faithful friend of the slave are brought to view. We envy not the littleness of those heartless spirits, who stand ready to cast odium on Mr. Torrey, and (counteract the influence of the deep sympathies of the people for him upon the institutions of our country,) by saying that he only suffered the penalties of a broken law. Had he broken no law, say they, he need not to have suffered, and therefore it was his own fault. We have no respect for such men, be they who they may; we are willing they should enjoy, to the fullest extent, all the satisfaction which a view of their own contemptible littleness can afford them. We have always thought that a man deserved honor for a noble act, in proportion to the difficulties and perils endured in the work, and if Mr. Torrey did an act of humanity in the face of unjust laws, so much the more we are bound to honor him for it. We place him along with the great and good men of every age who have labored success-

fully for reform in opposition to wicked laws. If there had been no laws prohibiting aid to fugitives from slavery, any body could help these poor sufferers; it would be an easy matter; but as it is, it required one who was willing to toil, make sacrifices, look perils in the face, bleed and die if necessary. It required a Torrey. None but a Torrey can go into Maryland and practically advocate the doctrines of the Declaration of Independence; and we are bound to give his name a conspicuous place among the martyred philanthropists that adorn the pages of the world's history. Posterity will place it there, whether we agree to it or not.

"Mr. Torrey's funeral was held in Boston, and a sermon was preached on the occasion by a brother of the martyred Lovejoy. The body was interred at Mount Auburn Cemetery, where a suitable monument will be erected to his memory. His death, under all the trying circumstances of the case, as we might expect, is producing a powerful sensation, which pervades the whole community, from Maine to Wisconsin.

"Ministers are preaching funeral discourses through the whole north on the occasion; and we trust the murderers of Charles T. Torrey will yet find, that 'though dead,' he will yet speak in their ears, to their dismay.

"We do not believe that the moral sense, even of the south, can sleep over the abominations daily committed there. We never hated slavery so much as we now do."

[From the Spirit of Liberty.]

"*The memory of the just is blessed; the righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance.*"

"The late Liberty Convention resolved that a public meeting should be held in this city, in commemoration of the death of this martyred minister of Christ. The resolu-

tion invites all the friends of freedom to unite with the members of the convention, on the occasion. Would it not be equally meet and appropriate to invite all the friends of Christ to join in the commemoration? Devout men carried Stephen to his burial and made great lamentations over him. There is a fitness still, in carrying a good man to his burial. And if they cannot be present when a distinguished man falls in the service of his Master, to take part in the last sad act for the dead, the occasion need not be suffered to pass without some memorial to the departed, and some means of fixing the lesson, which it teaches, firmly in our hearts. We go, then, for commemorating the fall of Torrey. He was a devout man, as his life has shown, even as the poet has described it,

> 'Devotion, when lukewarm, is undevout,
> But when it glows, its heat is struck to heaven.'

And although the inconsiderate may never have had a thought in relation to his character, the Scriptural exhibitions of the characters and fortunes of the true disciples of Jesus, leave no one, who will dwell but a moment upon the subject, to doubt of Torrey. 'Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake.' 'If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you.' These are the words of the Lord and Master. They yet convey the fullest significance. Who, at this day, shall we take for his disciples? The men, whom the world honors and caresses even as God's high priests; or the man who, for preaching the truth, (imprudently, only, it is said,) and relieving the helpless poor, is cast into prison, and slain with a lingering death? For myself, I have no doubt of what will be the judgment of the future—both of future generations and the future world. No generation, in their own judgment, kill the prophets. The fathers always kill them, and they, in their pious fervor build their their sepulchres. Mankind never inflict martyrdom without first dressing the victim in a garb of one worthy of death.

For what was Charles T. Torrey convicted and martyred? For delivering the slave from his master. For releasing captives from the blackest prison-house. Let Torrey, then, go down to all coming generations in the very garb in which he suffered, with the words of the 'indictment,' as frontlets, between his eyes.

"At the proposed meeting, I wish to see every man, who feels as a disciple of Christ. Not only the friends of freedom, but the friends of Christian devotedness. If Torrey was a follower of the Divine Master, and followed him even to a martyr's death, every other follower of Christ, has a peculiar interest in him. They are members with him of the same body, and the more real and true they make the sympathy with him now, the more readily will their spirits approach the exalted and honored position of his spirit in the glorified body in heaven."

[From the Pittsburgh Spirit of Liberty.]

"Poor Charles T. Torrey has at last been freed, by the hand of death, from the penitentiary of Maryland. He died on the 8th inst., in the hospital of the penitentiary, from pulmonary consumption. The avarice of Heckrotte has been disappointed, and he and his contemptible fellow-thieves have added the slow murder of an upright, noble Christian, to the long catalogue of crimes which shall be arrayed against them in that hour when he and they shall stand before the Judge of all the earth. Who would exchange his hope for that of his heartless persecutors? For the craven-hearted governor of Maryland, will not the world's contempt be too light a punishment? The power to set poor Torrey free, so that at least he might die amid his family, was in the hands of the governor. He could have pardoned, whether Heckrotte's infernal

greed of gold was satiated or not; but he chose to leave the noble captive to die in the prison, rather than risk his popularity by doing right.—His reward shall come. To the great State of Maryland, how deep is the disgrace! To the slave-holding villains who have brought it upon her, how bitter will be the retribution! What have they gained by this crime? Infamy! They have sown the wind to reap the whirlwind; and the knell of Charles T. Torrey is the knell of Maryland oppression. The God of truth cannot look with allowance on such a deed as this persecution unto death of a Christian minister, for letting 'the oppressed go free;' and if he visit not the perpetrators with sore judgments, they must repent speedily.

"But the noble and brave-hearted Torrey shall dwell no more among men. His children have no father, his wife no husband. 'He died that glorious poor man that the creditor of humanity always is;' and it becomes the duty of every abolitionist to inquire into the circumstances of his family, to condole with and to aid them, if possible. Let it be known that we reverence the good man's memory—that his co-laborers embalm it in their hearts."

[From the Western Christian.]

"Torrey's funeral services were conducted in the Tremont Temple, Boston, where Rev. N. Colver preaches. The Congregationalist society, of which some of the relatives were members, refused the use of their house on the occasion.—Such is the influence of slavery over churches in commercial cities. A brother of the martyred Lovejoy was very appropriately selected to deliver the sermon, which will soon be published. All seem to unite in admiring the spirit of the fallen man; but most deem his conduct in aiding fugitives to escape, as unjustifiable, inasmuch as the barbarous laws of

Maryland endangered his ability to discharge the paramount obligations he was under to his wife and children.—This, however, does not in the least moderate the tone of the free press towards the barbarous governor of Maryland, or the accursed system of oppression that thirsted for, and obtained the blood of this noble victim. As of Lovejoy, so of Torrey, it may be said, 'from every drop of his blood shall spring up full-grown abolitionists.' One of the surest evidences that slavery is destined to a speedy overthrow, is the madness which its friends betray in their efforts to secure its perpetuity: Quos Deus vult perdere, dementat. The slave power of this nation must fall, of its own over-action. Its attacks upon the freedom of speech and the press; its flagrant violations of the right of petition and the constitution of the United States; its brutal assaults upon members of Congress from the free States; its mob-violence all over the land; and finally its murder of two ministers of the gospel, and imprisonment of others, though intended to check the rising spirit of abolition, have increased it a thousand-fold, and raised the waves of popular indignation so high, that no earthly power can stay their progress till the accursed thing is swept from the land. Torrey, like Samson, has accomplished more in his death, than during his life."

[From the Green Mountain Freeman.]

"'That Torrey died in prison, is probably no more the fault of the governor of Maryland, than it was of Mr. T. himself, or his friends—for it seems he might have been released: but the law, making his conduct a crime, is a proper subject for animadversion. It is part of the system of slavery, and by no means recommends that system to freemen.'—*Watchman.*

"☞ *How* might Torrey and his friends have secured his release? Only by acknowledging that he had done *wrong*,

and promising to do so no more. It is not true, as the Watchman asserts, (as we understand the matter,) that a pardon might have been secured by acknowledging that the laws of Maryland had been violated, and paying for the slaves. Nothing short of an expression of regret and *contrition* for the deed of mercy—a base prostration before the dark idol of slavery, which might be heralded to the world as another laurel in its wreath of triumph—would satisfy the inhuman tyrants, and secure the victim's release. Could Torrey comply with these terms? Let his own reply suffice—a sentiment worthy to be inscribed in golden letters upon the banner of every man who enlists in the great strife of human progress and reform: '*It is better to die in prison with the peace of God in our hearts, than live in freedom with a polluted conscience!*' We acknowledge, and with shame, that many among us who make high professions of piety and humanity, would have considered a pardon cheaply purchased on the conditions prescribed; but Torrey thought otherwise. Time will reveal which course is right. Pity the Watchman adviser had not lived in early times, when, by his counsel he might have saved a Daniel from the lion's den, the three worthies from the fiery furnace, and even a Savior from the cross!

"But the 'law, making his conduct a crime, is a proper subject of animadversion.' Oh, yes! the *law*—the *law;* you may rail and rant, preach and pray, against *that* as much as you please; but the dear *whig law-makers* and *law-executors* of Maryland, are simon-pure patriots, philanthropists and Christians the world over, and worthy of being elevated to the highest posts of honor in church and State!

"'It (the law) is a part of the system of slavery, and by no means recommends that system to freemen.' Indeed! Here is the deliberate, recorded judgment of the editor of the Vermont Watchman, the organ of the 'true liberty party' in Vermont, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-six, and of American Independence the seventieth, that that

law which *murders men in cold dungeons for obeying the commands of God*, by no means recommends the system of which it is a part, to the adoption of freemen! And whenever the freemen of Vermont consider the question of establishing slavery in their midst, let them not forget this consideration!

"Shame on the man—the northerner—the Vermonter—the Christian—that can thus notice the fall of a martyr to liberty!"

[From the Charter Oak.]

"*Torrey is dead.*—With mingled feelings of sorrow and regret, we chronicle the following, which we find in the Tribune of the 11th inst., from a correspondent in Baltimore to a friend in New York city:

'Our beloved Torrey departed this life at three o'clock, this afternoon. Mr. S. was absent from the city, and I have therefore learned none of the particulars of his death. He visited him twice yesterday, and found him peaceful and happy. There is now no more that his enemies can do. Happy deliverance!'

"Another correspondent, writing to the same the day before, says:

'I have just come from the bed-side of our friend Torrey: he is almost gone. He had a hemorrhage last night, and threw up half a gill of blood. He is very weak now, but knew me, and spoke of his death, in view, with faith and resignation. He spoke also of the kindness of Jesus, in making "sick and in prison" the climax of his specifications when he noticed the position in which his disciples might administer to his wants. "He may have thought of *me*," said he.'

"Thus a good man and a true has fallen. Let history record the fact, that a minister of the gospel, and a son of the Pilgrims, has been immolated to the Moloch of slavery in the middle of the nineteenth century, in the land of boasted liberty

and freedom! A land that bore on its soil a Washington, and whose bosom contains the graves of the patriots of the Revolution, who poured out their treasures and their life-blood to break the rod of oppression and to secure the priceless boon of liberty, with the countless blessings that flow in its train, to their descendants, and the world. Yet one and another of their descendants are sacrificed to oppression; and the voice of their blood which pleads for liberty, in tones that startle the nations from their despotic slumbers, and shakes the power of tyranny throughout the civilized world, is unheeded by the nation, and goes up silently to heaven and enters into the ears of Eternal Justice. 'Shall I not visit for these things, and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this, saith the Lord of Hosts?' "

[From the Morning Star.]

"*Martyrdom of Charles T. Torrey.*—The doctrine of the providential government of God is among the most glorious doctrines of the Bible. It is this that cheers the Christian, when amid the sorer trials of his present existence, he is pressed to exclaim with Jacob, 'All these things are against me.' For he knows that under its operations, all things shall be made to 'work together for the good of them that love God.' Let the friends of the slave, and the slave himself, the children of Torrey and Torrey's lonesome widow, accept the consolation which this doctrine is designed to afford them.

"To be sure, the martyrdom of Torrey is an event which must ever be deplored by every true Christian and philanthropist. None but the ignorant and depraved will say of him, as the same classes said of the martyred *Lovejoy*, 'he died as the fool dieth.' It may, indeed, in the eyes of *the* world, be as foolish as it is unpopular to die in the act

of doing 'unto others as we would have others do unto us.' But not so in the eyes of Christianity. And to every one who thus dies, and dies for thus doing, the angels doubtless say, 'Hail! thou art highly favored.' And ere the dead body of Torrey had reached Boston, and been denied admission to the 'Park-street House [!!!!] the freed spirit of Torrey had arrived at heaven, and met an angel's welcome.

'Hail, brother! hail thou son of happiness!
Thou son beloved of God! Welcome to heaven!
To bliss that never fades! Thy day is past
Of trial and of fear to fall. Well done,
Good and faithful servant, enter now
Into the joy eternal of thy Lord.
Come with us, and behold far higher sight
Than ere thy heart desired, or hope conceived.
See, yonder is the glorious hill of God,
'Bove angels' gaze in brightness rising high,
Come, join our wing, and we will guide thy flight
To mysteries of everlasting bliss!
The tree and fount of Life, the eternal throne,
The presence chamber of the King of kings.'

"As Torrey's life wrought salvation *for four hundred slaves!!* so his death has wrought for himself a speedy ascension to the glory of heaven. And as to his mortal remains, though spurned away from the popular sanctuary of a nominal church, they fill an honored grave, and the tears of *the four hundred* will keep it moist and green. Posterity too, will honor Torrey. Even the Park-street church will, a few years hence, be pressed to ask his forgiveness at the door of his sepulchre. His death will, we doubt not, work together for good to the popular Christianity of Boston. It has developed more evidently, a feature which it was suspected of containing, put his aspersers upon reflection, and set the city to thinking. It will hasten on the anti-slavery reform in the half-converted, semi-penitent Bay State. The sermon of the

Rev. Mr. Lovejoy we have not seen; but, preached as it was by the brother of one martyr, over the dead body of another, and from what we have heard said of it, we doubt not it will move the heart of community more than many sermons, even though equally talented, preached by Lovejoy and Torrey both, under ordinary circumstances. To the millions of pining slaves, then, Torrey's death will prove a blessing. His dungeon was better for them than his study. His death-groan was heard through the nation; and his spirit now flits in the track of every slave-holder and pro-slavery minion, from Maine to Texas. Great are thy honors, Torrey! Little did thine enemies think, when they thrust thee into prison, that they were springing a mine for their own destruction. Little did they think, that Haman was himself to swing upon the gallows he erected for Mordecai, the Jew. But thus doth it often happen. In the pit which the wicked 'dig are their own feet taken.' And who but can devoutly and heartily thank God for that providential government which makes the wicked thus praise him.

"But it is not always that we can perceive the operations by which all things are made to work together for the good of the children of God. These are sometimes partially, and sometimes wholly veiled from our view. 'What I do, thou knowest not now.' And thus it is, we apprehend, with the widow and children of Torrey. But let them rest in God. It is a blessing to them to know that a husband and a father is forever happy. God, who tempereth the wind to the shorn lamb, will not disregard the condition of the widow and orphan—and especially the widow and the orphans of one of his martyred children. Even their present sorrow shall—if they love God—turn to their greatest joy. Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning. In another article, we may notice for what Torrey died.—M. J. S."

[From the Same.]

"*Martyrdom of Charles T. Torrey.*—'Die, heretic!' said the papal soldier, as he plunged his bayonet to the heart of the Swiss Reformer. *Die!* wretch, said Southern Law, as it saw Torrey expiring in the prison to which it had doomed him. And doubtless Zuinglius and Torrey will stand up together in the judgment as brother-martyrs.

"Hold! cries the godless legalist: 'Torrey died a culprit at the hand of civil justice.' To this we reply, that, *if so*, then so also did Zuinglius. The latter was as guilty in the sight of Papal law, as the former was in the sight of Maryland law. So that Zuinglius and Torrey still stand together. Let Protestant divines say *where* they must stand. What Popery says of the former, Slavery says of the latter. But what Protestantism says of the former, doubtless God says of both, 'They shall be mine in the day when I make up my jewels.'

"Now we hope all our readers will be consistent, and apply the same principles in judging Torrey, that they do in judging martyrs generally. Milton makes his devils awfully consistent. Slavery *can* be consistent with *itself*,—and consistency is a jewel, though it hang in a demon's nostril. We admire it even there. Let us suppose a case.

"Old Massachusetts makes a law that Deacon ———, of the Park-street Church, Boston, shall be a slave, and as such, sold to the highest bidder. It is easy to suppose this case, nor ought the supposition to be regarded as very extravagant, inasmuch as it is a thing so often realized in sister States. But the Deacon, will not 'down at their bidding,' and, slipping through their hands, consults his Pastor. Now, he is abolitionist enough to say, 'My advice, Deacon, is to flee to a free State, immediately. Here, take this money, and my horse, and haste away: for there is no longer any safety for you here.' The Deacon does so. Soon, however, it is whis-

pered that the Pastor helped the Deacon off; suspicion fastens on him, and he is in Charlestown prison. Finally, he is tried, condemned, and sentenced to a long imprisonment. but being of delicate habits, he soon sinks under his confinement, and dies a companion of villains. Even they are moved by his dying groans as they sound along the frowning prison aisles. The news flies along the streets of Boston, '*Aiken is dead!*' The authorities graciously permit his wife and children to bury the body, which they were forbidden to see while the soul was in it. His friends wish a funeral service. They apply for the Park-street house; but it is refused them; they however obtain Tremont Temple; the funeral is solemnized, and Mr. Aiken's despised remains are at length lodged at Mount Auburn.

"We have said that consistency is a jewel. And beyond all controversy, it demands that those who speak of Torrey as dying justly, should say the same of the Pastor of the Park-street church in the case supposed. As in the real case, so also in the supposed one, the doors of Park-street church must be closed against the funeral. Now, admitting that all others think that this is all right, it is natural to inquire what the Deacon thinks. He doubtless would think of his martyred Pastor just what the '*four hundred*' think of Torrey.

"There is one law of universal obligation, and Almighty sanction. It is this: '*Be ye merciful.*' Now, whatever laws Torrey disobeyed, he did not disobey this. He rather kept it. To be sure there was another law which said, 'Be ye *un*merciful.' Torrey could not keep both. Circumstanced as he was, one of them he must violate. Now of these two laws, the one is God's, the other man's,—the one is of Christ, the other of the Devil. Which shall be obeyed? Jesus has said, 'His servants ye are to whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey.' He who serves Satan is Satan's. He who serves God is God's. 'Ye cannot serve God and mammon.' Who can blame Torrey for preferring God to mammon; Christ,

to Belial? Reader, can you?—Then go and write condemnation upon the tombs of all the Prophets, the graves of all the martyrs, and especially upon the cross of the Redeemer of mankind.

"So much, Torrey, in vindication of thy character against the aspersions of thine enemies. Accept the unworthy effort, not for thine own sake, but for the sake of the cause to which thy life was sacrificed.—M. J. S."

[Baltimore Correspondence.]

"*Baltimore, June* 20, 1846.

"Mr. Editor,—The death of Torrey, with all the attending circumstances, has produced in my mind a strong sensation. It is to me one of the most important events I have ever known. It will yet prove to be an important one in the history of humanity and benevolence. In the closing up of the great drama of human existence, Torrey, the saint and martyr, will be seen—an angel of mercy standing on the highway of life, the great turnpike to eternity, like a living guideboard, pointing the slave to freedom and the sinner to heaven. 'Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints.' Now, without either professing to be an acute logician or profound metaphysician, we venture to grapple with the whole subject, and solve the whole problem in short order, in relation to Torrey's guilt or innocence. And we will prove his innocence of guilt or sin—prove him to have fulfilled the command of God in a preëminent degree, and to be worthy of all honor. Now Torrey was no common man; either he was a *great* sinner or a *great* philanthropist, because his acts were not every-day, commonplace matters. They were bold, daring, heroic, original. What did Torrey do? He fed the hungry, clothed the naked, administered to the sick, disconsolate, destitute, afflicted and broken-hearted. 'He set the prisoner free.'

But the Book of God says, 'And whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones, a cup of cold water only, in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward.' We find that the rich blessings of Heaven are promised to those who do the very acts which Torrey did. Of course, it is as plain as a sunbeam from eternity, illuminating the soul, that he was a disciple of Christ, an eminent Christian hero. But how comes it to pass, if Torrey was a good man, that gentlemen so called, men of wealth and influence—professing Christians even, should sneer, reproach, vilify and persecute him unto the death? Did not wicked men deride, insult, and crucify the Savior of the world? And did not He himself say, 'the disciple is not above his master, nor the servant above his lord? And he that taketh not his cross and followeth after me is not worthy of me?' But we learn something of the character of our friend and brother by antithesis—by contrasting the character of his enemies with his. A most terrible and graphic description of these human monsters is found in the following heart-touching, soul-stirring words, written as with a pen of fire: 'For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; I was a stranger, and ye took me not in; naked, and ye clothed me not; sick and in prison, and ye visited me not.' Oh that forlorn, heart-rending word, *stranger!* How it sinks into the very depths of the soul, as we apply it to the case of the poor fugitive, as tired, hungry, thirsty, faint and famishing—a crust of bread would appease the pangs of starvation, but he dare not ask for it. If he should call at the 'big house,' on his way, would the rich man 'take him in,' as one of Christ's 'little ones,' and minister to his comfort? No. Bloodhounds, pistols and gunpowder, savage dogs and more savage men, would rob him of himself again, and hurl him back to hopeless bondage. Torrey belonged to the opposite class, of whom it shall be said: 'for I was an hungered, and *ye* gave me meat; I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink; I

was a stranger, and ye took me in; naked, and ye clothed me; sick, and ye visited me; I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' Oh what a climax of glory is contained in these words of Jesus Christ, that an act of mercy done to a fellow-being in distress, is recognized and rewarded as done to himself! What a sublime thought, what a blessed consolation, and mighty stimulant to obey God rather than men! If the law of man is in direct opposition to the law of God, what shall we do? We must obey God, though ten thousand jails, penitentiaries and guillotines stand in the way, guarded by millions of 'prison officials,' wine-bibbing lawyers, judges and governors, pro-slavery doctors of divinity, and gambling statesmen. And though all hell is moved to aid the terrific combat, and legions of evil spirits surround the path of the good man, yet he shall walk through the whole unharmed, and God will be his shield all through the conflict, and give him peace and conquest—eternal peace and blissful triumph. If men would implicitly believe the words of Jesus Christ as they believe a simple mathematical truth, and act up to it fully, as did Torrey—throwing the whole energies of soul and body into the mighty effort—*one* anti-slavery man would put a thousand foes to flight, and *two* chase ten thousand! But the truth is, nine-tenths of us are sneaking cowards, afraid of our own shadows. We might storm the infernal castle of slavery in the next twelve months, and make the blood-stained soul of the guilty slaveholder 'quake with most terrific fear.' Let us all say with the Psalmist, 'I will not fear what man can do unto me.' What is the utmost that wicked men *can* do? They can persecute, imprison, whip and kill us. This is all cruel and hard to endure; but not so hard as the fires of hell which must consume the vitals of the relentless oppressor, and all ungodly men, in the great and terrible day of eternal justice and retribution. What is a State prison or penitentiary to an innocent man—coolly and philosophically

considered? Nothing but a good-sized genteel building, where a man has plain, wholesome fare, in compensation for moderate hard labor. Not so *very* bad, after all. I had infinitely rather go to the prison to-morrow, and suffer all Torrey suffered, than to live in luxury, power and splendor, and go to hell at last.

'Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for *any* fate.'

"Torrey, in his life-time, set hundreds free. They and their children's children, through all coming time, shall rise up and call him blessed. His *death* will infuse new life into thousands, and plunge the dagger into the devil-heart of American slavery, and hasten its infernal death-pang. May God in mercy multiply the Torreyites a thousand-fold per annum, and speed the operations of the Patent Rail-road to freedom! Amen.

A CITIZEN OF MARYLAND.

[From a Newspaper.]

"*Rev. Charles T. Torrey.*—Granting that it was a crime worthy of punishment that consigned this friend of liberty and humanity to the gloomy walls of his prison abode, all our sympathies must be awakened for the criminal, when, with the demands of justice, are mingled the stern exactions of revenge.

"It is not our purpose to denounce individuals who uphold slavery, but the system itself. 'By their fruits shall ye know them,' said He who spake as never man spake; and as we chronicle this manifestation of the vindictive spirit which denied to Torrey the poor boon of spending the few remaining days of his existence beyond the precincts of the prison house, even when ample restitution is offered for the value of slaves

who escaped from bondage through his agency, we cannot refrain from holding it up to the gaze of the world as a sample of the bitter fruit from that accursed tree, whose dark and gloomy shadows cast a blight and mildew upon all that is fair and beautiful both in the natural and moral world.

"One would think that in this case enough had been done already to vindicate every claim of justice; that the iron rigor of the law would relent a little in view of all the afflicting circumstances connected with this appeal for mercy; but no, the inexorable decree of the slave power is deaf to every appeal of humanity or affection; and demands, like the unrelenting Shylock, the pound of flesh cut from the heart of its victim.

> 'The character of mercy,' which the poet tells us, 'is not strained,
> But droppeth as the gentle dew from heaven,'

cannot soften the heart, feelings or affections, of men who have imbibed the seeds of tyranny in youth; who from their earliest childhood have been taught to regard their fellow creatures as brutes of the field, and the tears and cries of suffering humanity, in the same light as the cries of a crocodile or the bleating of a lamb. No wonder that men who have received an education that destroys the finer feelings of the heart, blunting all its perceptions of duty, humanity and mercy, should be proof against a righteous demand or generous impression, even when that demand is made or impression sought, through the influence of woman's undying affection, pleading with all the eloquence of wo, for the release of a dying husband; asking only that ere those eyes be closed in death forever, they may again behold the beautiful green earth, and look upon the glad face of nature unfettered and unconfined, and that the fevered brow may once more be bathed by the balmy breath of spring, fresh from the hill tops and the fields.

"Kings and emperors have felt how blessed a thing for-

giveness is. The autocrat of semi-barbarous Russia has been often known to heed the persuasive eloquence of woman's tears and sorrows. The pleading looks and tones of Pocahontas, could soften the rude, stern nature of her warrior sire, and avert the impending death blow. But the reputed Christian governor of a reputed Christian State cannot, or dare not put forth his hand in the exercise of that prerogative with which he is vested, to open the prison doors of the dying disciple of the meek and lowly one, whose injunctions he sought to obey, and for whose cause he suffers.

"The decrees of the Slave power are harder and sterner than aught else. And while this manifestation of that inexorable will which the tears of the widow and the fatherless cannot soften, is before our eyes, we would commend to the sober reflections of every thinking mind the whole subject of slavery. What, but that narrow-minded selfishness which forms the basis of that system of wrong and oppression, which holds three millions of men in bondage, and robs them of every right; and in the face of reason and revelation, maintains that it is no sin, could render the human heart as hard as the granite of our hills; impregnable to every feeling of kindness, and every emotion of tenderness and mercy?—gloating over the pangs of mortal suffering that it inflicts, even in the dying hour, and refusing to affection's plea, the privilege of the last embrace beyond the walls of a prison. Friends of humanity! will you not heed this latest exhibition of inhuman tyranny, on the part of the slaveocracy of this Union? Will you still countenance by your silence, if not by your words and acts, that system, which is the deadliest foe to humanity, and which inflicts the penalties of its displeasure with all the unrelenting barbarity of savage life? While you have the power through moral means, by the simple utterance of your thoughts and opinions, to do away with this great national abomination, will you not use it?

"'Every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn

down and cast into the fire.' The day of retribution must come! We at the north, as well as those at the south, are compelled daily to eat of this bitter fruit, and through us let the scripture be fulfilled. There is moral power enough in this country, if it can only have the right direction, to overthrow the whole system of human slavery. Let us jealously guard every invasion of our rights as men; let us not hold our peace, when a great and grievous wrong is to be done. Let every new demonstration of wickedness or assumption of power, but serve to incite us to persevere in the cause of humanity, and ere long the right shall triumph, and the rod of the oppressor be broken, and the slave go free.—T. D."

[From the Albany Journal.]

"*Funeral of Rev. Mr. Torrey.*—The body of Rev. Charles T. Torrey, who recently died in the Maryland Penitentiary, was conveyed to Boston, where the funeral took place on Monday last. The Atlas says — 'The exercises were conducted at the Tremont Temple, and in a solemn and impressive manner. Two original hymns were sung, a portion of the Scriptures was read, and a sermon delivered by the Rev. J. C. Lovejoy. The body of the deceased, after the solemnities had been concluded, were removed to Mount Auburn.' The fate of Mr. T. was a hard one. He was a man of enlarged benevolence, and a true Christian. His sympathy for the oppressed slaves might have led him to adopt an improper course of action in his endeavors to ameliorate their condition. But he was far more 'sinned against than sinning.' For advising the victim of avarice and cruelty, how he might be freed from oppression, Mr. Torrey has been made the victim of laws which disgrace the statute book of a civilized people. But for him who wrongs the free black of the north, and sells

him into hopeless slavery for non-payment of jail fees, these same laws prescribe no punishment!"

[From the (Hartford) Religious Herald.]

"*A Comparison.*—About seventy years ago, the people of the United States, then colonies of Great Britain, conceiving themselves to be oppressed and maltreated by the mother country, determined to throw off the yoke of bondage, and assert their just claim to the exercise of those 'inalienable rights' of which she sought to deprive them. In carrying out their purpose, they found it necessary to struggle long and wearily against the whole power of their unnatural parent, and at times, it seemed as if success, in their endeavor after freedom, was utterly hopeless. The tidings of this conflict for liberty went across the ocean, and reached the ears of a young French Marquis, named Gilbert Mottier Lafayette. His generous soul at once overflowed with sympathy for the oppressed, and leaving home, friends and country behind him, he hastened to the aid of our struggling fathers, stood by their side on the field of battle, and shed his blood in *their* cause as freely as if it had been his own. This was noble conduct, and he had his reward. When after the lapse of many years he came again among us, the whole nation waxed almost delirious in its gratitude. 'A universal three times three' rang in his ears wherever he went; at his departure, countless blessings followed his path across the sea, and when but a few years later, the sad intelligence of his death was brought, the whole land clothed itself in mourning, and the bells in all steeples tolled forth the sorrow of all hearts.

"Look on that picture, and now on this.

"In the southern States of this Union, there is a body of men called *slaves*. In number they equal the whole population of this country at the time of the Declaration of Inde-

pendence. Some of these slaves have taken up the idea that they are oppressed and wrongfully treated—that they are kept back from the exercise of certain inalienable rights, such as 'liberty, and the pursuit of happiness;' and with this impression strongly fixed in their minds, they are watching for every favorable opportunity to assert their rights; not as our fathers did, by coming into open conflict with their oppressors, but by simply removing away from their reach, and taking refuge in a land where the law allows them the ownership of themselves. A young clergyman of Massachusetts, Charles T. Torrey, by name, had his attention directed a short time ago, to these abused and suffering slaves. He knew of their efforts after freedom. His noble heart burned within him at their wrongs, and gave him no rest, until leaving his native State, his wife, his friends, and every thing else behind, he devoted himself to the good work of aiding fugitives from slavery to secure the blessings of freedom. But he was unfortunate. He fell into the hands of the merciless demon of Slavery, and the pound of flesh, which the law allowed, and the court awarded, was cut from his bosom 'nearest his heart;' yea, even to the 'twentieth part of one poor scruple.' Had he been guilty of any other *crime* than this; instead of helping slaves to their freedom, had he dedescended on the coast of Africa, and converted hundreds of freemen into slaves, there can scarcely be a doubt but that he would, in the peculiar circumstances of his case, have been pardoned out of prison, and suffered to die, at least, in the bosom of his family. But, no; the guilt of being a friend to the friendless, and a helper to the helpless, was charged and proved upon him, and not even the shadow of approaching death upon his hollow cheeks, could win from his tormentors one word, or look, of pity. He died; he was *murdered* by a law which came up from the lowest depths of hell; that was *his* reward!

"Question I. Did our revolutionary fathers suffer an op-

pression more severe than that which three millions of slaves are now enduring at the South?

"Question II. If it was right for our ancestors to cast off the authority of Great Britain, and achieve their independence by force, can it be wrong for southern slaves to escape, in a quiet and peaceful way, from the bondage of *their oppressors*?

"Question III. If it was noble in Lafayette to leave his country and his friends, and mingle in a conflict with which he had no personal concern, merely because his generous nature prompted him to succor the distressed; was it otherwise for Torrey to do the same, in behalf of men who were infinitely more wronged and outraged than those whom the gallant Frenchman came to help?

"Question IV. If Torrey violated the laws of Maryland, did not Lafayette to a yet greater extent, violate the laws of Great Britain, and were the former more worthy of respect and obedience, and less oppressive and cruel than the latter?

"And yet there are papers—religious papers—*very* religious papers—papers of the most orthodox stamp—papers that smell the slightest taint of a doctrinal heresy afar off, and make as much ado about it as if the very heavens were falling; which can record the death of Torrey, without one word to indicate that they do not regard it as having happened in the very properest way imaginable. 'We have a large circulation at the south, and it is not *prudent* to say anything which will offend the prejudices of our slaveholding patrons, and stop the influx of their money to our pockets.' Nevertheless, gentlemen, it seems to us that Christians ought to have hearts, as well as pockets. For ourselves, no prudential considerations whatever, shall restrain us from uttering our abhorrence of the Maryland slaveholders, and of the laws which they have framed and executed with such deadly vindictiveness. We will never cease to bear our testimony *against* that monstrous system of oppression which over-

shadows half our land, while we have breath for words, or while our hand can hold a pen."

[From the Liberty Standard.]

"*The Great Murder.*—The atrocious murder of poor Torrey, by slaveholders, is producing a deep interest among the people, and that is right. Large numbers of ministers are preaching appropriate discourses with reference to it, and it is hoped others will follow their example.—He is the THIRD MARTYR to slavery, and ALL FROM THE PULPIT. Is it not time for the pulpit to speak? Torrey was a noble man—with a great heart, talented and self-sacrificing, and he died a Christian hero.—But 'he was imprudent.' So is the man who dashes into the sea to save your child, and rises not! So was Luther—so was Jerome of Prague, who was burnt to ashes—so was Lovejoy—so were other martyrs.—Away with such quibbling casuistry! A poor robbed fugitive from southern knavery—with the heart of a true husband, was begging in New York for money to buy his wife. Torrey's great, indignant heart bounded in his bosom—'Where is she?' said he. 'I will have her here in five days!' *It was done!* Was it not NOBLE—SUBLIME?—Ask your heart, if you have one. Ought he *to die for that?* Then swear 'by Torrey's death,' to avenge his blood on slavery. Away with your hesitation—it's too late. Now put on the armor which God has allowed Torrey to put off.

"His funeral in Boston was a great meeting—the great Tremont Temple was crowded to overflowing with a deeply affected audience, and Mr. Lovejoy's discourse is spoken of in high terms. A contribution was taken to defray the expenses of the funeral, and to erect a plain monument over his grave at Mount Auburn. The money raised to procure Mr. T.'s release, is to be invested for his children. Twenty dollars of it were raised in this town, and we are sure the con-

tributors will feel a rich reward.—A great meeting was held in Faneuil Hall on the evening of Monday, of which we shall have an account—and also of the funeral next week."

[From the Ohio Standard.]

"*Another Victim.*—Charles T. Torrey is dead—a martyr to the holiest principles of religion and liberty—a victim to the vengeance of the bloodiest tyranny that ever escaped from hell to defy Heaven and prey upon man. His pure spirit is at last free from the malice of his enemies, and at rest in the bosom of his God. If the soul of American liberty had not long since departed—if there remained yet any of that fire that glowed in the bosoms of our Hancock, and Adams, and Henry, the American people would clothe themselves in sackcloth and ashes, and go down upon their knees in mourning. Cannot some one be found whose repentance and intercession, as did that of Jonah in respect to Nineveh, will avail to avert the righteous calamities that otherwise threaten this nation? What will posterity think of it? In the light of the nineteenth century, in *the most free republic of the earth*, a Christian minister incarcerated in a dungeon with felons, on a charge of assisting his enslaved brother to his freedom! A free citizen of a democracy a prisoner for life, for believing that 'all men are born free and equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

"A Christian minister, in a Christian land, doomed to an infamous and life-long captivity for obeying God rather than men, doing unto others as he would that others should do unto him. Great God! can the wickedness of such hypocrisy ever be atoned for, or forgiven? Freemen of Ohio! you will be partakers of its punishment and disgrace, as you are in its sin! Arouse yourselves and strive, if by any means

you may avert from yourselves, your country, and the age, the judgments of a God too righteous to look with favor upon such iniquity and the infamy, which impartial history must award you."

[From Cassius M. Clay's True American.]

"*Rev. C. T. Torrey.*—The captive is at length free. Torrey breathed his last in the prison of Baltimore, on Saturday the 9th.

"His was a hard lot. Pure in life and benevolent in all his feelings, he did no wrong to any human being, and sought ever to administer to the wants of the needy, and soothe the sufferings of the sad.

"His friends believed him entirely innocent of the charge of which he was convicted. He was a devoted friend of liberty. He sympathized with master and man. But neither his devotion nor his sympathy could have led him, those who knew aver, into any deed of violence, or to the commission of any act of injustice. Yet, with this character substantiated at the hour of his trial, he was found guilty, and died in prison!

"There were those, unconnected with his home, classmates and friends, who offered money to the slaveholder who accused him, if he would consent to his release. But this boon was denied them. There were those besides *at* his home, his aged parents, his wife, and his little ones, who prayed the governor of Maryland, as kindred only knew how to pray, for his pardon. This was denied. And then came the sharper trial of all. Disease seized upon the prisoner in the chilly air and murky gloominess of his prison cell. Fever was upon his brow, and he knew, as his friends saw, that life was ebbing fast. Unmoved, he bowed to death's stern decree. But one prayer to man he made, and that was, that he might die in the bosom of his family; and this prayer was unheeded.

and away from friends, and home, and name, he passed away, a captive on earth, to freedom in heaven.

"One of the worst features in slavery is the iron vindictiveness with which it pursues those who interfere with it. It has no ear then for mercy. It knows no gentleness. Avenging, avaricious, cruel, it turns away from every appeal, and shuts its heart to every sympathy. It sees only supposed guilt, and gluts itself in wreaking vengeance upon its victim. Poor Torrey!—Death did for thee, what the slaveholder denied; he gave thee freedom. And yet at the footstool of thy God, if friends do not misrepresent thee, thy prayer will be heard, in intercession for those who have wronged thee."

[From the Boston Daily Mail.]

"*Rev. C. T. Torrey.*—We have already chronicled the death of Rev. Charles T. Torrey in the Maryland penitentiary, where he had been imprisoned for aiding the escape of negro slaves. There are circumstances which, perhaps, render it proper that we should give a more particular notice of him. He was employed to write the Washington correspondence of this paper in the winter of 1842; and his letters were much sought after, and more generally copied than the ordinary correspondence of the newspapers. There was a raciness, a piquancy, and an independence in the spirit of his remarks, which rendered them quite popular; but owing to the peculiar views of the writer on the slavery question, we were obliged to exercise a surveillance over them, and to expunge much matter which was indicative of the man. Our understanding with him was, that he should confine himself to congressional proceeding, and matters of general interest at Washington; but his heart was so full of his loved subject, the abolition of slavery, that it would 'shine out' in spite of *him*. But he never complained when we applied the pruning

knife to his letters; because he knew, and repeatedly acknowledged that, as we employed and paid him for a particular line of correspondence, we had a perfect right to keep him to his bargain. After his return from Washington, he was employed to conduct an abolitionist paper at Albany, called the 'Patriot;' but with all his talents, he lacked the judgment and discretion, and abandoned it.

"In all our knowledge of mankind, we have never known one possessing a more generous heart or a more independent spirit than Charles T. Torrey. He was open, free, and above all disguise or fraud. He loved the truth, and he spoke what he believed to be the truth, at all times, in all places, and under all circumstances. His hallucination on the subject of slavery, did not rob him of the amiability of temper and deportment which rendered him so well beloved among his large circle of personal friends. He detested fraud and hypocrisy wherever they exhibit themselves; and he loved the beautiful and bright things of earth, and wondered why all mankind would not be good, virtuous, contented and happy. He was the author of several moral tales, one of which we published, all showing the ardent temperament and high moral principle of the man. Even on the subject nearest his heart, he was not vindictive towards the slaveholders. He believed that, by persuading the slaves to abandon their masters, he was contributing to the temporal and eternal benefit of both.

"We saw him a few months previous to his arrest, and he talked as freely of his plans of running the 'underground railroad,' as he termed it, as though it was attended by no danger, and coupled with no violation of the law. We earnestly but kindly remonstrated with him. We pointed out the dangers and difficulties of the experiment. We admonished him that he was violating what every citizen was bound to protect. We appealed in behalf of the wife he loved and the friends who loved him. But it was all in vain. He was fearless of consequences, and apparently ready and willing to be

come a martyr to the cause. It was with a heavy heart that we parted with him on that occasion; for we well feared what must be the consequence of his daring and reckless career. And when, a short time afterwards, we heard of his arrest, it occasioned a good deal more of sorrow than surprise. His subsequent history is before the public. He has gone to his last account with that Being who judges the heart; and who, we doubt not, will mete out to him the reward of a pure and virtuous life."

[From the Emancipator.]

CHARLES TURNER TORREY.

"The Governor of Maryland has refused to pardon poor Torrey, and he must soon die."

BY REV. M. TRAFTON.

Aye, let him *die;* his work will then
Be finished, and his task fulfilled;
His life belongs to God, and when
He wills shall that strong heart be stilled:
Dream not the tearless tyrant can
Take the sealed life of such a man.

Aye, *let* him die! the broken heart
Of that young wife bleeds not in vain:
From that warm fount a stream shall start
To wash out slavery's crimson stain.
Beyond the craven coward's look,
God hath a *purpose* in his book.

Aye, let him die! those *infants' prayer,*
Spurned by the tyrant, *cannot die!*
Heaven heard the lisping infants there,
Their plea is registered on high.
Those whispers into storms shall swell,
And thunder Slavery's final knell.

Aye, let him *die!* thus must it be!
Why do ye look for *mercy* there?
Why did ye ask?—why bow the knee?—

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The joyous plaudit of 'well done', is given,
And 'enter to thy rest' resounds through heaven.
No more shall cells and bars, and bolts, control
The noble energies, which swayed his soul,—
His philanthropic mind no more is pained
With the sad sight of fellow-beings chained.
Land of the free! are these thy noble deeds?
And have your sons no tear when virtue bleeds?
Look on the martyred Torrey!—see him fade
As days move on, in cells for felons made!
And as the lustre languished in his eye,
Nor faithful friend, nor tender consort by
That bed of death. Alone the sufferer trod
The gloomy path, which leads our souls to God.
His only crime to loose the captive's chain,
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Land of the free!—no more pollute thy soil,
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TORREY'S GRAVE.

Sons of the North—wake from your sleep!
Your cherished country save:
Is that the boon your fathers won—
That cold New England grave?

Church of the North—awake, arise!
The fiends of darkness rave:
Lo! there your brightest jewel rusts—
In Auburn's new-made grave.

Rouse, men of truth! did not your sires
Th' invading Lion brave?
Let not your country's call be vain—
That call from Torrey's grave.

Ye, who abhor that iron rule,
Which bloody Papists crave—
Go—learn a worse than Papal sway,
In that dear Martyr's grave.

Ho! ye who say, 'We've nought to do'—
Shall we now act the Slave?
Go—read the price the North has paid,
Upon that Martyr's grave.

Great God! send forth thy light and truth,
With thine own power to save,
Until the *South* shall meet to bless
That lonely Martyr's grave.

ADDED FOR THE CONVENTION AT UTICA.

Baptists, whose richest vessel floats
On Christian Freedom's wave,
Your WILLIAMS spread that glorious flag
That droops o'er Torrey's grave.

Wake, then, and snatch that drooping flag,
And spread it o'er the slave—
Go, link your interests with his own—
For thus speaks Torrey's grave.

[From the Emancipator.]

TORREY.

JUDGES xix. 30.—THE HERALD CORPSE.

"When Gibeah's heartless libertines
Outraged their Levite guest,
Thus adding to their fearful sins
What darkened all the rest,—
All Israel from their slumbers woke,
Through vale and hill loud voices broke;
Incensed and shamed, a steel-flanked flood
Sought dire revenge in streams of blood.

Why start ye, sons of Asher? Why
Is terror seen in every eye,
As Ramah's street, and Rehob's gate
Tell the dismembered victim's fate?—
Manasseh,—Why that deep lament,
O'er Hor's wild cliffs so swiftly sent,—
Till, echoing down fast Merom's waves,
It swells again from Gilead's caves?
Through Reuben, Simeon, Ephraim, Dan,—
The 'torn-limb-bearing' herald ran;
Wailings were heard in Naphthali,
Through Zebulon the tidings fly;
A troop from Gad cross Jazer's stream,
In Issachar the lances gleam.
Thy lion, Judah, tears the ground,
And roars his rage to tribes around.
From Gibeah *flesh and bones* were sent,
Crying '*Revenge*' where'er it went;
A corpse the Pilgrim soil now roams!
It cries '*Forgive*' where'er it comes—
'But while my murderers are forgiven,
For slaves, for masters, look to Heaven.'
Ye sons of freedom! Come to view
This herald—*coffin-clad*—
Released, at last, he comes to you;
Hush!—listen to the dead!—
He tells of souls whose short career
On earth is filled with pain and fear;
While on their limbs the fetters cl[illegible]
Yet of release they must not think;
And he who dares their rescue seek,
In prison must atonement make.
He tells us of a torturing rack,
Designed, not bones, but hearts to break—
And whose firm grasp not only binds
One victim—but all living friends.
A victim he, yet not alone—
Wife, children, must with him atone,
For doing deeds of love for those
Whom pity never could refuse.
She—hoping, but to be deceived,
That his hard fate would be reprieved;

Rouse, men of truth! did not your sires
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and away from friends, and home, and name, he passed away, a captive on earth, to freedom in heaven.

"One of the worst features in slavery is the iron vindictiveness with which it pursues those who interfere with it. It has no ear then for mercy. It knows no gentleness. Avenging, avaricious, cruel, it turns away from every appeal, and shuts its heart to every sympathy. It sees only supposed guilt, and gluts itself in wreaking vengeance upon its victim. Poor Torrey!—Death did for thee, what the slaveholder denied; he gave thee freedom. And yet at the footstool of thy God, if friends do not misrepresent thee, thy prayer will be heard, in intercession for those who have wronged thee."

[From the Boston Daily Mail.]

"*Rev. C. T. Torrey.*—We have already chronicled the death of Rev. Charles T. Torrey in the Maryland penitentiary, where he had been imprisoned for aiding the escape of negro slaves. There are circumstances which, perhaps, render it proper that we should give a more particular notice of him. He was employed to write the Washington correspondence of this paper in the winter of 1842; and his letters were much sought after, and more generally copied than the ordinary correspondence of the newspapers. There was a raciness, a piquancy, and an independence in the spirit of his remarks, which rendered them quite popular; but owing to the peculiar views of the writer on the slavery question, we were obliged to exercise a surveillance over them, and to expunge much matter which was indicative of the man. Our understanding with him was, that he should confine himself to congressional proceeding, and matters of general interest at Washington; but his heart was so full of his loved subject, the abolition of slavery, that it would 'shine out' in spite of *him*. But he never complained when we applied the pruning

knife to his letters; because he knew, and repeatedly acknowledged that, as we employed and paid him for a particular line of correspondence, we had a perfect right to keep him to his bargain. After his return from Washington, he was employed to conduct an abolitionist paper at Albany, called the 'Patriot;' but with all his talents, he lacked the judgment and discretion, and abandoned it.

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come a martyr to the cause. It was with a heavy heart that we parted with him on that occasion; for we well feared what must be the consequence of his daring and reckless career. And when, a short time afterwards, we heard of his arrest, it occasioned a good deal more of sorrow than surprise. His subsequent history is before the public. He has gone to his last account with that Being who judges the heart; and who, we doubt not, will mete out to him the reward of a pure and virtuous life."

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CHARLES TURNER TORREY.

"The Governor of Maryland has refused to pardon poor Torrey, and he must soon die."

BY REV. M. TRAFTON.

Aye, let him *die;* his work will then
Be finished, and his task fulfilled;
His life belongs to God, and when
He wills shall that strong heart be stilled:
Dream not the tearless tyrant can
Take the sealed life of such a man.

Aye, *let* him die! the broken heart
Of that young wife bleeds not in vain:
From that warm fount a stream shall start
To wash out slavery's crimson stain.
Beyond the craven coward's look,
God hath a *purpose* in his book.

Aye, let him die! those *infants' prayer,*
Spurned by the tyrant, *cannot die!*
Heaven heard the lisping infants there,
Their plea is registered on high.
Those whispers into storms shall swell,
And thunder SLAVERY's final knell.

Aye, let him *die!* thus must it be!
Why do ye look for *mercy* there?
Why did ye ask?—why bow the knee?—

you may avert from yourselves, your country, and the age, the judgments of a God too righteous to look with favor upon such iniquity and the infamy, which impartial history must award you."

[From Cassius M. Clay's True American.]

"*Rev. C. T. Torrey.*—The captive is at length free. Torrey breathed his last in the prison of Baltimore, on Saturday the 9th.

"His was a hard lot. Pure in life and benevolent in all his feelings, he did no wrong to any human being, and sought ever to administer to the wants of the needy, and soothe the sufferings of the sad.

"His friends believed him entirely innocent of the charge of which he was convicted. He was a devoted friend of liberty. He sympathized with master and man. But neither his devotion nor his sympathy could have led him, those who knew aver, into any deed of violence, or to the commission of any act of injustice. Yet, with this character substantiated at the hour of his trial, he was found guilty, and died in prison!

"There were those, unconnected with his home, classmates and friends, who offered money to the slaveholder who accused him, if he would consent to his release. But this boon was denied them. There were those besides *at* his home, his aged parents, his wife, and his little ones, who prayed the governor of Maryland, as kindred only knew how to pray, for his pardon. This was denied. And then came the sharper trial of all. Disease seized upon the prisoner in the chilly air and murky gloominess of his prison cell. Fever was upon his brow, and he knew, as his friends saw, that life was ebbing fast. Unmoved, he bowed to death's stern decree. But one prayer to man he made, and that was, that he might die in the bosom of his family; and this prayer was unheeded,

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Through torturing hopes and fears are led.
He—anguished that his babes and wife
Are absent, pines away his life.—
See—see—it comes; that corpse is near!
Haste, freemen!—stand beneath the bier.
Let patriots bear a patriot's dust,
Remembering 'I AM' is just.—
His herald-corpse from slavery comes;
It cries '*Set free*,' where'er it roams,—
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That 'delivered' one has fled—
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T. D. P. S.

[From the Christian Citizen.]

"He is stretched on a pallet of straw;
No friend wipes the cold drops away,
That, in anguish, are wrung from the sufferer's brow,
While his spirit is struggling so fearfully now,
To throw off its burden of clay.

He is stretched on that pallet alone;
Saving death, there is no one within;
And the damp gloomy walls of the prisoner's cell
Look down on the dying, as seeming to tell,
Of a life of pollution and sin.

Alone, and a *criminal?* No.
In the midst of this desolate scene,
A light breaks the darkness, in glory divine;
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Anointed with power from on high—

He opens the prison to him that was bound,
While the chariots and horsemen of God wait around,
The freed captive to bear to the sky.

Why dragged the tried martyr the chain
Of a felon, through scorn, to the grave?
O, hear it, and 'clothed be the heavens in black,'
While THE LAND OF THE TYRANT the answer gives back,
He remembered the perishing slave.

My countrymen, weep not for him;
He has passed to the home of the just;
But gird you with sackcloth, and mourn for the land:
O, weep, lest beneath the AVENGER'S strong hand,
All your hopes sink in shame to the dust."

END.